THE
KEEPSAKE

A. E. Chalon, R.A. H. Cook.

A Portrait.

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THE

KEEPSAKE,

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LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY
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It must not however be supposed that this statement is intended to imply that the KEEPSAKE has entirely divided itself from its old connections. On the contrary, nearly *all* the most eminent of its former contributors still devote their talents to its pages: but several new writers of equal celebrity, have been employed.

The proprietor has only to add the expression of a sanguine hope, that the great alteration which he has made in the size and general appearance of the present volume, and the proportionate enlargement of the engravings, and of the type, will be deemed an improvement.

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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE;

OR, POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY.

PART I.

"Oh! mother, she looked so beautiful."

"Yes, yes," said the aged crone, letting the thread slip from her fingers, while the ear suddenly missed the monotonous sound of the spinning-wheel, that had been heard beneath the green oak since early morning. "Fine feathers make fine birds; what was she dressed in?"

"I do not know," said the child, "I only looked at her face. I should be as happy as a queen if she would only let me wait upon her."

"It would be a thousand pities not to make you happy," exclaimed a singularly sweet voice; and, putting aside the rose bushes, whose wild leaves fell around her in a fragrant shower, a very lovely girl stepped before them.

"And, so it would make you as happy as a queen to wait upon me. Why, I shall be a queen myself; at least, all the fortune-tellers assert that such will be my fate. What do you say, good mother, will you let your little girl come with me?"

Mimi's face brightened with eagerness; she looked alternately at the brilliant stranger, and at her grandmother, the red round cheek growing redder every moment.

"I will take great care of her," continued the youthful Princess, for such she was. "She shall be my little bower

maiden. I do not know why; but I have such a fancy for the little creature," passing her hand caressingly over the golden hair, that fell in natural curls down the sun-burnt neck.

"You do not know," said the old woman, "no, I dare say not; nor do you know why you take half a dozen other fancies; but you may have her if you like. I shall be glad to be rid of the charge. I am too old to work for any but myself now; and I suppose you will give me something for her services. I am aged and poor."

"Oh! yes," cried the Princess, hastily unfastening an embroidered purse that hung at her girdle; and, taking a few pieces of gold, gave them to the old woman, who received them without thanks; and, after holding them for a moment in the sunshine, deposited them in her huge pocket.

"Let the child speak for herself; Mimi, will you go with the Princess."

The only answer the child made was to put her hand into that of the lady, and to look smilingly in her face.

"Silence gives consent," said Sophie; for it was the Princess of Zell, the betrothed of the Elector of Hanover, who now stood before them. "She shall go with me then; and, as we stay here for three hours, I can have her prettily dressed before we set out;" and stooping down, she parted the bright hair on the forehead, and kissed the little maiden with delight, almost as childish as her own.

But Sophie was quite a girl, and the character of her beauty was that of girlhood. The cheek was blooming, and the mouth was rosy, and the clear blue eyes seemed as if they had never known a deeper shadow than that of their own soft and long eyelashes. It was a sweet and a happy face, and no wonder that little Mimi looked upon it with sudden love and confidence. Poor child, she had known cold, hunger, the hard word, and the angry blow—all life's small share of happi-

ness had been in her own heart—in the gladness which, even under the harshest circumstances, seems inseparable from childhood.

"And, so she will leave me—her mother left me before," said the old woman, "and you, rich and insolent that you are, think that the child of my old age is to be taken from me for a few fair words, and a few pieces of gold. Little do you imagine how sad it will be to sit under this old tree alone; but it matters not, all are ungrateful alike. I do not know whether curses have power; I shall have plenty of time to make them during next winter's desolate evenings."

Sophie startled at the aged woman's vehemence, and Mimi, trembling, clung to the folds of her robe. For an instant, the Princess hesitated, but the fear painted on the child's face determined her.

"I meant no offence," said she, in her own sweet voice, "I have been thoughtless in asking you to trust your child to a stranger; but I will be kind to her, very kind, and perhaps she may teach me how to aid yourself."

The look, the manner, touched the old woman, and her harsh features relaxed into an expression of the deepest sadness. "It was I who was wrong," exclaimed she, "I ought to thank God that the orphan has found a friend. Little enough have I to give her, but when I am gone she must starve. So take her, lady, and I can die by myself;" and the crone turned away, and began spinning. But the Princess saw there were large tears in the eyes too proud to shed them.

"Shall I leave her with you," said Sophie.

"No;" returned the other, and the child from whose face the light had vanished suddenly almost hid herself in the Princess' robe. "Do you not see that the creature clings to you, a stranger—you, who have youth, beauty, and gold, and the instinct of childhood teaches a selfish adherence to them.

Take her with you, she may get sweetmeats and fine clothes; from me she has little more than harsh words and blows." Again she turned towards her wheel, but the struggle was too much, and the poor old creature wept aloud.

Sophie knew nothing of human misery, but the kind heart was warm within her. She took Engelfried's hand, yet said nothing, for she was new to the task of consolation, but the evident kindness was enough.

"You do not know," said the old woman, mastering her emotion, as only the strong mind does master it, "life's worst misery, poverty. Life has many others, but none like that. Poverty cost my husband's life—my daughter's honour. Poverty has made that fair child a curse—not a blessing. I have sat up straining my old eyes long after hers have been closed, working; and God is my witness, that I grudged not my labor; yet when day came, I have grieved the child with what seemed causeless anger. I could not bear to see her untaught—almost unfed. Take her, lady, and God bless you both."

The Princess remained silent for a moment, with emotion, unknown before.

"Mimi," said she to the little creature, who stood with her large blue eyes, larger and bluer for their fixed gaze, "you must not leave your grandmother; she is old, and you must help her; but you shall both of you come to me. There was enough in my purse to keep you for a few days. Mimi, do you see the buds on this rose bush? watch them—for before they are blown, I will return and fetch you." Sophie kissed the child, took one of the roses, and was gone.

Every morning Mimi went down to the old rose tree; bud after bud expanded into crimson beauty; and the child was watching the last three that yet remained in their soft green cradles, when the branches were put aside, and the Princess stood before the breathless and delighted child. A closer observer

might have noted that a shadow had passed over the soft azure of those eyes, and the step, though as light, was less buoyant. A fortnight had been enough to cloud that fair and sunny face. The realities of life were there.

"My grandmother is ill in bed," said the child.

"We will go and see her," replied Sophie, who followed her little guide to a scene of whose misery she had no previous idea. There was but one room in the mud hovel, through whose crumbling walls and roof the rains had penetrated, and the sunbeams now entered with a fitful and unnatural light. A small heap of white embers smouldered on the hearth, but a ray of sunshine falling directly on it, had extinguished the fire, which had never been more than a few withered sticks. A wooden stool, an arm chair, but broken, and a three-legged table, were the only articles of furniture. Bed there was none; and the dying woman had no pillow but straw. Sophie started—so ghastly was the face which met her gaze.

"Mimi said you would come," exclaimed a hollow voice, "I can now die in peace."

The Electress, for she was now the wife of George of Hanover, knelt by the bedside. The floor was damp, and Mimi's little feet left their print upon the surface.

"The rich robe will be soiled," muttered the old woman, "but it matters not. Lady, you are paler than when I last saw you. I know the look of trouble too well not to detect it at once. There is that on your brow which mocks at this world's state; but this is a weary life; cold, hunger, sickness of the body, sickness of the heart, infest it: and the poor is not the only house where affection never comes. I am dying, lady, and around the death-bed is the future. I see no happiness in those deep blue eyes—no rest in the varying colour of that soft cheek. But there is a God in heaven, lady—if there is the trial, there is also the reward—and in that faith I die. Mimi, my beloved,

would that I had never spoken harshly to you; but you were dearer than the life-blood, which would gladly have poured itself forth for your sake. Cling to the kind and lovely stranger with whom I leave you. Death has no truth, or she will need even your love."

The voice sank into an indistinct murmur—a gust of wind threw open the door of the hut—a stream of sunshine poured in upon the pale and set features—the Electress looked upon the face of the dead.

PART II.

"Sing me no more old songs to-night, Mimi; I am too sad already," said the Electress to a youthful singer, who, seated on a cushion at her feet, was singing an old German melody.

A few years had wrought a great change, both in Sophie and her companion. Mimi, the little orphan, had grown up into the beautiful maiden; but she was not gay, as her mistress had been at her age. Pensive, subdued, her soft voice was rarely heard, save in snatches of song, or when telling some old legend to the youthful prince, who, young as she was, had been placed in her especial care. But Mimi's life had not been one of those which lead to the outpourings of youthful gaiety. Her childhood had been what Charles Lamb calls "not brought up, but dragged up," the hungry, toilsome, and harsh childhood of the poor. The pet and plaything of the Princess she had next known luxury and splendour; but the luxury had its companion envy—and splendour cast the shadow jealousy. Mimi soon learned to think; for suffering is the parent of thought. Her love for her kind and gentle mistress was the passion of her existence; and love takes its deepest tones when connected with sorrow. She soon saw that her mistress was not happy, that the satin robe could not control a heart that

beat too wildly, nor the diamond coronet still the throbbing of the feverish temples, where the pulse was too quick and too keen.

Sophie was used to a more genial atmosphere than the court of Hanover. Her own princely home had been warmed by the most simple and true affection; and she had been her mother's darling. Suddenly she was transported into a cold and unkindly atmosphere, where life was a thing of forms and ceremonies, and thoughts and feelings were forbidden words—a royal victim, sacrificed to that state necessity, whose origin is in false pride and false prejudice, her hand was given, but the heart remained behind. Married to a man whom she could not love, she might have honored him; but that was equally out of the question. She might have forgiven his neglect and his inconstancy, for it is strange how much a woman who loves will endure; but then she must love. Now, her husband's neglect grew out of his utter incapability of appreciating her, and his inconstancy from all that was mean in his nature—he needed low amusement and coarse flattery.

I know nothing in royal history more pitiable than its marriages, or more miserable than the system of state expediency on which they are founded. It is one of those mistakes which human pride so often commits when left to its own devices. General good was never yet purchased by individual wrong; and the affection, which is the most exalted and hallowed feeling in our nature, is not to be sacrificed to political exigences with impunity.

Sophie was much altered, and yet lovelier than ever. She was now very pale, a sad soft paleness, fairer than the rose; and her large eyes were like the moonlight, melancholy and full of poetry and thought.

"Leave me, Mimi," said the Electress.

The girl looked sorrowful, but obeyed. She was scarcely gone before her mistress half rose to call her back; she missed

the silent sympathy of her companion. But there is an indolence about any engrossing feeling, which makes even the slightest exertion irksome. Sophie sank back in the huge gothic chair, and again her thoughts summoned before her an image only too frequent and too dear. It was the face of the young and the brilliant Count Koningsmarke that rose before her, whose recent arrival in Hanover had turned the heads of half the court. But the instinct of love is subtle; the Princess knew that she was the object of the graceful and gifted stranger; a look—a brief and hurried word—these were all that had past, but she knew she was beloved. Count Koningsmarke had many faults, the faults of an indulged youth, and a dissipated manhood; but the deep and spiritual passion he now felt, for the first time, half redeemed the heart it occupied. He had that intellectual style of beauty whose carved features recalled those statues which are even now the type of the ideal and the divine; and, above all, he had that earnest manner and that passionate eloquence, which is most fascinating to a woman; it at once appeals to the imagination, and with her that is more than half love. It is impossible to say in what a passion, at once the most mastering and the most mysterious of our nature, has its origin. It springs into life on a look and a word. The heart may have remained untouched for years, it may have wondered at the weakness of others, for we cannot sympathise with what we do not comprehend; but not the less does the fated moment come at last. Then we believe in all we doubted before—then we yield to the sweet enchantment life never knows again. I firmly believe in love at first sight; not that the feeling is at once known and confessed, it is only "the coming event that casts its shadow before." A new sensation has entered into existence, and, alas! for humanity—sweet, gentle as it seems—in all probability to produce a wretchedness before undreamed.

The last purple shadows of twilight died away, the lamplight grew distinct amid the surrounding gloom, yet Sophie never stirred from her seat. Her long fair hair, pressed back from her feverish temples, had gradually become loosened from its confinement, and had fallen around her. Her cheek was even paler; and the eyelashes were wet with tears, that rose from a wretchedness they could not relieve. Yet hers was a common subject of human thought—she was thinking how happy she might have been.

"Why was I born," muttered she, "in a rank so surrounded by restraints? why am I a mere machine in the hands of others, who never ask whether there is a beating or a human heart within? Why are these feelings given me, if they are for ever to be repelled with a bitter sense of wrong? I feel, deeply feel, that there can be no happiness but in affection."

The Electress was right; she was but one of the many victims sacrificed to that gilded misery—a state marriage: a remains of feudal barbarism. The crime and sorrow of such a marriage is even yet imperfectly understood; and yet what is a royal union but an outrage on all natural feeling? Two strangers meet, between whom there can be no sympathy; all the illusions, all the delicacy of sentiment, are put harshly aside; in all probability they do not even please each other externally; they have not a remembrance in common; and yet they are at once bound to each other by the most sacred vows. To what has this led, this forced and unnatural position? To the most disgraceful profligacy, and the most bitter unhappiness. Whether in the palace or the cottage, marriage, not to be intolerable must be one of affection, nothing can supply its place; and what can be said in defence of a system which coldly puts attachment aside, and where even mutual liking—love is a holier word—where even liking is a chance.

Sophie was essentially gentle and feminine in her nature,

she would have been happy under any circumstances, had she but been beloved. Care she would have soothed, sorrow she could have shared without a murmur, let her but have been loved in return. It is strange what a fanciful thing love without hope is, how it will create an unreal existence, only, alas! to return more bitterly to the actual. Sophie fancied a little lonely island far off in the southern seas, herself and one other its sole habitants. A slight noise aroused her from her reverie, she started, and saw Count Koningsmarke kneeling at her side. For a moment the intense happiness of his presence predominated, she left one hand in his, and covering her eyes with the other, wept passionately. Her dream seemed at once realised; she asked not how, she only felt that he was there, and that she was unutterably happy.

"Sophie! my beautiful, my beloved!" murmured the Count; but his voice broke the spell, she gasped as if to drink in its low peculiar music, but, sweet as it was, it roused her to a sense of their actual situation.

"Count Koningsmarke," said she rising, but her lip trembled while she spoke, "you are a stranger in the palace, and may not be aware of its customs. I cannot permit your present intrusion. I command you to withdraw."

His natural daring, heightened by a love that took its tone from his fierce and impetuous character, the Count still kept his kneeling attitude.

"Call in your guards," said he, "my head is the forfeit of my presumption. I ask nothing but to look upon you, and life is a light price for that look. Let it be my last."

The determined temper masters the more timid, and Sophie stood irresolute. Koningsmarke saw his advantage, he sprang from his knee, and approached.

"You tell me," exclaimed he, "that I do not know the customs of your court; do you think I do not know the danger;—

one movement of your hand, one sound of your voice, and my death is certain. But what is the scaffold compared with the hourly torture of the closed heart and the silent lip? Lady, if I die for it, I will tell you I love you."

Pale, trembling, Sophie leant against the wall for support—"This is too cruel," said she faintly, "why run such a dreadful risk?"

"You care for my life, then?" cried he, again kneeling at her feet, "ah! I feel that it is precious—sweetest, dearest—the gold that gave me access will insure my retreat—only tell me that you do not hate me—that you will sometimes suffer me to look on a face dearer to me than heaven."

Sophie had but a woman's answer to give—tears, bitter tears.

"Do not weep," whispered he rising, and taking her hand, "I cannot feel sad while I see you. Oh! do you know what it is to be happy on a look?—Oh! look at me, dearest—let me hear one word—I care not what it is, if I do but hear your voice."

Sophie struggled with an emotion that would not be subdued; her heart beat till it choked her voice; her lips moved, but the sound was inaudible.

"How beautiful you are, but how pale—are you wretched too?" and he fixed his large dark and mournful eyes on hers. "I could talk to you of hours, long miserable hours, but I forget them now—shall I not often forget them? Tell me, loveliest, may I not sometimes return? Tell me the next time that I come you will expect me."

"No!" muttered the Electress, with a cold shudder.

"Do you fear?" exclaimed the Count, a slight curve on his scornful lip. "Will you not," added he in a more pleading tone, "hazard a little for my sake? Forgive me—but I love you so madly, that I even hope"——

"Hope!" repeated she, with a strange and hollow accent, "hope!"

"Yes," continued Koningsmarke, "beloved by you, every thing seems possible."

"Every thing but guilt," said the Electress, who seemed startled into composure by the sound of her own voice.

"Guilt!" interrupted the Count, "there is no guilt in the worship I pay to you, even as to my good angel. You will but pity me; but look upon me with those sweet eyes, whose light makes me believe in heaven."

"Hush!" said the Princess, "I have already listened too long. A wife and a mother, I have not a thought or a feeling at my own disposal; I have not appointed my own lot, but I submit to the will of God. Sir, you must at once leave my presence."

"And will you sacrifice me," exclaimed he passionately, "to these phantoms of duty—cold—vain."

"My own heart," replied she faintly, "tells me that they are neither cold nor vain. Again I bid you leave me."

"I cannot. Think, Sophie—ah! let me call you so, before you reject love so devoted—you will never be so adored again," and he pressed the cold wan hand he still held to his heart.

The Electress stood for a few moments the very image of despair; the damps rose upon her forehead, there was not a vestige of colour on lip or cheek, and the face looked yet more pale from the masses of golden hair that hung around it. A shudder of convulsive agony wrenched her slight frame; but her resolution was taken.

"Count Koningsmarke," said she in low, hollow, but distinct tones, "I will confess to you that I am more wretched than you can be; but he who has heard so much from my lips, must hear no more. To-morrow will, I trust, see you on your way from Hanover."

She had allowed her hand still to remain in his, she had led him to the door, which she opened herself. Surprised, subdued, the Count obeyed the impulse; but he paused on the threshold, when a slight noise caught his quick ear. He looked in its direction, and from one of the ballustrades of the winding gallery, saw a face looking down. It was but a glance, yet he recognised the coarse though fine features, and the black hair, of one of the Elector's favourites. At once he felt the prudence of retreat, and he obeyed the sign to depart, while Sophie leant, white as a corpse, and almost as inanimate, on the threshold.

"Farewell," murmured she, "farewell, Count Koningsmarke, for ever."

The words had only died on the pale lip which scarcely moved to utter them, when she saw the ground open beneath Koningsmarke's feet. A trap door, purposely left unfastened, had yielded to his weight; he disappeared, and the arches of the gothic gallery reverberated to one last and fearful cry of human agony. Sophie sprang forward—a natural impulse of horror induced her to start back from the dark abyss that yawned at her feet. Surely, far down in the darkness, she saw the glitter of jewels, and she heard one low groan—and then all was silent as the grave. She cast one desperate glance to heaven, and dashed herself forward, when her progress was arrested by a slight figure that threw itself between her and the brink of the chasm—Mimi had saved her mistress.

PART III.

Years, long dreary years, had past in the old castle, to which the jealousy of the Elector had consigned his consort. For years, the eyes of Sophie had never looked beyond the battlemented walls, and had dwelt only on the faces of her jailors.

She had had no communication from without; and the lapse of time was only told by the change which her mirror marked. She had entered that prison young, very young—now her bright hair was thin, and grey mingled with the yet golden tresses. But this morning she was happy. She had risen with the sun —the lark she never heard now—to watch over the slumber of one who made her feel that earth had still one precious link—one for whose sake there was yet something to pray and to hope—a handsome youth of about fourteen was sleeping in the little room adjoining her own. It was her son, Prince George, who had escaped the night before from his attendants; and at the risk of his life had swam the moat to see his ill-used, his beautiful mother.

"How soundly he sleeps," murmured she—"it is a pity to wake him—and yet he can sleep any day—while his mother he may not see again."

But she was spared the necessity of awakening him; for, as if made conscious, by some sweet instinct, of her presence, the youth opened his eyes, and said—"mother." The sadness of a wasted life—the bitterness of a false accusation—the weariness of years of prison, were repaid by that moment's happiness. Sophie could not satisfy herself with gazing on the bright and noble features of her son. She overwhelmed him with a thousand questions—she was eager to learn all his habits, pursuits, and pleasures, and yet she startled at the least sound—she feared that they were about to take him from her.

"You eat no breakfast, mother," exclaimed the Prince, pausing in the midst of the meal to which he was doing the full justice of a youthful appetite.

"Not yet, George," said she, "this is Sunday, and since I have dwelt in this castle I never break my fast till after the service in the chapel."

"This is a dreary place," rejoined the youth, looking round

on the damp walls, from which the decaying tapestry hung in tatters, "but they say I shall be king of England, and you shall have a beautiful palace then."

Sophie smiled, and kissed the forehead, whose golden curls were the colour of her own.

Time passed on, and yet no search was made for the young Prince, who accompanied his mother to the chapel. It was a gloomy ruin—the roof admitted the daylight in many places, and the arches were broken and defaced, while the tombs below yawned as if about to give up their dead. The young Prince shuddered as he knelt on the cold pavement where his mother had knelt for so many years. The service ended—the Electress approached the altar, and again kneeling, she took from the aged priest the sacred bread and wine, but ere she drank from the holy cup, she called upon the Saviour who had given it to his followers, to bear witness to her innocence. A ray of light from the roof fell around her while she spoke; her large blue eyes were raised to the heaven she invoked, and it flung around her pale and spiritual countenance a glory like that of an angel. At this moment, a sound of hurried footsteps disturbed the stillness of those old walls, and the chapel was filled with strangers.

"I knew that I should find him here," said a tall stately-looking man, the young Prince's governor. "I am sorry, madam," added he, "that this painful duty should devolve upon me, but his Serene Highness must not remain here."

"I did not hope that he might," replied Sophie, "it is happiness enough only to have seen him; something at my heart tells me we shall never meet again. George, my beloved child, farewell. Inform your father that to-day, for the first time, I prayed for him."

"Madam," exclaimed the Baron, "my mission is not one all of bitterness. With some concession, I am commissioned

to offer your husband's pardon, and even a hope that your return to the court will be permitted."

"Never;" answered the Electress, "I accept no pardon—I will make no concessions—I demand to have my innocence fully recognised—I return to that court its injured and acknowledged mistress, or I return no more."

The Baron withdrew in silence, and the young Prince clung to his mother's side. It was a bitter struggle—but she herself unclasped his arms.

"God bless you!" exclaimed she, and led him beyond the portal. Slowly he mounted his horse—heavily were the iron gates closed after him.

"Once more," said the Princess, "I am alone."

"Not alone, my beloved mistress," replied a female kneeling at her feet. "For years I have watched beside these gates, which to-day I have obtained permission to enter."

Scarcely, in the pale and time-worn woman, could even Sophie recognise the once girlish and lovely Mimi.

PART IV.

The last crimson lights of a summer sunset illumined the depths of that ancient and gloomy chamber; a golden haze seemed to float on the dusky air, and poured in through the open curtains of the green velvet bed. The embroidery had long since faded, and the black plumes that waved at each cornice, grew yet more hearse-like with every succeeding year. But now the rich hues and the soft rays gave a mocking cheerfulness to the bed of death—and yet not mocking—it was the type of that diviner light which cheered the last hour of the dying. Sophie's head was laid on that last pillow, whence it was never raised again.

When the Electress first rested on that pillow, her temples were feverish, and her heart beat even to pain; she slept only the restless sleep of exhaustion, and she waked in the midnight, the shriek on her lips, and the damp on her brow, one fearful sound for ever in her ears, and one fearful sight for ever before her eyes. Night after night had been conscious of her tears, and morning after morning had she loathed the sight of another day that brought the same monotony of sorrow. Anger, too, had hardened round her heart; undervalued and ill used, she grew embittered by injustice. Her son's visit was the first softening influence that had touched her for many years; but that thawed the well of affection, so long frozen within. She felt that she was beloved; and for the sake of that sweet child, she forgave the world and all its injuries. Mimi came, and brought with her all the genial feelings of youth—all its warm and kindly current of affection, old remembrances of nature, and its changeful loveliness; she brought the world of the past to the ill-fated prisoner. Think what it is to waste a whole life in captivity—to look on no faces but those of your guards—to be shut out from society—to know that you are forgotten, that the green grass and the crowded streets are alike forbidden things; to know that life goes on with its usual round of hopes, pleasures, and objects, in which you have no part; to feel that your faculties are stifling within you, that your mind, your heart, are dead before their time. This is the lot of a prisoner—this had the Princess of Zell endured for years—and this, too, had Mimi endured for her sake. But the devoted peasant knew not what endurance meant: that is not endurance which is undergone for one we love. Mimi's whole world was the gloomy chamber of her first, her dearest friend—she desired another only for her sake.

But the prison scene was closing; Sophie lay, supported by cushions, with life fast ebbing away; her hair was still long,

but of a darker colour, yet more conspicuous from its being blended with grey. She was thin even to emaciation, but the fine features retained traces of their former beauty, and the large blue eyes were soft as a dove's, and clear as those of a spirit. But the dying lady was restless and anxious, she looked faintly around for one who was not there. In consideration of the Princess' danger, Mimi had been allowed to leave the castle; she was the bearer of a letter from Sophie to her husband, who was now King of England. He had just arrived in his electoral dominions, and would have to pass near the castle.

At an inn where he was to change horses, Mimi awaited him. The purple shadows of twilight were on the sky when he arrived. You heard the galloping of the guards, the rolling of the carriage wheels, and, amid dust and shouts, the royal cavalcade stopped at the inn door. The monarch called for a light, which, for a gold piece, the daughter of the host allowed Mimi to bear. She gave the light, and gave also a letter. The pipe fell from the king's hand—he knew the writing.

"*Je me meurs*," exclaimed he, sinking back in the carriage.

The confusion attendant upon his illness enabled Mimi to glide away unnoticed, but she saw that in the king's face there was death. The white moon, that had been pale in the sky as a crescent of snow, had cleared into light, when Mimi entered the chamber of her dying mistress. The warm crimson, and the golden haze of sunset, had faded into deep obscurity, scarcely broken by the far dim lamps that swung from the roof; but the face of the Princess was distinctly visible, for the moon shone directly upon it. Faintly she raised her head to welcome her faithful attendant, and her lips moved, but the words were lost in a faint rattling in the throat.

"I gave your letter to the King," whispered Mimi.

Sophie sat erect on the bed, a wild and supernatural gleam

kindled her eyes with a fearful lustre—she raised her hand—so white, so spectral, that it scarcely cast a shadow in the moonlight.

"I summon him before a higher tribunal than his own, to meet me."

The effort was too much, and she sank on Mimi's shoulder; a spasm wrung her features, and they set in the marble calmness of a corpse.

The King, her husband, died at the same hour: and, within a week, Mimi was laid at the feet of her mistress.

THE FIRST.

A LOVELY and a languid hour,
Long is the shadow on the flower,
And twilight with her first soft tears
Amid the cypress grove appears.

Listening for one beloved foot,
Sweeter to her than song or lute,
The ladye leans above the chords,
Deep in those thoughts that ask not words.

A little while hath she been bride
To him who lingers at her side,
As life had nothing left to show
More than that fairy form below.

Could those too happy moments stay
When Love is in his early day,
Life were a poet's fancy, made
For dreaming in the green wood shade.

Then common things are covered o'er
With beauty never known before;
A little leaf, a flower will wear
A charm that only Love flings there.

As yonder rising star hath given
Its own pure loveliness to heaven,
So Love can to the human heart
Its own enchanted light impart.

'Tis but a dream—a morning dream,
Yet flinging down on life's dark stream
A shadow fairer than the rose
To warm the current to its close.

Henceforth the spirit has one spot
Where other griefs and cares come not—
One thought that is from heaven, and flings
The lustre of an angel's wings.

Ah! linger, ye beloved hours,
Linger on life's enchanted flowers,
They are so lovely—linger on—
What will they do when ye are gone?

THE LAST.

WHAT! is the ladye sleeping?—no, too pale
  Is that white slumber for the dreaming hours;
Too curious are the foldings of that veil,
  And too unmoved that wreath of fragrant flowers.

She lieth like a statue, white and cold,
  Like the soft marble of some sculptured column;
The long bright hair sweeps down in many a fold
  O'er the high brow—wan with death's hues, and solemn.

This is not sleep—for sleep retains the life
  That gives the image to the troubled dreaming,
With all day's feverish cares and fancies rife,
  Around the flushed and unquiet pillow seeming.

But these are over here—the cold clear cheek
  Has neither tears nor blushes to discover;
Fear hath no more to shun, nor hope to seek,
  The sorrows and the joys of earth are over.

A little while, and e'en these sad remains
  May stay with those who cherish them no longer;
Vainly the weeper what he loves retains—
  He may not—love is strong—but death is stronger.

Scatter the violets o'er that wan brow,
  And raise that cold form from its last life pillow;
Bear it to where those azure violets grow,
  Then leave it to its rest beneath the willow.

And is this all?—Ah! no—the loved, the dead,
  Have yet another tomb, the heart's enshrining;
There are the inward tears perpetual shed,
  Grief with all other memories entwining.

Weep for the mourner—not for her who knows
  Life's latest—aye, and also sweetest slumber;
Peace is around it—only weep for those
  Whom mortal cares and mortal anguish cumber.

It is a desperate grief—an utter gloom—
  To which all after life brings no removing,
To know that deep within the unpitying tomb
  Lies all the heart had in this world for loving.

MY TURKISH VISIT.

——" So at last you may be presented to a Turk, *ma chère*, perhaps lose your heart to him; for I have just heard that Namik Pacha, the delightful Turkish ambassador, will be able to attend my ball to-night:—Good bye; assemble your best looks, prettiest dress, and most grammatical Italian, for his Excellency."

Thus spoke a friend of mine in Paris—at whose house I arrived on the day of her fancy ball, *le jour des Rois*—who knowing my oriental mania, had looked in at my dressing-room door, to communicate the certainty of the Pacha being her 'star' of the evening.

What?—was *I*, who had always looked with romantic feeling upon every ancient vender of rhubarb having a complexion of the same hue as his merchandize—*I* who thought perfect manly beauty nestled under the snake-like folds of every turban, even though its wearer might be a hawker of wooden pastilles, and scented mud-coloured lozenges, in a box strapped to his neck—was *I* then at last to converse with a real Turkish gentleman—a Pacha—an Ambassador, with velvet robes, satin trousers, spangled slippers, velvet-cased scimitar, cachemire girdle, jewelled dagger, gorgeous turban, with diamond aigrette and crescent?—Oh! the delight of anticipation made me fail, half a dozen times, in tying an obstinate bouquet of Parma violets!

The ball had commenced some time, when my friend approached, took my arm, and saying, "His Excellency and suite have arrived, and I have mentioned to him my wish to present you,"—we tried to wend our way through three or four rooms of unaccommodating, very-much-disguised ladies and

gentlemen:—the crowd gradually became worse, and I was looking forward, with ill-concealed impatience, for the magnificent Turkish party, when my companion, pressing my arm, presented me to '*Son Excellence Namik Pacha*,' with Beys and Effendis in profusion.

Instead of the expected vision of beauty and costliness, like a *tableau* from the Arabian Nights, my wondering eyes beheld a group of men, booted and equipped as for a morning ride, excepting the absence of gloves. They all wore long frock-coats of dark-blue cloth, buttoned tight at the throat, without one vestige of white to relieve the sombre hue: while coarse red woollen caps (much resembling low, red flower-pots upset) with a bunch of black silk and cut paper behind, were pressed down on their brows and over the ears, not showing a lock of hair round their flat-featured and sallow countenances.

Namik Pacha himself had handsome, expressive, Italian features, which could not be disguised even by the disfiguring red woollen *Fèz*, worn by him precisely similar to those of his suite, and even attendants: indeed, the sole distinction in his costume, that I observed, seemed to consist in a splendid diamond star with the crescent in its centre, which he wore on his left side. His figure had a superior air of easy grace, and in height he much exceeded his companions, who were of diminutive stature.

As intellect and high breeding quickly assume their proper level, the superior conversation of the Pacha soon made me forget my childish disappointment at not meeting a turbaned *Osmanli* of the ancienne regime. With the most indulgent courtesy he sought and encouraged the frank expression of my opinion on various national subjects; and I at length confessed my great wish was to visit some of the Turkish provinces, remote from the capital, where the spirit of modern improvement had not yet influenced the customs of the inhabitants.

"Your purpose, I think, might be effected without leaving

France," he replied: "there is a singular individual, named Souliman, living near Versailles, alone and in the greatest retirement, who holds our innovations in such contempt that he has actually abandoned Stamboul in his declining years, to follow his old customs, though in the land of the Franks, whom he dislikes."

"Does your Excellency know why he selected this neighbourhood?"

"An Armenian diamond merchant and commercial agent here, bequeathed to his old friend Souliman a country villa, or *Kiosk*, as he terms it, near Versailles; and he follows there the occupations of his predecessor, seeing no one except jewellers and merchants connected with the East."

"Then I fear it is hopeless to think he will admit an idle Frank like myself, as I do not want diamonds."

"Nay, I think there might be a chance of it, if he knew your adoration of the old school. One of my *attachés* is now charged with some valuable professional communications for him; and, if you will accept his introduction, he will feel honoured by escorting you and your friend, when he visits the strange old Souliman."

I was sufficiently "*diplomate*" to conclude the party in question was engaged in other affairs, besides those of a lapidary, which were more interesting to the embassy: but my speculations were interrupted by the ceremonies of "Twelfth Cake,"—the Pacha, as the principal guest, being expected to make the first incision in it, with a gigantic scimitar-knife—which he wielded with a grave dexterity, such as I have read some of his countrymen evince in a more disagreeable office.

Throughout the evening Namik Pacha cheerfully lent himself to all our little follies of the season; and when the mystic '*Characters*' went round, I requested he would draw my lot for the ensuing year—which appropriately chanced to be a fine

red-green-and-blue sultana: and though, sad to say! it has never since been realized, I carefully guard the gaily painted princess, as a souvenir of the playful good humour of this gifted person, whose flattering courtesy was indeed a compliment.

Some days after the ball, I was agreeably surprised to find that the Pacha, among his multifarious occupations, had not forgotten his promise respecting my introduction to the eccentric old merchant; for one of the Beys called to state he was going to the Kiosk of Souliman, and would be happy to escort our carriage thither. My hostess was unable to go, but insisted I should profit by an opportunity which might prove so useful in my pursuits; and I set forth with a steady old attendant in the sledge (*traineaux* were the rage in Paris that year), the Bey gallantly leading the way as outrider. After about an hour's drive on the Versailles road beyond Sèvres, we diverged to the right, and soon after entered some triste looking grounds, shadowy with tall evergreens, whose inanimate winter foliage always seems to me more sad than the leafless tracery of the deciduous trees. The high entrance gates, the barred windows, and bolted door of the house, gave me the disagreeable idea of a lunatic asylum: and when a silent pallid servant ushered us into a small room, without fire or carpet, the impression was not dispelled by its singular occupant, who looked like a patient of such a place.

Souliman was a tall, powerful, but emaciated man, advanced in years, whose countenance bore the remains of much stern beauty, but his large dark eyes had that glaring restlessness which we are apt to ascribe to insanity: his black brows were contracted with severity, and his mouth bore a harsh expression amidst the flowing beard which surrounded it.

His costume consisted of a long full dress of violet-coloured cloth, under an open robe of dark green, the edges and hanging

sleeves of the latter being bordered with rich sable: a fawn-coloured cachemire formed his girdle, in which was placed a straight dagger: yellow, pointed slippers just showed beneath his garments, and on his head he wore a high cap or kalpak, without ornament.

A hasty contemptuous glance, shot at me, indicated how far my presence was welcome. The young Bey (who with innate courtesy used a language I understood) explained that the motive of my visit arose from admiration of the ancient *Osmanli* habits, of which I had read, and my desire to see them in real existence.

Souliman's answer to this explanation was an expressive sneering look—which measured the Bey's costume, from the red *Fèz* to his Parisian boot—clearly implying that 'an admirer of the ancient style would not be found among the innovators.'

So I sat down, cheerlessly and half frightened, to await the end of the Bey's communication with the alarming old merchant, carried on in Turkish (after an apology from the former), in that sad yet musical tone which I have observed among the few of their nation whom I have known. In the course of their conversation, the Bey produced a beautiful pocket Atlas, referring to several of the maps; and I could scarcely avoid smiling at the anomaly of such a study, with the supposed profession of a lapidary:—something of this, I think, struck the wily old man, when he caught my eyes resting on the map of Russia, for he affected to examine busily a brilliant on the Bey's finger. Shortly after, the latter drew forth a large letter, which Souliman carelessly shuffled under some papers, glancing sharply at me; and, after a moment's hesitation, he asked, in excellent French, whether I would like to visit his daughter Aminèh Hanoom in her apartments?

Never was a "hint to begone" received with so much pleasure. The surprise of the Bey evidently equalled my own at

hearing that Souliman had a daughter; but we only exchanged a glance of wonder, for the old man had clapped his hands with a peculiar signal, and a concealed door close to me was opened by a negress; to her he gave instructions as he led me within the door, and with a spring it instantly closed behind me; so that I was left in total darkness with my conductress, in a long stone passage, terminating at a door, which the negress threw open, and left me alone.

Emerging from darkness, I was dazzled by the bright winter sunbeams pouring into one of the most brilliantly furnished rooms I had ever seen. On three sides it was fitted up with figured-velvet sofas, but the south side was entirely of glass, painted in gay garlands, forming part of a conservatory, which was filled with blossoming orange-trees and bright exotics, emitting a delicious fragrance. Three or four beautiful birds were expanding their plumage to the light, while a moveable marble fountain of perfumed water threw up its wreaths of living diamonds at the entrance. There was no fire-place; yet, notwithstanding the chilly season, the artificial temperature resembled May; and in the centre of the room stood a golden brazier, filled with burning scented woods. The velvet sofas were of light green, having gold flowers and tassels; a number of pink satin cushions piled near the window were worked in silver patterns; and one, of white satin edged with down, had what I concluded was a Turkish name embroidered in seed pearls.

The walls, of white and gold, were pannelled and inlaid in various arabesque devices: and, instead of the rough *plafond* too common in French houses, the ceiling was richly carved and ornamented in pale rose-colour and gold.

Having taken full time to remark all these wonders, for the negress had departed instantly, I approached a low table, on which were several books bound in velvet and gold, a writing-

stand enriched by gems, with a penholder imitating a feather in pearls. Beside the table, on a beautiful reading stand, and covered with a gauze and gold handkerchief, was a large volume clasped with an amethyst, which I concluded was the Koran: while I was bending over it, I heard the door close at the lower end of the room, and, on looking round, I felt that I beheld the princess of this fairy palace, Aminèh Hanoom, the daughter of Souliman.

If travellers have given accurate notions of the oriental taste in beauty, by their descriptions of flat-featured, sleepy-eyed, indolent, full-figured sultanas, having their charms enhanced (or injured) by white and red paint, stained eyebrows, henna-dyed fingers—then assuredly Aminèh Hanoom would excite but little admiration among them; for she possessed a marked Grecian profile, an oval countenance, eyes full of energetic character, a majestic slender form, and a complexion so transparent, so purely colourless, as nearly to resemble alabaster.

With a slight appearance of embarrassment, she uttered, in a sweet voice, the word "*bouroum*," with its translation, "*soyez la bienvenue*," as she pressed both my hands, and leading me to the sofa, placed me beside her, opposite to what I had taken for a covered table, or large work-frame, but which she explained to me was the tandure (so often mentioned by travellers), a stand containing charcoal, surmounted by a worked silk counterpane, one of the fringed sides of which she drew over our arms.

Having stated to Aminèh the circumstances which had procured me the pleasure of making her acquaintance, she expressed her surprise and delight at her father having made an exception, in my favour, to his prohibition against the entrance of Franks within his dwelling. On learning my

nation, her astonishment redoubled, as she said it was against my countrymen in particular that his strongest aversion existed.

I asked the cause of this unfortunate distinction, and she replied it had been foretold as his *kismet*, or fate, "that from one of the blue-eyed islanders he should receive a wound past healing:" and, as he had formerly lost a considerable sum by the failure of an English house, he considered altogether their presence brought him evil. "But you see," she added, "my father has no fears from the women of your islands, but has sent one to be a friend and delight for his motherless and lonely Aminèh."

In conversing on various matters of novelty and interest, she evinced the most singular union of a powerful mind, with a romantic temperament; and of rapid perception, with the fresh enthusiasm and innocence of secluded youth.

In all the frankness of an unworldly spirit she expressed her opinions on every theme I introduced—a species of character irresistibly winning with me; for I am apt to take a prejudice against those who, in a first interview, are too guarded to express their likings and distastes: such worldly wisdom is but a step from insincerity.

The enthusiastic, natural Aminèh was no calculator on effects; and in a short time I possessed the key to many of her most cherished feelings and actions. She read to me translations into French of her favourite Eastern poets, with some of her own poetry, pensive and feeling, like the lovely countenance that recited them; and she sung me several plaintive minor melodies of her composition, full of the soft melancholy that was but a dangerous guest in a heart which was not hereafter to rule its own destinies.

We thus passed hours, unheeding their flight, and the approach of darkness, until we were interrupted by the entrance

of Goumah, the negress, uttering, with much gesticulation and laughter, some long Turkish phrase to Aminèh, who in turn clasped her slender hands with an expression of pleasure. She then translated her father's message, that "a heavy snow storm had come on, so that there was no possibility of my returning to Paris in the open carriage; but, as the Bey was obliged to ride back there, if I would honour Aminèh Hanoom by passing the night under her roof, he could take a note of explanation to my friends."

The unlooked-for pleasure and advantage of seeing the whole of a genuine Turkish *menage*, was so great in my estimation, that I required but few of Aminèh's soft entreaties to remain: and when she farther petitioned me to acquaint my friends that I would pass the next day also at the Kiosk, I made no objection to extending a visit which might never be repeated. So I requested a close carriage might be sent for me on the second morning; and the merry Goumah having run off with my letter, we soon after heard the young Bey gallop away on his snowy journey.

I had so often partaken (in idea!) of the banquets described in the Arabian Nights—like the Kalender with the tantalizing Barmacide—that I knew intuitively the names and appearance of *pillau*, *kibaub*, and such like fare, now served for our evening repast—my broken Turkish attempts giving great delight to Goumah and another negress, who with rolling eyes and flashing teeth giggled during the whole meal until they could scarcely attend us. But I was particularly struck by the elegance of all the "appliances;" the cloth and serviettes being of clear muslin worked in wreaths equal to the *mouchoirs brodés* of an *élegante:* and the tray, on which the scented pink sherbet stood, of wrought gold, covered with a fringed gold gauze serviette. The sweetmeats were in great variety, all perfumed, and the fruits crystallized in preserves: and after Aminèh had initiated me into the mysteries of Seckel, and Moabilee (which

is just like our *crême de velours*, scented with orange flower) the trays were removed, and Goumah's black hands proudly held a gilt basin and ewer of rose-water, with napkins having garlands and ciphers embroidered on them, more beautiful than any of the needle-work we hang in frames in this country.

Aminèh then asked what kind of *chibouque*, or pipe, should be prepared for me; and my declining that luxury altogether, was a fresh source of laughter for her jetty attendants; they presently re-entered, bearing their lady's rose-water chibouque, and a massive tray of coffee in bright china cups, not larger than playthings, placed in open-work gold stands. While I tasted the often vaunted *Mocha*, Aminèh smoked her jewelled amber chibouque with a grace of which I should not have supposed so strange an occupation was capable.

Although Souliman, in the spirit of hospitality (a great Turkish virtue), had conquered his aversion to a Frank being in his house, rather than let me encounter the storm, he deprived himself of the usual evening visit to Aminèh, in order to avoid associating with one of the hated race; and, when I had extracted this truth from his daughter, I must own my professions of regret would not have borne a very rigorous investigation, having seen nothing in the prejudiced *Osmanli* to make me desire his company. A short history of the old man's sorrows, however, effected a complete change in my feelings towards him.

Aminèh having described the longing she had ever felt for a kindred mind, that could enter into and sympathize, as I did, with her tastes, but which had hitherto been denied her, in the strict seclusion of Souliman's house, ever since her mother's death; I asked what time had elapsed since she had suffered the latter, that greatest of all woman's deprivations?

She replied that her mother, who was a Georgian, had died of consumption, two or three years after her marriage; and her husband's attachment had been so intense as to upset his

reason at her loss. It was some years ere he recovered and could be induced to see Aminèh, who was said to resemble her mother greatly, and had been pronounced by an astrologer to be born under the same fatal *Felech*, or constellation, therefore destined to the same kismet.

When I looked at the too glittering eyes, the prominent veins round the temples, and the transparent slender hands of the fragile figure before me, I felt it needed no occult science to decide on the malady which would insidiously terminate her pure existence. In reply to my anxious inquiries, she answered, with the blind confidence so usual in her illness, that although she generally was ill every Spring, she felt sure of escaping all suffering this year; "unless," she added playfully, laying her sweet countenance on my shoulder, "unless you forget your promise to come here constantly; in which case I shall have a worse relapse than ever!"

Goumah having entered to attend us for the night, I accompanied Aminèh to her own apartment, in which she had caused another couch to be prepared for me, saying she could not spare me from her one hour while I was under her roof. The gorgeous sitting-room had so completely carried me into the Arabian Nights, that I believe even the appearance of *Genii*, or trees bearing fruit of gems, would not have surprised me there. But I had an impression that the Turkish sleeping apartments were arranged with a simplicity strongly contrasting with their day-rooms, so that I was quite unprepared for the new splendour awaiting me.

In two recesses draperied with silk, were piles of mattresses, covered in satin of bright colours, edged with silver fringe; numerous pillows of spotted gauze over pink satin, and eider-down counterpanes covered with velvet. On Aminèh's couch the latter was of apricot-coloured velvet, with her initials in

small pearls in the centre; at the side of each couch was placed a purple velvet prayer carpet. A beautiful ruby-coloured lamp gave its soft light around; and, long after Aminèh slumbered, I remained in a waking dream, scarcely daring to ask my delighted senses, can all these things be?

In the true spirit of the place, I clapped my hands on waking next morning, and my two black handmaidens entered to assist my toilette, every article of which was a source of wonder and amusement to these light-hearted creatures.

Aminèh herself had risen some hours, and Goumah endeavoured to make me understand, by opening her hands and eyes with energy, that her mistress had made herself "*belle, belle*," in honour of my visit: this, indeed, was corroborated by the appearance of Aminèh, who soon afterwards entered *en grande toilette*, which she named and explained as my curiosity examined each article. First, there was a tightly fitting *juste-au-corps* of green velvet braided with gold, having open sleeves, and revealing an under corsage and sleeves of spotted white gauze: a long loose robe, or Anteree, of pink silk, figured in white roses; white satin *salvah*, or trousers, striped with gold; and a shawl girdle of great beauty. Her slender feet were just thrust into the tips of tiny slippers, without heels, worked with silver lozenges. Turbans, she had told me, were the masculine costume: her black hair was smoothly braided, and a richly figured gauze scarf, with a pearl fringe, twisted loosely round her head, and fastened by a quantity of gems of great value; of which she also wore a profusion in armlets.

My second day passed as delightfully as the preceding one, with the additional pleasure of discovering in Aminèh a most unusual degree of talent for music. The facility with which she acquired some melodies I taught her, was perfectly astonish-

ing: and when I sung an *impromptu* second to some of her songs, the thrilling effect of two voices harmonizing (which was entirely new to the fair recluse), quite overcame her easily-excited spirits, and forced her to desist from a pleasure whose intensity was almost painful. By degrees becoming habituated to the effect, her delight knew no bounds; she intreated me to try one after another with her, and was half angry at the intricate embroidery Goumah was teaching me, as interrupting for one moment the newly found enjoyment.

It was all very well for Souliman to resolve he would not associate with the Frank in his house; but to keep that resolution was not quite so easy, when the whole female household had surrounded him, with persuasions to alter his determination. "It was but for one evening," Goumah urged, "and the Frank would amuse him like a Massalgee:" and Aminèh, his darling, also prayed him to come and hear the new music; so that at last, as she told me after dinner, he had consented to join us in the evening.

Accordingly, the reserved old Turk made his appearance in due time, attended by his pipe-bearer, who arranged that indispensable luxury and retired. Souliman questioned me a great deal, and my replies having evinced that my admiration of his nation was genuine, he relaxed much of his sternness, and eventually requested to hear the singing. At every duet he inhaled his "scented weed" more rapidly, passing his chaplet of beads quicker through his fingers, and finally, with many a *Mashallah*, said, "that is good," while a tear rolled slowly over his furrowed cheek. Aminèh seemed to fear the consequence of this sadness, for her signal to Goumah soon brought in some of the attendants to give me a specimen of their singing and dancing; both of which, I must confess, were execrable. They restored the old man, however, to his usual mood, and Aminèh having told him I was fond of chess playing, he challenged and

beat me two games, thereby winning some rare blossoms which Aminèh had playfully declared were for me alone: after this he retired, saying, in the fanciful hyperbole of his nation, that "the house and all it contained were mine!" Thus ended my second evening.

Ere my departure next morning, having first soothed Aminèh by a promise of speedy return, I entered the Salemlick to thank Souliman for his hospitality, and found his feelings changed to the kindest cordiality. Having expressed his gratification at the pleasure Aminèh had experienced, he urged me, in the warmest manner, to repeat constantly my visits—which to me, perhaps, might be dull, but would be happiness to his lonely one: and as the Hakkims had said the only check for her illness was to amuse her mind from dwelling on it, he hoped, with the fervour of an anxious father, that I would not let her pine for my society, which she had told him that morning gave her more pleasure than any thing.

This genuine flattery was irresistible, and when in a few days I fulfilled my promise, the soft joy of Aminèh was more fervent, more consonant with my own romantic notions of attachment, than aught I had hitherto met in the withering influence of social life. Day after day some excuse was framed for the necessity of our meeting, until a drive to the Kiosk became part of my morning's duty: my thoughtful friend in Paris encouraged my doing so, with a view towards my literary pursuits; and I found ultimately that my presence was really useful in cheering the solitude of Aminèh, whose delicate health inspired me with a more lively interest and attachment for this enthusiastic, unworldly creature—who loved me fervently—and, dearest of all flatteries to a proud and exclusive heart, loved me alone!

About six weeks after my singular introduction at the Kiosk, I was obliged to accompany my hostess to her chateau in Nor-

mandy, where she intended to remain only a fortnight; but the hundred little detaining circumstances of "one's own place" prevented her return to Paris before the expiration of a month. My first visit was to the Kiosk, where sad intelligence awaited me. The treacherous sunshine of early Spring had tempted Aminèh to encounter its sharp breezes; and the fatal ides of March had given her a severe relapse of the illness which was undermining her youth. In the chamber, from whence she had never allowed my couch to be removed, she lay helpless and panting, her delicate frame wasted, and her eyes beaming with the glassy brightness imparted by a hectic colour beneath them.

The individual most to be pitied in the afflicted circle was the widowed Souliman, the fierce unsettled expression of whose eyes had returned as I first saw them; and, when in a hoarse broken voice he desired to speak with me alone, I almost fancied I was to witness some rash act on his life.

Prejudice or superstition, however strong, cannot long withstand against true affection; and the man who had loathed the idea of our nation, was now induced, by his belief in their scientific skill, to beseech my recommendation of some English physician, to alleviate the sufferings of Aminèh: though, before her illness, I had heard him say, he would rather see her in the grave, than exposed to the insolent gaze of an unbelieving stranger.

There was at that time in Paris an individual who had come there, in the vain hope of benefit from change of scene after affliction. His experience of a malady like Aminèh's was bitterly acquired in the loss of the being who had formed his world, and who had taken his heart with her from the earth on which he lingered, desolate though resigned, to pour forth consolation to the afflicted. To Aminèh I had often spoken of this true Christian, who though still in the prime of youth, had renounced all social intercourse, except with those whom he

might benefit; and she had frequently lamented that the Moslem interdiction prevented her from knowing this friend of my earliest days.

Although he had relinquished his profession, except for purposes of charity, I knew he would gladly devote his time to any one I requested. Souliman incoherently expressed his assent, and Aminèh acquiesced in any thing which would secure my society; so that on the next day I introduced Everard to her presence, Souliman sending his expression of thanks, though he could not bring himself to look upon one of the fatal nation.

I am a true believer in the unerring sympathy at first sight, which draws together characters that will assimilate; and, although the force of early custom made Aminèh involuntarily bring forward her veil at Everard's entrance, I perceived that a few moments restored her usual graceful manner, and she evidently experienced that inexplicable impression which sometimes crosses our minds, namely, that the stranger just presented to us has been an intimate friend in some forgotten, long-past scene, which we would gladly recall.

We rapidly glide, too, into the same friendships felt by those we love; and my intimacy with Everard removed all feeling of restraint from the unaffected Aminèh, whose countenance soon exhibited the confiding frankness of long acquaintance, although she was too weak to converse much at one time; and after Everard had pronounced that about a month's care would remove every bad symptom, we all seemed to forget both the cause and the newness of his introduction.

Knowing my anxiety, Everard called on me the following morning, to express his sanguine hope, almost amounting to certainty, of restoring Aminèh, provided her mind was kept from exhausting itself in speculative fancy, or in dwelling on her indisposition. Having ascertained her great wish was for music, he promised to join with me in affording her that

relaxation, a proposal I could fully estimate, for I knew this favourite accomplishment of his happy days had been renounced ever since his bereavement; and altogether it was beautiful to see this saintlike being, whose thoughts would rather have dwelt on sad memories, devoting himself to forming plans for the amusement of the young sufferer. Her innocent fervour of character had deeply interested him; and, in the enthusiasm of his religious views, he used the well known words of the Roman Emperor, "She would be an angel, if she were but a Christian."

Between guileless minds there is no necessity for gradations of intimacy: actuated by the same principles, they are soon mutually understood; and thus, within a short period, Everard, in his daily visit of some length, was established in the watchful attention of a brother, beside our convalescent Aminèh, whose health each day visibly improved.

Souliman could never be induced to meet the stranger, to whose skill he owed so much; but he was satisfied with any thing I approved for Aminèh's recovery, as our efforts had already been attended with such happy results. Any casual appearance of depression we could instantly banish by music, the effects of which influenced entirely the mood of her susceptible mind; and in a short time she was enabled again to pour forth her own melodious voice with mine. Everard, who was an accomplished musician, rendered our concerts more complete; and the uncounted days flew past on golden wings, while we tasted that poetry of existence, "from whose sphere the soul returns laden with perfume," and a sweetness that triumphs over the bitter realities of experience.

Thoughtless—blind—cruel that I was, not to foresee for others a sorrow which, for myself, I did not dread in these happy meetings!

Everard, highly talented, with a noble mind, young, eminently handsome, and possessing that dangerous softness of

manner which results from feeling and early sorrow, was just the fascinating being to cast a spell over an untried heart.

My intimacy with him from childhood had produced its usual effect in deadening my perception of these advantages; therefore I valued him solely for the less worldly attributes of the zealous Christian. To me, the history of his blighted love had been confided, and I knew that for his heart there could be no second Spring. Indeed, I looked up to him, almost as "one not of this world;" and to have made Everard the object of an earthly attachment would have seemed to me nearly a sacrilege. Thus forearmed and shielded in my own instance, I was lulled into a baleful security for another, before whose inexperienced eyes his dazzling perfections shone without salutary cloud or warning.

Everard's charitable visits generally prevented him from arriving at the Kiosk as early as I went, by an hour or so; and one day his usual time was long past, yet he came not. Aminèh, pale and absent, evinced a restlessless and impatience which I considered natural in an invalid, accustomed to have her most trivial wish anticipated; so I gave up the effort of amusing a mind suffering, though in a light degree, from "hope deferred," —that doom of the unselfish.

At length Goumah brought me a note, sent from Paris, stating that Everard had been thrown from his horse, and carried home insensible. I read the sad intelligence to Aminèh; and, looking up for her comment upon it, I saw she had fallen, insensible and white as marble, from her pile of cushions to the floor.

In that moment of agitation, all the imprudence I had committed rushed with a stunning conviction to my mind. I felt that, in my blindness, I had destroyed the peace, perchance the life, of her I loved so fondly. I summoned no one to aid me, lest in Aminèh's returning consciousness the fatal

secret of her heart might be placed in the possession of another; but I watched her recovery with a self-accusation that made the minutes seem interminable.

The secretly cherished attachment, whose strength had just revealed it to me, I knew was hopeless. Souliman's hatred of the Franks—poor dear Everard's blighted affections—and his unconquerable religious prejudices—each forming an indissoluble bar. But I felt, also, that in a nature like Aminèh's, the first attachment, however hopeless, was incurable.

Absence, and the power of womanly pride, are considered infallible by the worldly and heartless. But absence, to an enthusiastic mind, brings increase of wretchedness, by strengthening its cause. And as for woman's pride, which we all vaunt before it is put to the fatal test, no female heart, however proud, which has loved even hopelessly, but feels in its subjugation, (with Bulwer's Emily), "I would be a servant, a slave, a dog, so that I might be with thee."

On her recovery, the gentle creature, whose every thought had hitherto been entrusted to me, bowed her head on my knees, and confessed her deep, pure attachment to Everard, with all self-humiliation, as though it were a crime.

My heart bled for her as I read its unsuspected extent in her painful eloquence; his idea was ever present to her, his voice in all music, his resemblance in every form of beauty, his language in all poetry. Her fear to encounter his eyes, or to trust her voice with the name which alone rose to her lips for utterance: her startled joy, far from the calm of happiness, in his presence, whose influence absorbed all remembrance of what she had purposed saying to him—the desolation of spirit which succeeded his departure—her indifference to the opinion of her father—myself—the whole world—provided Everard uttered no reproof,—all, all told me of a heart's peace destroyed for ever.

And, yet, so much are we the slaves of habit—I mechanically uttered the world's usual mockery respecting the effects of time and her own efforts, to conquer what I felt was beyond their reach.

Aminèh replied meekly, "You speak, my sweet friend, with the collected self-possession of one who has never loved—or, at least, not unhappily or unwisely. May you never experience the bitter conviction of how vain is the struggle of reason against feeling."

What barbed arrows are flung by those who love us best, when engrossing sorrow renders them heedless of all woe but their own! Aminèh guessed not how amply her reply had avenged my hollow advice.

Making a violent effort to control the tearful evidence of a sympathy which could only injure its dear object, I dwelt on the unconquerable prejudices of her father and Everard; and, with the hope of rousing the pride that formerly ruled her thoughts, I related the history of Everard's blighted yet undying affection, which went beyond the grave, to the exclusion of every other image; and from this I urged the imperative necessity of her seeing him no more, lest accident should betray her unfortunate preference, to one who could not return it. But, instead of the sense of dignity I had hoped to excite, the sole result of my communication was intense regret that Everard had experienced sorrow: so entirely was self forgotten in her devoted tenderness.

As a final effort, with an assumed sternness, for which I hated myself (and which my fast flowing tears contradicted), I inquired if she meant Everard to learn that my chosen friend had bestowed on him her love—unsought and unreturned?

Aminèh dashed my hand from her neck—and, with a momentary flash of former pride, said, "I have no fear that it will be known to him through *you;* although I stoop not to ask your silence for my sake individually, you will keep it for

the credit and dignity of woman. And, as for myself, I shall carry it, untold, to my grave. But, Oh!" she added, raising her lovely eyes and clasped transparent hands, "Everard, dearest Everard, until then, in my soul's inmost recess, I will adore you—idolize you—and my last breath shall bear your beloved name!"

My fictitious coldness could not withstand this outburst of wretchedness: my heart smote me for the unnatural (though well-intended) part I had tried—and I wept bitterly.

Aminèh threw herself beside me, blaming her selfish grief, which had wounded her only friend. She entreated me to believe she had never misinterpreted my motives, which were all kindness, always right. She distrusted her own judgment where Everard was concerned; and to prove her preference for my wishes over her own, she now renounced his society for ever. It was right, though it should bring death: and, if *I* decidedly objected, she would not even see him *once* again—though her heart clung, as with the hope of life, to this last indulgence!

Who could resist this final appeal of so angelic a creature? Not one who knew full well the heart's intense anticipation of that fearful "*once more*"—the lone recollection that is to accompany us in the starless path prescribed by duty, the lingering sunset of hope, light, life.

I folded her in my arms, and said, "Do as you will, my treasure, I will blame you no more!"

I was startled to my feet by the voice of Souliman close to me, as in deep hoarse tones he exclaimed to the terror-striken Aminèh, "Wretched being! from your own lips I have heard that the prophecy is fulfilled: yes, the accursed Giaour *has* struck the wound which never can be healed! What stops me from ending your degraded life at once? But no, it were better the doom should fall first on *him!*"

Aminèh had remained transfixed by terror, at the maniacal fury of her father. She moved not, when his drawn scymetar flashed close before her eyes: but when the danger to Everard's life was threatened, she thought only of her heart's idolatry.

With all adoring woman's eloquence, she poured forth his vindication in terms which must have touched any mind but one under aberration. She called on me to witness Everard's ignorance of her attachment, and prayed, that as the weakness, the wickedness, was hers alone, her death might be sufficient atonement for her unpremeditated offence.

The obdurate maniac father was not to be moved, even by the impassioned eloquence of the heart. He raised her from his feet, where she had fallen after her over-excitement; and, uttering a wish that sorrow equal to his might fall on the whole of our hated nation, he bore her from the room. I knew no more of what occurred, until I found myself at night gradually recovering consciousness, in my room at Paris.

The frequently ill-judged order, 'to be kept perfectly quiet,' having been given in my instance, I was prohibited from speech or writing, though the workings of my mind were retarding my recovery. To alleviate the sick room's tedium, my kind hostess used to relate every trivial daily occurrence; and on the second morning she told me the Bey had called, and mentioned, with astonishment, that Souliman, without any previous intimation, had procured passports, and set off, with his whole establishment, to embark from the south of France for Asia.

I gave no explanation of the cause: and when, in about two months, the amiable Everard showed me a singular anonymous note he received, I suffered him to consider it a mistake, though I too clearly read its signification: "The blossom has withered—the stem will not survive the morrow—and the unerring Stars will be obeyed."

AZEL.

Gentle stranger, prithee say,
Why is all this proud array
Of pennon, tent, and listed course,
Of armed knight and neighing horse,
Of painted shield and burnished spear—
Wherefore hold they tourney here?

The joust is for the brightest prize
That ever dazzled gallant eyes:
'Tis Reginald, of Ardavance,
That offers to the strongest lance
His only child—fair Blanche's hand,
With many a goodly rood of land.
And many a knight of gallant name
Is here, to win, or love, or fame.

Is yon the maid?—she's wondrous pale!
A form so delicate and frail
Would more befit a peaceful bower,
With poet's song and moonlight hour,
Than thus to sit, 'mid vulgar eyes,
Some grisly warrior's battle prize.
While others scatter smiles around,
Her vacant eye ne'er quits the ground,
Save when by fits it sometimes raises
A glance—that marks not where it gazes.
So cold, abstracted, sad, and wan
A maid, I never looked upon.

Yet 'twas not always thus—the day
Has been, when like the morning's ray,
Her laughing eye's resistless spell
Poured life and joy where'er it fell.
And blest was he could win a glance
From lovely Blanche of Ardavance;
More blest than all was Guy D'Aumont,
For whom those glances beamed alone.
He sought her hand—her father spurned
The unequal match—the youth returned
The tauntings of the haughty sire,
With words of gall and looks of fire.
Fierce waxed their wrath—till what was late
But pride and scorn, grew deadly hate;
And ere a week was sped, one morn
By whispering tongues a tale was borne
That, where the swift Rhone pours its flood,
Was found a bonnet wet with blood—
'Twas Guy D'Aumont's—and from that hour
None ever saw its wearer more!
And from that hour Sir Reginald
Grew dark and fearful to behold,
And sought the maddening wine-cup's glee,
Yet marred with gloom its revelry;
And though he knew him loved by none
He did not dare to sit alone.
And from that hour the lovely Blanche
Drooped like a flower upon a branch,
Whose cankered juices circling through
Poison the fragile blossom too.
Her grief was neither loud nor wild,
But from that hour she never smiled;

It seemed as neither joy nor pain
Could ever touch her heart again.

But hark!—the trumpet's thrilling sound—
And see! the heralds clear the ground.
Loudly the challenger defies,
Loudly another knight replies:
Fiercely begins the hot career,
Bent is the shield and snapt the spear;
Hark to the clang of brandished steel!
See where the wounded warriors reel!
The rabble shout, the horses neigh,
The maddening trumpets hoarsely bray,
A sight, a sound to wake the dead,
But not to raise that maiden's head!
Coldly she sits, nor marks the fray—
Her sense, her soul is far away.

Whose is that plume of sanguine red
That dances to his charger's tread?
That plume that towers above the field
While one by one its heroes yield;
The master spirit of the fight
That never quits its lordly height,
While many a crest before it falls?—
'Tis black Sir Hugh of Odenthal's.
And hark! that shout proclaims his name
The champion of the field of fame.

Not yet, not yet, the day is won—
Sir Hugh, not yet thy work is done!—
A stranger knight is in the field,
No arms, no emblems deck his shield;

A sable plume waves o'er his head,
Like funeral trappings of the dead;
Black is his armour as the night,
Black is his steed of wondrous might,
And his closed vizor's bars between
No trace of feature can be seen;
Save that some said two fiery balls
Glared baleful light on Odenthal's.
Sudden their sound the trumpets stayed—
The pause aroused the absent maid:
Slowly she raised her eyes, until
Upon the stranger knight they fell;
And then their glance grew wild and fixed,
With joy and fear so strangely mixed.
The jarring thrill, with dubious strife,
Half urged, half checked the pulse of life.
And not a word the stranger spoke,
And not a sound the stillness broke,
Until his iron glove he flung
To black Sir Hugh—when loud it rung:
So loud, so sudden was the sound—
A thrill of terror circled round!—

"Sir Knight—thy name and lineage shew!"
"It matters not," cries bold Sir Hugh;
"If a true knight, I'll win my prize—
If false, a braggart I'll chastise!"

Onward the goaded coursers spring,
Swift as the eagle's cleaving wing;
They meet—and, with a crashing sound,
Sir Hugh rolls senseless on the ground.
While high and calm the victor sits,
And to his steed the rein commits—

Who plunges off with sudden wheel,
Then stands so motionless and still.
No sign of life can you descry,
Save in the dark and fiery eye
That seems with fiendlike joy to glow
In triumph o'er the prostrate foe.—
Away! away! unhappy knight!
Thou hast not waged a mortal fight;
So deems each awe-struck stander-by,
And none a second course will try.
But each, with an unearthly dread,
Shrinks from a combat with the dead!

The bride is won—but no glad cries
Welcome the victor to his prize;
The bride is won—but through the air
No trumpet notes the tidings bear;
The bride is won—but who is he
Who claims the fruits of victory?

Slowly across the lists he wends,
And to the maiden silent bends;
The maiden, in whose throbbing veins
Some magic now resistless reigns,
As with dilated eyes, and hands
Extended, trembling, lost she stands.
One word he whispers—and it jars
Strangely between his vizor's bars:
It is her name—with a wild cry
Forward she falls all senselessly!
Instant his arm is round her waist—
Instant before him she is placed;

Then, like the wind, the mighty horse
Thunders along the listed course,
And clears the barrier at a bound;
While ere his hoofs' receding sound
Grows faint upon the ear—a cloud
Enwraps the riders like a shroud.
They know not if 'tis dust or smoke—
But soon Sir Reginald loud spoke:
" To horse! to horse each trusty lance—
For Reginald of Ardavance!
Why stand you idly loitering here?
To horse! to horse, each cavalier!"—
Impetuous as the torrents force,
On bounds the black and mighty horse,
Nor seems to heed the armour's weight,
Nor seems to feel his double freight;
But over the extended plain,
With flashing eye and streaming mane,
He sweeps along—No mortal steed
Could ever hold such wondrous speed!
And not a word the rider said;
And not a sound escaped the maid;
Though to that slight arm, round him clasped,
Cold, coldly struck the steel it grasped;
And o'er her in the deepening gloom
Waved sadly the funereal plume—
And every sound of life is fled,
Save the black horse's measured tread.
Fondly she clings, and knows no fear—
Living, or dead—her love is here!

The shades of night are closing fast,
And many a league of ground is past—

When, hark ! the sound of hoofs behind,
Comes slowly borne upon the wind;
While in the road their course is bent,
Lies a steep hill's abrupt ascent.
On—on they dash !—to gain its brow—
Brave horse—needs all thy mettle now !
But in his nostrils opening wide,
And dripping flank, and recking side,
And groans that shake his heaving chest,
The arduous struggle is confest:
Yet on he toils—while in the plain
Fast on his steps the horsemen gain;
And every labouring muscle swells,
As shout on shout their progress tells.

The hill is past—and now he rushes
Down crumbling rocks, through tangled bushes,
With trembling limbs and staggering steps;
When sudden, as the night-wind sweeps,
A sound of waters meets the ear,
That tells some mighty river near.
On for its bank !—the stream is strong,
And darkly, deeply rolls along;
He plunges in—and the cool tide
Refreshing laves his smoking side;
A moment his vast strength revives
In the new vigour that it gives;
Again each quivering limb is strained—
But, ere the middle stream is gained,
He sinks all spent—the current's course
Rolls on him with resistless force;
His strength is gone—one struggle more,
He makes for the still distant shore,

Then, while the night birds round them scream,
Helpless he floats before the stream!

Then from the rider burst a cry
Of human, *mortal* agony!
Escaped from slavery, chains, and death,
So well redeemed his early faith,
His bride so won, to be so lost!
Wildly his arms to heaven are tost,
Fiercely he plies the armed heel,
And buries deep the pointed steel;
In vain—in vain!—a feeble moan
Is all that answers—hope is gone!—
"Yet one more effort—my brave steed,
My friend in many an hour of need,
Azel!" he cries—and shakes the rein,
And pats the neck, and strokes the mane.
That name, that voice, that gentle touch,
Arrest e'en death to tell how much
He loves his lord;—that well known tone
Wakes a faint dream of glories gone;
He lifts his head—with feeble stroke
He paws the unfelt wave—and look!
The tide has borne them near the land,
His hoof ev'n scrapes upon the sand—
"Huzza! huzza! my battle cry,
For Guy D'Aumont and victory!
On! on, Azel!"—The word of strife
Collects each scattered shred of life;—
With one wild plunge he gains the shore—
He stops—a shudder thrills all o'er
His giant frame—the gushing blood
Spouts from each nostril like a flood—

He staggers—and with one deep groan
Falls to the earth—his work is done—
In safety now his lord may dwell,
But never more shall mount Azel!—

There hangs upon the trophied wall
In Guy D'Aumont's ancestral hall
A horse's bit and plated rein;
No meaner steed shall e'er profane
Those sacred relics—though full oft
Fair childhood with its finger soft
Handles them o'er, and leaves its play
To stand and wonder there—and pray
The Lady Blanche again to tell
The story of the dear Azel!

MINA.

At the foot of one of the Harz Mountains, in a beautiful and retired valley, is situated the pretty little campagne of Heiterbach. Its mistress, Madame Schipser, lost her husband a very few years after their union, when she was left with one daughter, and the little domain above mentioned. Her daughter, Lolotte, made a runaway match with an ensign in the Austrian service, and died shortly after; leaving her mother the legacy of a child so like herself, that Madame Schipser could hardly fancy, as she gazed on the little Mina, that she was not transported back twenty years of her uneventful life, and that her laughing little grand-daughter was not in reality her lost Lolotte.

Now, I suppose for form's sake, I must call Mina Rosvaller my heroine; though in truth she little resembled one of those sentimental personages. Her laughing blue eyes, sunny ringlets, and small, though beautifully proportioned figure, were quite the reverse of all that Romance has delighted to paint her languishing, die-away, El-Dorado monsters. But, nevertheless, Mina was very well calculated to produce a pretty little confusion in the hearts of the youthful heroes of Heiterbach. There was but one objection—none of them had ever seen her.

Her grandmother, warned by the example of Lolotte, who had eloped with her soldier-husband from a *fête de village* to which she had gone, *sans chaperon*, determined to pursue another plan with the education of Mina: and at the age of seventeen, the latter had never been beyond the fields surrounding the farm (for such it was); and even in these limited bounds she was always accompanied by her grandmother; who, accustomed to the bracing air of the mountains, early rising,

and temperate living, was extremely strong and active for her advanced age.

The only place in which Mina was permitted a solitary ramble, was the large walled garden attached to her secluded home, which supplied half the country round with the most superb fruit, and in which a small parterre was devoted to flowers. Mina doted on her garden-pots, and was assiduous in her care of them: indeed, with the exception of a *Livre des Martyrs* (no very enlivening study), her needle, and a tortoise-shell kitten, they were her only recreation. But before the age at which she is introduced to my readers, Mina had begun to imagine that there might be other objects of interest in this wicked world, besides roses, kittens, and tapestry; however much her labours in embroidery might be lightened by portions read aloud in the very venerable though somewhat cracked voice of her grandmother, from the aforesaid *Livre des Martyrs* or the Family Bible, the only books, except those used for Mina's rather primitive education, which Madame Schipser possessed. Mina often questioned her worthy relative concerning her strange reluctance to associate with any of her neighbours, particularly the family of the Herr von Niederstein, the Seigneur of the village, whose large *terre* joined the farm of Heiterbach.

"He has, I know, frequently asked you to his Christmas parties," she would say. "Why should we not go there? Oh! dear grandmother, if you knew how I longed to learn something of the world!"

"Hush!" said Madame Schipser with an air of horror. "You do not know what you wish for. The world is a very improper place for young ladies, and I have bestowed all my pains on your education to very little purpose, if you entertain a wish so unbecoming in a person of your youth and inexperience."

Poor Mina was silenced, but not convinced. It was true she knew nothing of the world, but she could not entertain so bad an idea of it; and therefore felt sure her grandmother was mistaken.

One day (it was in August, and the heat was intense), Mina took her work into the garden, and as she was sauntering down one of the walks in search of a shaded seat, she perceived with astonishment, and a delight not unmixed with vague terror, that the door farthest from the house had been left unlocked. Instantly, a movement of not unnatural curiosity prompted her to open it. The view thus obtained extended only to a wood, which grew on the side of a hill, and was intersected by a little brook, falling in mimic cascades over several large stones in its bed, with a delightful and refreshing murmur; while the cool shade seemed to invite the timid Mina, who was scorched with the heat, to explore its leafy recesses. Obeying the impulse, and wandering on, following the course of the brook, she came at length to a place where it suddenly widened; and with dismay she perceived a young man, dressed in a sporting costume, fishing on its banks!

At this sight (which was certainly a very awful one), all poor Mina's courage forsook her, and she attempted to fly, but remained motionless, as if spell-bound by some invisible power. The stranger advanced respectfully, accosting her by her name. Mina's fears redoubled, and she made new but ineffectual efforts to escape: her terror deprived her of strength, and she could only implore the stranger in faint accents, to pass on. He was tempted to indulge in a laugh at her expense, but seeing that her fear was really genuine, he endeavoured to calm it.

"I conclude, Madam, from your presence here, that you are Mademoiselle Rosvaller. My name is Karl von Niederstein, and I esteem myself most fortunate in having had this opportunity of seeing you."

"Are you the Seigneur of Heiterbach?" were the scarcely articulated words which fell from her lips.

"No, I am his eldest son," replied Karl. "I have been at home for the last three months on leave from my regiment, and have entertained the most anxious desire to make your acquaintance, Mademoiselle. Hitherto, I have been unable to accomplish it, but now most grateful am I to chance, which has thus given me an opportunity, as delightful as it was unexpected, of fulfilling my dearest wish."

During this speech, Mina ventured to raise her head; and discovering nothing so very frightful in the tall elegant figure, blue eyes, and light moustache of her new acquaintance, gradually banished her fears: and finding likewise that his conversation was much more agreeable than that of her grandmother, or even of old Elfrida, the poultry-woman, she allowed two hours to slip away unperceived, in animated colloquy. At last she remembered that it must be past the hour of dinner, and grew pale at the idea which suddenly presented itself—that her grandmother might seek her in the garden, and discover her unpermitted absence.

Karl was much grieved to lose her society, and eagerly inquired if he might be permitted to call on her grandmother.

"Oh, no," said Mina naïvely, "she never receives strangers, but yet——I am very sorry to think I shall not see you again!"

She spoke these words with so much simplicity, that Karl banished the smile which played on his handsome features, and replied in a tender voice—

"Lovely Mina, the thought fills me also with sorrow—cannot you contrive to meet me here again without your grandmother's knowledge?"

Mina remained thoughtful for some minutes, and then replied—"I *could* get over the garden-wall."

"Bravo, my spirited heroine!" laughed Karl, now unable to contain his mirth: though secretly flattered at the partiality so artlessly expressed; and not without a sufficiently warm interest in his lovely companion; which the aforesaid long conversation had considerably increased. "Bravo, fair Mina! Promise me then to climb the provokingly high wall, which has so often excited my anger, at two to-morrow, when rely on finding a *preux chevalier* to assist you in your perilous descent."

Mina promised, and then taking a confused farewell of Karl, sped homewards with the rapidity and grace of a startled fawn.

When she arrived at the garden-door, the first object that presented itself was the figure of her venerable relative, who with frantic gestures was making the wood resound with her lamentations. Mina approached gently and penitently, and threw herself at the feet of the offended dame. That worthy lady, however, was too delighted to see her beautiful bird safe in her cage again, to allow her wrath at this *escapade* its full sway: so she adopted the anxious and affectionate tone, and inquired in a voice suffocated by sobs—"Where have you been, truant one?"

"Only a walk in the wood," replied the terror-stricken Mina; "the door was open, and I could not resist the temptation."

"Alas! my love! and were you not very lonely in that gloomy place?"

"Very, my own grandmamma," replied the innocent girl, who, though she had read nothing but the *Livre des Martyrs*, had a faint idea that it was as well not to make Madame Schipser the confidante of her adventure and the plan she had formed. Allowing, therefore, the good lady to continue in her delusion, she applied herself, on that eventful evening, as industriously to tent-stitch, and listened, with as much apparent interest, to the hundred and fiftieth reading of the martyrdom

of Saint Laurence, as if there were no such person as Karl von Niederstein in the world; and contrived effectually to conceal that she was suffering, during the *lecture* of her worthy relative, a state of *ennui* at least as unbearable as the comfortless bed of the holy hero of the gridiron.

Next morning, betimes, the *ingenuous* Mina betook herself to examining the *locale* of the garden wall, and speedily discovered an amiable plum tree, quite concealed from the windows of the house, which had arranged its venerable branches apparently for the express purpose of facilitating her project. She made one essay of its capabilities, and then, seeing that on the other side the ground rose sufficiently high to permit of her jumping down with the greatest ease, particularly if assisted by the arm of the gallant Von Niederstein, she awaited with impatience the hour of rendezvous.

No sooner had the welcome sound struck her ear, than she flew to the garden, and, with the friendly assistance of the plum tree, surmounted the obstacle which divided her from Karl. He was already there, and perceived her with the greatest delight. In fact, for it is useless to attempt to conceal the truth, he had fallen in love with the fair heiress: a circumstance which will perhaps astonish my readers, inasmuch as he had reached the staid and discreet age of one and twenty. But a creature so artless, so un-commonplace, and withal so very lovely, and who also made so little secret of her *penchant* for him, was calculated to inspire no very ordinary sentiments—and Karl von Niederstein accordingly fell in love.

Now, people under the influence of the tender passion (at least so those who are free from its tyranny positively declare), talk great nonsense: and as these pages are intended as a plain matter-of-fact history, with a good sound moral at the end, it is not my intention to record what passed at the conversations between Mina and Karl. Suffice it, that their interviews were

often repeated, and that the natural and artless girl contrived for three months to elude the vigilance of all her guardians, and found time and opportunity, notwithstanding her grandmother's active surveillance, to fall "pretty considerably" in love.

At the end of this blissful period, Mina observed that her lover, during one of their stolen interviews, was unusually pensive and low spirited. In much alarm, the affectionate girl inquired the cause.

"How can I be otherwise, my own Mina, when cruel fate is going to tear me from you, perhaps for ever?"

"Going! From me! dear Karl—and whither?"

"My leave of absence expires to-morrow."

At these words, which sounded as her death-knell, poor Mina burst into tears. Her lover took her hand.

"It is in your power, and yours only, my adorable girl, to turn my misery into happiness, which I dare scarce trust myself to think of."

"Oh, Karl! my heart is torn with the thought of our separation; but how can I avert such a misfortune?—tell me, I conjure you."

"I can hardly venture to propose the plan, dearest Mina, but it is the only one which suggests itself. Dare I hope that you would consent to meet me here to-night, and fly with me, your devoted lover, far beyond the reach of tyrannical relations?"

"But where should we go?" innocently inquired Mina.

"I would take you, my beloved, to Ulm. My regiment is there, and there also lives my married sister. She, I am sure, would joyfully take charge of you till I could complete the preparations for our union. I am one and twenty, my fortune is absolutely at my own disposal. I adore you, and shall be miserable for ever if you reject my suit. Consider, you have only to come to this spot, where I will await you—you have

often done as much for an hour's interview; will you not consent to run the risk once more, when the object is our union? Say but yes, my own Mina, and make your devoted Karl the happiest of men."

How could Mina resist such arguments? She did not wait to consider whether she could or not, for she was, to do her justice, without an atom of coquetry, and never dreamt that there could be any thing wrong in saying what she thought. So, after a very little debate, it was arranged that at midnight, before which hour all the household would have sunk to rest, our heroine was to meet her lover in the spot which had so often been the scene of their interviews. He was to have horses in readiness, and his confidential valet was to accompany them. All this arranged, Mina returned home.

Just as she emerged from beneath the shadow of the walk leading to the plum tree, she met her grandmother, who, contrary to her usual custom, which was to indulge in a slight siesta after dinner, was perambulating the garden with rapid steps. The conscience-stricken Mina coloured and became confused: but the good lady, without remarking her agitation, made some trifling observation on the weather, and taking her grand-daughter's arm, led the way home. Mina had some faint notion that her conduct was not altogether praiseworthy; and this, almost *malgré elle*, gave an additional touch of tenderness and respect to her manner towards her grandmother. She listened with unfeigned attention to the oft-repeated tales and anecdotes with which the good dame whiled away the evening hours—and there was something very like a tear in her bright blue eye, as she received her adieus for the night. Mina was thinking that perhaps they might be eternal. Her grandmother apparently remarked nothing unusual, but wishing her "good night" in her accustomed kind manner, retired to her chamber; and Mina, in silent tears, sought hers. She

completed the arrangements for her flight, and then looked from the window. The moon was young, and dark clouds were driving over her disc in confused masses. Mina sighed—she had not courage or inclination to reflect; but she did not like the ideas that *would* present themselves to her mind. At last, unable to bear the solitude of her own chamber, she descended into the garden, there to await the striking of the fated hour.

The moon was almost entirely obscured, and familiar as she was with every foot of ground, the clock had chimed midnight ere she found herself at the foot of the plum tree. Her heart beat so fast that, in the deep solitude around, she almost fancied she could hear its pulsations. Not seeing any one at the place of rendezvous, she stationed herself on the top of the wall to await the coming of Karl. She remained there some time, and was beginning to feel indignant at his delay, when, with a thrill of anxiety, she perceived a figure, in a military cloak and cap, emerge from the wood; but it was so dark in the shadow of the wall, that she could hardly discern when he was near her.

"Is it you, my Karl?" said she, in a low voice.

"We must lose no time," whispered the figure. Mina descended hastily, and, following her companion, perceived a second figure, with a dark lantern, at a little distance. The former one, who had walked forwards in silence, took the lantern and proceeded alone, beckoning to Mina to advance.

His manner struck her as very strange, and she felt the tears rise to her eyes; for there was a coldness in it she could not account for. She followed, nevertheless; but what was her surprise to see him direct his steps to the garden gate, instead of in the direction which she anticipated.

"Whither are you leading me, Karl?" she inquired in low and timid accents.

"To that home which you ought never to have quitted,"

replied a voice, the well-known tones of which smote on the ear of the affrighted girl, and filled her with horror. With an irresistible and unconscious movement, she seized the lantern, and threw its beams full on the face of ——— her grandmother!

Mina shrieked; but her companions imposed silence with a look so terrible, that she felt her soul die within her: they reached the house in silence, and Madame Schipser instantly retired to her own chamber, beckoning the weeping girl to proceed also to hers.

She slept little, as may easily be imagined, and spent the night in tears. It seemed as if the dawn would never appear; and yet she dreaded; beyond every thing, the meeting with her grandmother.

The awful moment came at last, and, with downcast eyes, Mina awaited the explosion of the wrath she felt she had incurred. Breakfast, however, passed in imperturbable silence on the part of Madame Schipser, who, on leaving the eating-room, beckoned to her grand-daughter to follow. Poor Mina obeyed in trembling; and her agitation was not diminished on observing that the offended dame, when they were in her morning room, locked the door! and, with an awful expression of countenance, put the key in her capacious pocket. She then very deliberately began.

"I am not going to allude to the events of the past night, Mademoiselle. I had hoped that the education given you would have shown the excessive impropriety (to say the least), of the step which my accidental overhearing of your conversation with the Herr von Niederstein, enabled me so fortunately to frustrate. Now, Mademoiselle, no apologies! Do not attempt to vindicate yourself; for there is but one way of regaining my lost favour, and that I insist on your adopting. The husband I have destined for you from your infancy arrives

here to-day. Mark me! you *must* see him, receive him with kindness, and plight him your troth."

Poor Mina, almost suffocated by her tears, fell at her grandmother's feet, and attempted to plead for at least a little delay of this hateful interview; but in vain. The inexorable old lady raised her with some roughness, and sent her to her chamber, with orders to don her best attire, and await her further commands.

About two hours after this conversation, if an interview can be so called, where "the reciprocity," as they say in the sister isle, "was all on one side," the unhappy heiress of Heiterbach was roused from her *triste reverie* by the sound of horses' feet in front of the house. Her heart beat painfully, and fresh tears burst from her eyes. She flew to the window; but her intended (for she felt sure it must be that hateful individual) had already dismounted, and thrown his horse's rein to a groom; and in the noble steeds, with their elegant accoutrements, which were led in the direction of the stables by a man in handsome livery, she could find no consolation. The petty considerations of wealth and distinction were at that moment far below the mightiness of her despair.

In about ten minutes her grandmother sent for her, and the poor girl descended obediently, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to compose her countenance. She paused a moment at the door, to consider how little cordiality was compatible with the orders she had received as to her conduct; and while thus engaged, the voice of some one talking and laughing with her grandmother smote her ear. How barbarous was mirth at such a moment! She doubted not that Madame Schipser and this hateful suitor were amusing themselves with the idea of having outwitted her beloved and unfortunate Karl. She felt sure that the stranger would rejoice in the sight of her pale cheeks and tear-dimmed eyes; and the idea

sent the bright blood rushing to her cheek, as she proudly drew up her fairy form to its most imposing height. Then his voice! how harsh—how discordant! how unlike the soft low tones of the object of her tender affection! A fresh burst of laughter increased her anger; and, burning with indignation at a repetition of these insults, she threw open the door, and with a dignified step, entered the room; keeping her eyes resolutely bent on the ground, determined not even to vouchsafe a look to her future husband.

"This is the disobedient girl," said Madame Schipser, in a tone of severity. Mina remained standing before her grandmother, without speaking, and again the sound of suppressed laughter smote upon her ear. But its tone had either been altered by distance, or the awe she felt in the presence of her grandmother prevented its appearing so harsh. Nay, something in it caused her even to start and colour with an emotion very different from indignation. A wild suspicion darted across her brain, and involuntarily she raised her eyes. There, near her grandmother, his face beaming with mischievous smiles, and looking handsomer than ever, stood her own Karl—the Herr von Niederstien—her affianced husband!

Poor child! the surprise was too much for her: she turned very pale, and would have fallen, had not her lover rushed forward and supported her. His fond care soon restored her to a consciousness of her perfect happiness; and as, covered with blushes, she hid her face on Madame Schipser's shoulder, she thanked her a thousand times for the kind deception she had practised.

"There now, silly children," said the good lady, "what has become of all your romantic nonsense? Could you not be content with being married like Christians, without running the risk of breaking your necks by jumping over walls in the middle of the night? How fortunate for you that the old

woman had cleverness to outwit your mad projects! Had you remained with me after dinner yesterday, Mademoiselle Rosvaller, instead of running off to join your true love, I should have told you of this visit; but luckily, something in your manner struck me as unusual, and I followed you in time to hear the concoction of your precious plan. I will now leave you together; for, after a separation of nearly twenty-four hours, you must have much to say."

Need I add that Mina found her grandmother's instructions, "to receive her betrothed with kindness," not very difficult to obey? Karl's leave of absence was extended; and as no possible impediment could be discovered to their union, they were married, and, *of course*, were provokingly happy ever after.

I will only add to this faithful record a scene which occurred after an interval of some years. In a conversation with Madame Schipser and Madame von Niederstein on the subject of the latter's eldest daughter, the good old lady said, "I committed an error in your education, my child, which I would have you avoid in that of Minchen. I mean the bringing you up in total ignorance of whatever passed beyond your own immediate domestic circle. Depend upon it, that withholding the necessary knowledge of the world, which all must by degrees acquire, only makes the young imagination run wild; and it is better to show the dangers of life than to conceal them, if you at the same time efficiently point out the way in which they are to be avoided."

E. Tardieu. *T. H. Maw*

La Fiancée Grecque.

Edinburgh: Printed by Lizars, Princes Street.

ON THE PICTURE OF A GREEK MAIDEN.

How much of the old immortal Poetry
That lived in Greece, when she was great as free,
Dwells in that lovely aspect—in those eyes
Burns the fine flame that never, never dies.
Of old there was a pure and sacred fire,
Which vestal guardians suffered not to expire,
Kindled from the orient Sun's eternal rays,
A hallowed and a Heaven-descended blaze.
There is within those orbs a flame sublime,
That shines renewed through every age of time.
Greece !—e'en when most thy chains oppressed and galled,
When thou wert most entrammelled—worst enthralled,
From forth thy daughters' darkly beauteous eyes
Blazed that all hallowed fire which never dies,
Which needeth not the guardian or the shrine,
But watched by angel ministers divine !
Yes ! when thy heaviest chains were round thee twined,
And thou thyself seem'dst ignobly resigned,
In many a Grecian Maiden's glorious eye
Blazed the blest fire of holy liberty;
Through centuries of despair, still pure and bright,
At length to lead to Freedom by its light !
'Tis the same starry gleam that proudly shone
To illume Thermopylæ and Marathon;
To incite the backward, and to inspire the brave,
To bid the spears shine forth, the banners wave.
The patriot warriors of those deathless days
Were guided on their way by even such rays
As now undimmed with like effulgence show
The flash of Inspiration's strength below !
Maidens of Greece ! the sunlight in your eyes
Filled those with all the soul of enterprise !

Maidens of Greece! within those orbs of love
(Long fixed in anguish of mute prayer above)
The living sunlight brightly through each heart
Doth now the flame of high ambition dart!—
Doth fill the Grecian patriots of *this* age
With burning valour's proud and glorious rage!
Greece! Land of Love and laughing Loveliness,
May Peace now cheer thee—and true Freedom bless—
Long hast thou struggled with a stormy fate,
Long hast thou bowed beneath Oppression's weight;
But let us hope thy doom is altered now,
Thy proud neck freed from yoke—from brand thy brow.
Those purple heavens of pomp, that all divine
Above thy beauteous groves and gardens shine,
Crown thee with their own royal Diadem Sun,
As thou and they were exquisitely one!
How richly pour that Sun's most splendid smiles
Down on the eternal rocks—the illustrious isles,
The heroic fields, and the poetic waves,
No more to gild the chains of willing slaves—
Heaven set thee free with an almighty hand,
Thou fair, and famous, and resplendent land,
For while with hateful bonds thou wert disgraced,
The whole fair world was darkened and debased!
Earth was degraded by the chains of Greece,
And Heaven ordained the enormous wrong should cease.

—Maiden most fair! now look on that bright sea,
And tell its bounding waves thou too art free,
Or lift thine eyes to yon clear Heaven above
No more with meek reproach—but trusting love—
Now look on Earth's rich smiles with gladdened gaze,
And prize its radiant loveliness and praise!—
Now bless those beams from Heavens of Beauty thrown,
The Slave calls neither Heaven nor Earth his own!

THE BLACK PIN.

"I'LL never love another woman—no—let her be ever so beautiful I'll hate her;" exclaimed Charles Romer, as, having quitted one ball-room where things had gone wrong, he entered another of those assemblies, which chanced, though at the close of the London season, to be given during the same night.

"I detest raven tresses," he continued; "fair hair, blue, black, hazel, and all manner of coloured eyes—dimples—blushes—ruby lips, white teeth, pretty feet, pressures of the hand, soft sighs, and gentle accents. 'Othello's occupation's gone'—and they may all fly to the four quarters of the globe for all I care. In future, nothing shall affect my heart but horses, hounds, dogs, guns, nets, flies, rods, and otter spears. I'll have no society but that of port drinking parsons, who neglect their parishes, and annoy their neighbours six days out of seven, having nothing else to do. Yes, though there are *some* gentlemanlike, efficient, and religious men, who drink nothing but port wine, I'll eschew even their society, and live with red nosed rectors of the wrong sort, and crafty curates; who cheat the church, and laugh at the bishop, because breach of all the laws that regulate civilized society, beating their wives, boxing with their parishioners, bullying the poor, and lying and slandering, are not considered in the eye of ecclesiastical law, as clerical delinquencies sufficient for expulsion from the House of God."

Just as our hero had arrived at this doughty resolution and lamentable conclusion, and had reclined against a door-post, to give stability to any further reflection, his wandering eye was attracted by a very beautiful figure moving gracefully to the air of one of his favourite waltzes. The room was getting

thin, and every moment he had better opportunities of observing her. Dressed in the most approved fashion, her fine person, from its position against her partner's right hand, appeared to its full advantage; and the velocity of the dance causing her dark ringlets to play round her rather oval face, in spite of his newly formed resolution to detest the sex, our hero could not help envying the man whose hand was on her waist: a feeling which was rapidly increased, as at this moment, the waves of her glossy hair seemed almost, if not quite, to touch her partner's apparently *unconscious* cheek.

It was the last waltz of the evening. The dancing soon ceased; but the object of our hero's unwilling admiration, still held her partner's arm, awaiting the announcement of the carriage. There were now but three or four persons left in the room, when Rosa Newardine, for such was her name, encountered the gaze of Charles, and she became aware of his earnest and fixed observation. Feeling abashed by this discovery, her eyes fell on the ground; and, as if at a loss for a better subject of conversation to avert his detection of her slight confusion, she touched with her little foot, a black pin which lay on the floor; and calling her companion's attention to it, made hastily the following remark:

"The nonsense and heartless folly which have been uttered in this room to-night will by to-morrow no more be recollected by those who have spoken them, than I shall ever again remember that I once beheld that black pin."

Her carriage was then announced; but ere she reached the door she turned her head, and saw Charles stoop—pick up—and place in the breast of his coat, the very pin that had elicited her remark.

The last carriage had rolled down the street; and the host and the hostess with their daughters were sitting on a sofa in a little crimson boudoir, much amused by our hero's deep and

lonely reverie. He seemed to be making melancholy observations on the site of the now silent band, on the empty chairs and benches, and on the waning candles struggling with the rosier light of morn: in short, his mind was evidently lost in contemplation of spangles, pins, and crushed and faded flowers, the mournful relics of departed pleasure. After remaining some moments thus, starting from his trance he bade his friends adieu, when, having previously dismissed his carriage, he walked home, striking, with his jewelled cane, at every cat that ventured to run across his path.

The London season was concluded: fashion had finished her last white bait, water parties were over, chaperons were turned out to grass, Crockford's laid no more suppers up stairs, and White's boasted only one or two hats in its bay window, and not above half a head. Our hero had been to every thing and every where, but the fair girl whom he now found himself forced by the wilfulness of his heart, to remember, was not again to be seen: so, with renewed determination to devote himself to the woods and wilds, he left town; and once more ensconced himself in the country.

He had not long enjoyed his rural felicity, when he received an invitation to a visit of some weeks from a friend of his, in the adjacent county of Wilts; which invitation he accepted.

It was a beautiful day, about the 29th of August, on which, having sent forward his servant and his luggage, he arrived on horseback, in sight of Little Langford Manor House. During the last half mile, his path had led him by the side of Grovely Wood; when now, entering the grounds of Langford, he approached its ancient pile by a still, shady, and sequestered path, and presently came in sight of a grotto. Here, reposing from the heat of the sun, he found his host, Sir John Heatherfield, and his two daughters.

"Welcome, Charles—thrice welcome," exclaimed the latter gentleman in his usual hearty style—"how wags the world with you? faith, after your fatigues in town you must be glad of a little quiet. Here we are," he continued, "much the same as usual, only I've lost old Henderson, my head game-keeper; and my best greyhound, who won the cup at the Deptford coursing meeting last year, is dead. Lots of young ones coming on though; and loads of game, the account of which shall serve to season our wine. Adieu, then, till dinner. My girls will entertain you, as my steward waits some orders."

Thus saying, off flew the good Sir John; leaving our hero to make the best of the fag end of a discourse, in which it was his resolution to find delight, and to enjoy the conversation of his amiable companions. The better to do this, Charles fastened his horse to the bough of a tree behind the grotto, and seated himself between his friends.

"Now," he exclaimed, addressing Emma Heatherfield, "tell me all about the sweet fresh country, how have you been? what have you been doing? and whom have you seen? and have you any one staying with you? I detest London, foh—the name of it is sooty."

The first interrogatories having been duly answered—in reply to the last, the young ladies exclaimed together—"Oh! Charles, we have such a delightful companion to introduce to you, such a friend of ours, so good natured, so beautiful"——

"Stop!" cried Charles, interrupting them, "let me guess what *it* is."

"*It!*" exclaimed his companions.

"Yes, I know," he continued, regardless of their surprise—"*it* wags its tail—*it* sits on its hinder legs—it"——

"Oh, you very great love," exclaimed a soft sweet voice

behind the grotto, "you dear good tempered thing, I must pat you," and a little hand was heard caressing the arching and sleek neck of our hero's steed.

"There she is—that's our friend," cried the two ladies, running forth, closely followed by their guest—"Rosa, let me introduce to you Mr. Charles Romer, Miss *Newardine*."

She was looking still more lovely than when he last saw her in town. Early hours and the fresh air of the country had heightened the perfections of her figure, and added to the bloom upon her cheek, which was covered with blushes, when she recognised the man whose ardent gaze she knew herself to have attracted.

They were proceeding to the house when Emma Heatherfield culled a rose, and stopped to place it in Charles' buttonhole.

"Oh, how appropriate!" she exclaimed, "here I declare, is a large black pin ready to fasten it. Why, my dear Charles, you must have *expected* a bouquet."

Rosa raised her head; perhaps, it was the flower that excited her curiosity; but in gratifying it, she looked at Charles; and her blue eyes seemed more lustrous than ever.

The hour of dinner arrived; and though Charles did not sit by Rosa, he found it very difficult to adhere to his sporting resolutions, or to control his imagination to follow his host over fields and fences. His mind would neither gallop nor jump; but at every turn of the conversation he found it ambling softly back to summer houses, little feet, and glossy ringlets; and finally pausing on the black pin, which still confined the flower. How happy was Charles when coffee was announced, and the party joined the ladies in the drawing room! How he hung over the pianoforte and dwelt on the rich tones of Rosa's soft but rather melancholy voice, as she sang some of Moore's melodies! When Rosa's eyes met his during the

sweetest passages of the song, as if in search of a sympathy beyond the vacant admiration of the majority of the guests, how those glances, though cursorily bestowed, found their way to his heart, and expelled every ruder emotion! Oh, love! what a world of strength hast thou, when thou wingest thy shaft from the song of beauty! Melody on melody succeeded, while the rest of the male visitors played whist, or mutually secured by the button-hole, gathered themselves in corners, and canvassed the sports of the field; thus leaving Charles to enjoy a delicious but a dangerous trance.

It is not my intention to detail each succeeding circumstance; a course which would be as uninteresting to the general reader, as displeasing to the Editor of this miscellany; who, with a hardness of heart common to gentlemen in his capacity, cares not for the length of the author's face, provided he can secure the shortness of his story, and thus reserve full space for other contributors. Let it suffice then to say, that on the following morning Charles heard with dismay, that Rosa had for some time been engaged to wed the hero of *the unconscious cheek*, Mr. Vortex, with whom he had seen her waltzing. He, was rich in lands and money; while she was poor in all but friends and beauty. The match, therefore, had been deemed, by all save one, a desirable alliance. That one was Rosa.

The vehemence and severity of her relations had been too much for her gentle disposition; and her objections had for a time been silenced. Thus matters stood, and at the expiration of one short month, she would be called upon to fulfil her engagement.

I have often thought it a pity, that when ladies are engaged to be married, they do not wear some symbol or ornament in their hair, or on their dress, to show that they are affianced. How many fascinating creatures do we see at balls, dancing almost every dance, and apparently unattended by their des-

tined husbands, with whom it *is* possible for unsuspecting youths to fall in love. The heart of man, or at least of many men, is not unlike to a headstrong and pulling horse: it is easy enough to prevent his running away if never let out of hand; but once suffer him to get his head down, or the bit fairly betwixt his teeth, and the arm of Hercules himself would be insufficient to restrain him.

We will now pass over a fortnight which had intervened since Charles' arrival, as well as the many excuses he made to escape from participation in the sports of the field: but at the end of that time we must resume the thread of our discourse.

Towards the middle of the day, a carriage was seen approaching the hall by the usual avenue; it had neared the ancient porch, and Charles was proceeding to the same place by a laurel walk, in some anxiety to ascertain who the visitor might be. At a turn of the path, he met Rosa hastening from another direction, but evidently intent on the same object; her haste was so great, that ere she could stop herself she was encircled by Charles' arm, which he had outstretched to prevent a more serious concussion. In the moment of their meeting he recognised also the expression of her lovely face—it was that of consternation and grief.

Ere she had time to extricate herself from his arm, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Miss Newardine, what has happened—nay, you cannot support yourself—rest on me, and tell me, I conjure you, whence this distress?"

They were within fifty yards of the back of the house, and the carriage had by this time reached the door, the steps had been let down, and the guest, whoever he was, had descended.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed—"I beseech you let me go—

I cannot tell you now—you will know all too soon; loose me—I *am* recovered."

In spite of her words, she would have fallen if Charles had not persisted in his support; a step was heard approaching; she attempted to move—for the arm had ceased to hold her—in vain; a double black pin in the breast of Charles' coat, had become entangled in her dress, and it held her fast till a person came in sight. With a desperate effort, at length she broke away and fled; but not until her intended husband reached the spot.

"So, sir," exclaimed Mr. Vortex, when recovered from his surprise, "you seem on excellent terms with that *amiable* young lady?"

"Sir," replied Charles, "I *am* on terms of friendship with Miss Newardine, and I feel myself honoured in being able to make this avowal. But if you mean to insinuate aught against the nature of that friendship, I have only to assure you, sir, that you mistake."

"All very fine, sir," rejoined Mr. Vortex, "but in the relation in which I stand to that young lady, I have some reason to doubt the propriety of the situation in which I found her—your arm encircling her waist."

"I entreat you," interrupted Charles, "as you value justice, sir, form no hasty conclusions, respecting Miss Newardine. You have my honour as a guarantee to my assertion, that the situation in which you discovered us, was purely accidental. We were both hastening to the house from different directions; at a turn of the path we came into sudden contact; she was overcome by some emotion, and would have fallen had I not supported her."

"A most improbable story," resumed Mr. Vortex, "but your honour, sir, is pledged to the truth of it, and I trust that

your feelings of propriety will lead you to adopt a line, the necessity of which is evident. I conclude, sir, that you are a guest of Sir John; after what has happened, for the sake of the young lady's feelings and mine, you will of course quit this house immediately. Indeed, circumstances require that I should *insist* on your adoption of this course."

"Indeed, sir," replied Charles, "from the *tone* of the request, and the turn the matter has taken, I feel myself compelled to refuse my compliance to your obliging proposal."

"Then, sir, your remaining here I shall conceive as personally insulting to myself," bitterly rejoined Mr. Vortex.

"Of that you are the best judge;" and with this remark, Charles turned on his heel and proceeded to the house.

The imperial was but just off Mr. Vortex's carriage, ere the owner ordered it on again; and leaving some excuse for a temporary absence, he flung himself into the vehicle and was driven to the Deptford Inn. Arrived there, and having procured a friend, he dispatched him to Charles, with the following message.

"That unless Mr. Romer quitted Langford Manor House that afternoon, and by so doing set at rest all suspicions as to his views regarding Miss Newardine, Mr. Vortex must consider his refusal as an avowed intention to supplant him in that young lady's affections, and require satisfaction accordingly."

The reply to this intemperate message was a direct negative; and consequently Charles had only to seek for a second, in whom he might confide.

During the time that he was sending a messenger for this purpose, the hour of dinner arrived. The party sat down; and Rosa's eyes could not disguise the trace of tears, nor could she conceal her anxiety. She was sad, very sad; and more than once had to endure the well-meant, unsuspicious, and mistaken

rallying of Sir John, as to her disappointment at her intended's sudden but temporary disappearance.

With Charles it was different; he was more cheerful than ever, though in society always gay; trusting by such means to dispel any anxiety which Rosa might feel as to the situation in which he might be placed with her affianced husband. During the evening, Charles was more than once called from the room to receive disappointments to his applications for a friend. None of those to whom he had written were at home; and all resource having failed him, he was forced to send to Deptford inn to say, that as he could not find a friend to act for him, he would be perfectly content if Mr. Vortex's second would appear for both; in which case they would find him at Yarnbury Castle at two hours after midnight, the moon giving ample light by which to settle such an affair. Being the party challenged, Charles had a right to name his weapon; and he decided on small swords for the purpose.

The reason why he selected the sword in preference to the pistol was, that being well skilled in its use, he good naturedly hoped either to disarm or lightly touch his antagonist; while he also trusted to defend his own person from any serious consequences, which, had the pistol been used, he could not have been so certain of doing. Mr. Vortex being in haste to dispose of the matter, accepted the proposition; and the meeting, strange to say, was thus finally arranged.

It was midnight ere the family had retired to rest; Rosa had not an opportunity of speaking to Charles; and she retired to her room in doubt and uncertainty of the course the affair had taken. The house had been hushed for some time, when Charles stole softly to the entrance hall, the walls of which were decorated with every description of sword, from the long rapier down to the more modern cutlas; and selecting two small

swords of equal length, prepared to set forth to the place of appointment. He approached the hall door, and having carefully undone the bolts, turned to a recess wherein to deposit his taper; when, to his surprise, he beheld Rosa herself observing his motions from the other end of the hall. The strong light from the lamp in her hand fell on her now pale but expressive features, contrasted as they were with the long black hair which in all its natural beauty lay unrestrained on each side of her well turned shoulders, reaching far beneath her waist. The outline of her figure alone was visible, as she had hastily wrapped herself in a large, spotless, and not ungraceful robe.

As he paused in astonishment, she approached him, and laying her hand on the hilt of the swords which he had gathered under his arm, with an energy almost supernatural, yet speaking in a whisper—"Charles," she said, "you shall not go—I thought it was thus; and have sent a letter to Mr. Vortex renouncing him for ever. What is the anger of my relations—what are poverty and distress—what is the temporary condemnation of man when compared to a life of heartless degradation, and personal abandonment, and the frown of God! No, no, no; better to renounce the world and live in seclusion, than be a splendid and a guilty slave. Stir not, Charles, stir not to-night; but, as a favour to me, quit this house to-morrow, and forget the existence of one who knows both your worth and her own duty too well to wish to be longer in your society."

As she said this she laid her small fair hand tenaciously on his arm. What was he to do? he could not shake her roughly off, yet he could not obey her commands. Advancing, therefore, sufficiently to reach and open the door, he placed the swords on the outer side, Rosa still holding him by the left arm. Having accomplished this, he turned and entreated her

to leave him; assured her that her presence could be of no avail; that his honour, which was dearer to him than his life, was at stake, and that he had but one course to pursue.

While he said this he gently pressed his own fingers beneath the hand which she had placed upon his arm, and by a sudden effort, though careful not to hurt her, he removed the pressure of her little palm. Then, holding for an instant her slender wrists in one of his hands, and loosing her suddenly, he slipped through the door; when, having snatched up the swords, and sped, with the swiftness of a deer, in the direction of the place of meeting, he crossed the downs, and approached the little trout stream which glided through the valley.

The moment he had left her, Rosa sank upon the cold stones of the ancient hall, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. The thought that she was about to be the cause of bloodshed and of death, was as terrible to endure as the supposition that she was to be the object of contention between two men, was revolting to her delicacy. The body of Charles Romer, pierced and bloody, his fine countenance pale in the agony of death, yet bearing its mild and handsome expression, seemed to lie before her; she seemed even to hear the clash of swords—when, rising frantically from the spot, she resolved to seek the apartment of Miss Heatherfield. In regaining her feet, her hand had been pressed upon the floor, and in the act she had grasped a letter—this being mechanically secured, a few moments more saw her seated at the bed side of her equally alarmed friends.

It was resolved at once to consult Sir John; and Miss Heatherfield hastened to his room for that purpose. She knocked at his door, twice—thrice—when, receiving no reply, she entered, and discovered that he was not there; and from the absence also of a stout bludgeon which usually stood in one corner, she concluded that he had gone out for the night to see that his gamekeepers were doing their duty, knowing

that it was his wont occasionally to make hese nocturnal inspections. Miss Heatherfield returned to communicate her disappointment to her friend; but Rosa had left her sister, and, had passed to her own room. Miss Heatherfield followed, but found her not; called her by her name, searched for her, in vain, and then, descended to the hall. There, the door was ajar, and on looking forth she perceived the traces, on the moonlit dew, of two persons having egressed.

We must now return to Charles.

Having reached and crossed the little trout stream, he ascended the opposite down. The morning was still as death, not a cloud was to be seen; and the clear, full, and rather frosty moon, threw her broad beams unchequered over the undulating downs, rendering visible every knoll and tuft of furze on their brown and sun-burned surface. Not a sound was to be heard, but the occasional and lonely cry of the lapwing, scared by our hero's unseasonable advance. At length, with a firm and unhesitating step, he passed the ditch of Yarnbury Castle, and entered the vast area of the deserted camp. It was a situation well calculated for the passage of arms, or for any deed of blood; the turf smooth as velvet, yet buoyant and firm, yielded the best foothold; while the huge mounds of earth thrown up around, seemed calculated to shut out the rest of the living world, and exclude the hope of succour. Such a place, and so well calculated for violence, might it seem, when looked upon by moonlight, and with the eye of a gladiator; but observed in a more peaceful and Christian spirit, when the soft rays of the setting sun were kissing, here and there, the points of its defences, and the lamb and hare were cropping the daisied grass, then it might seem a sin to suffer it to suggest aught but silent and thankful contemplation.

Charles' mind was busied with such conflicting thoughts as

these, when the opposite entrance to the camp was darkened by the approach of figures; and Mr. Vortex and his friend stood before him.

Not a moment was lost ere they advanced to meet each other; and the swords having been measured, the principals divested themselves of their coats and waistcoats; then, cast aside their braces, tied a handkerchief round their waists, and assumed their weapons. The second having placed them about four yards asunder, asked them whether they were ready; and receiving a reply in the affirmative, gave the signal which was to authorise the commencement of the strife.

Each party advanced, and Charles offered his sword to be crossed by that of his opponent; but instead of adopting this usual preliminary, Mr. Vortex, shortening his arm a little, kept the point of his weapon directed against his antagonist's face, and seemed resolved to act upon the defensive. Charles was immediately aware that Mr. Vortex was not skilled in the use of the sword; and that he had adopted this dangerous method of meeting him in the face, during a lunge, as his only chance of victory.

Many feints were now made by Charles to provoke his enemy to action, or to induce him to change the plan of his address; but to no good end, for Mr. Vortex remained cool and determined. Thus, they stood for several minutes, Charles good-naturedly manœuvring for a favourable opportunity of disarming or slightly drawing blood from his opponent; while the latter waited on his efforts with a dogged resolution and a bitterness of purpose which rendered the combat one of most uncertain issue. After many ineffectual attempts, Charles, as he thought, struck the point of Mr. Vortex's sword sufficiently out of the line to enable him to draw blood from his shoulder; and he lunged accordingly. He had however miscalculated the activity of the man with whom he had to deal; for, with

a quickness he did not expect, the sword of his antagonist recovering its level, met him beneath the eye, and snapped upon the cheek-bone. But, as Mr. Vortex had thrown his whole weight upon the thrust, the hilt of the broken weapon struck Charles so severely on the head, that he went down; at the very moment that his own sword drew blood from his adversary's shoulder. Mr. Vortex looked as if he would have struck at Charles again with such portion of the blade as yet remained to the hilt; but his second pushed him back, desiring him to speed to the inn, and having sent assistance, to quit the neighbourhood without delay. Mr. Vortex retired slowly from the scene, his bitterness unsubdued, and anger still at his heart: while his more noble foe lay bleeding on the ground from a wound which his own generosity had entailed upon him.

Charles having assured Mr. Vortex's second that his hurt was not dangerous, asked for some water; and the latter having taken from his pocket a hunting flask, and departed in search of it, our hero was left by himself. He had not lain thus for many moments, when he felt a gentle pressure on his hand—so soft—so tenderly applied—so unlike the touch of man, that he anxiously turned his face to see from whom it proceeded; when, kneeling at his side, he beheld Rosa. She did not weep—she did not speak; her face was pale, but there was not an appearance of emotion further than might be gathered from her tearless eye.

"Good heaven! Miss Newardine, is it possible that you have ventured hither?" was the question faintly asked by Charles, as the blood gushed out afresh from the stab in his face.

Motioning him to be silent, she took a scarf warm from her beautiful neck, and endeavoured to staunch the wound. She stooped so close to him in her efforts to serve him, that her breath, like the soft summer air stealing through a wilderness

of sweet and dewy flowers, fanned his feverish brow; and as she watched the expression of his countenance, she heard him murmur, "Rosa, *dearest* Rosa, my life, my *love*, how knew you where to seek me?"

She had only time to hold before his eyes the letter which he had let fall, and which she had found on the floor of the entrance hall at Langford; when a chaise was heard approaching, and several people arrived to their assistance.

* * * * * * * *

The village bells of little Langford were ringing merrily on the succeeding first of May, and the labouring classes, dressed in their best attire, were standing in groups round the ancient portico of Langford Manor House. Before the door waited a chariot and four post horses, in the dickey of which was already seated a smartly dressed lady's maid.

The neighbouring downs decked in the emerald hue of spring, and spangled with innumerable cowslips, were smiling up at the soft blue sky; while Langford and Grovely woods were alive with wild untutored melody, the dove, the lark, the blackbird, nightingale, and thrush, each vying with the other who should more sweetly sing the bounties of creation. Oh! what a happy face had nature then put on!

There was a bustle among the domestics in the Hall; the carriage steps were let down with much display; a lusty cheer was given by the crowd; and then, amid the waving of hats, and blessings from all, Rosa, blushing and beautiful, and beloved, was handed to the carriage by Charles, who had made her his bride. The good old Sir John and his amiable daughters, with a host of friends and relations, were crowding the steps of the portico; and, as the carriage drove off, waving a thousand kind and affectionate adieux.

ZULEIKHA.

He loves me! yes, he loves me! these gay flowers
Confirm the passion that his eyes revealed;
What words could speak his tender thoughts so well,
What sighs breathe sweeter than these dew-gemmed leaves?
Dear messengers, that herald happy hours,
I'll guard ye even when your charms have fled,
And nought remains of all your loveliness
Save the fond memory treasured in my heart!

Flowers! ye are Stars of Earth!—less bright, 'tis true,
Than those high-sparkling in the vaulted heaven,
But, ah! *more* dear, for share ye not our doom,
And droop and die?—while those in yonder sky
Shine coldly down, undimmed and pitiless,
While Death's wide harvest gathers all that's fair,
And young, and glad, and hopeful, here below.
Death!—O! there's something hideous in the word
To one beloved, who fondly loves again.
Why, I have mourned the senseless flowers that die,
And never placed a rose bud near my breast
Without a sigh, when I have seen it droop:
How I shall mourn the fading light of *these!*
Sure ne'er before were flowers so odorous,
Yet many such are here,—ah, no! his hand
Hath touched them not—his breath ne'er sweetened them.

O love! thou mak'st a Paradise of Earth,
The common air grows perfume where thou sigh'st,
And night—it is not night when thou goest forth

To speed the Bulbuhl's richly-gushing song—
When through the dark he steals to woo the Rose!

'Twas thus Zuleikha, a young Turkish maid,
An Emir's daughter, fresh as Heaven at morn
Ere yet the sun has looked too warmly on 't,
Poured forth the hoarded feelings of her breast.
'Tis the first day she knows herself beloved,—
Bright era in her girlhood's calendar!
The sunshine in her pure and happy heart,
Kindles with such a joy all living things,
That earth she thinks can never harbour grief,
Or open its green bosom for dark graves!
Alas! she dreams not that a snowy sail,
Impelled by fatal breezes o'er the sea,
Bringeth destruction to her new-born bliss!
A Pacha sends to claim her for his Bride.—
What tears, what prayers!—In vain—her prayers, her tears,
Her pleadings for delay—her sire hath sworn:—
And she departs!—
Look—ere the swift caïque
Leaveth the bay, whose murmuring waters sing
(They know not care) around her native shore,
Grown desperate as she sees her home recede,
She plunges madly in—one piercing cry—
And then the rapid eddies circling mark
The spot—and all is o'er!—
But yesterday
She could not think of graves!—So soon to seek
From anguish refuge in an ocean tomb!

J. J. Jenkins.

THE SISTER THERESA:

A PENINSULAR ADVENTURE.

"—— Stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt."

"*Lêve toi—lêve toi—mon ami,*"—were words uttered in a whisper almost approaching to an *alto voce*, and which awakened me from a feverish sleep into which I had fallen, after a night of passion, agitation, and excitement. I started, scarcely yet sufficiently in my senses to recollect where I was, and beheld Angelica hanging over me with an anxious and agitated countenance.

I had first met Angelica at one of those masked balls which were so frequent during the *intrudo*, or carnival. She was then in an antique dress, with a mask that half covered her face, but which could not conceal the brightness of that eye, or the elegance of that figure, which ultimately led me to attempt the dangerous position in which I found myself. But now her cheek no longer blushed with the roses which pleasure had planted there. Her eye no longer beamed with love, but betrayed an anxiety mingled with a sternness of purpose, that bespoke danger to be at hand, yet a mind ready to meet it firmly, if not fiercely.

The hand of a musical pendule was hastening to the hour of four; while three had been designated as that which could not be passed without the danger of discovery. Her finger was immediately placed upon my lips, to prevent an exclamation which she saw ready to burst from them—"*Ascoltate*," whispered she, choosing any other language than the one of the country; and she listened herself with intense anxiety—"*Si—si—sono*

qui—presto—presto—o saremo perduti." This was still uttered in an agitated whisper. I started up, seized my *capota*, and a small-sword, which, from the true temper of its Toledo blade, had always been my companion on these night adventures in Lisbon; and followed her beckoning finger into the adjoining saloon. Here, she opened a door so nicely concealed in the pannelling of the apartment, that, often as I had been there, I had never before perceived it.

"Fly!" said she in a hurried voice; "at the end of this passage is a secluded apartment opening into a private *travessa* at the back of the palace. Plunge boldly through the window, and you are safe."

This was whispered in imperfect English.

"And you?" asked I anxiously.

"*I!*" she exclaimed, and her countenance assumed an expression of contempt mingled with fierceness while she drew up her somewhat commanding figure to its full height—"I!" she repeated, and her hand rested on a stiletto, without which I had never seen this extraordinary woman—"They know me too well,"—and the fierce expression of her eye encreased till I almost fancied that I saw a Messalina before me.

Noises were now evidently approaching: to her finer sense of hearing they had been sometime perceptible; on mine, they now struck for the first time. She waved her hand, and closed the door, leaving me to grope my way in the dark to the end of the passage. It seemed scarcely above three feet wide, and to my anxious mind appeared of interminable length. As I laid my hand on the lock of the door, I heard hurried footsteps, and suppressed whispers. The unwieldy handle of the espagnolette fastening refused to yield to my attempts to turn it; and imprecations arose in my heart against the clumsy mechanics of Lisbon. At this moment, my pursuer or pursuers came close upon me; and, dark as it was, I had dexterity or good fortune

enough to parry the lunge of a weapon so as to cause it to penetrate only through my cloak. The pass was made with such haste and eagerness, that my adversary appeared to have lost his footing; and I heard his sword drop to the ground. The dread of a knife, much the more formidable weapon in the hands of a Portuguese, induced me to make two or three random passes, which were only stopped by the triangular blade of my Toledo being seized by a powerful grasp in an attempt to disarm me. Our struggle now was for the weapon; when the screw that confined the blade to the hilt giving way, they separated so suddenly that my enemy seemed to be precipitated headlong backwards; while I fell with such force against the door as to burst it open. Before my pursuer could possibly recover himself, I had plunged through the casement into the street.

The inequalities of the levels of Lisbon will make the same floor sometimes several stories high in one street, while it is only one story high in another; and, luckily for me, the *travessa* at the back of the *Casa Amarilla*, was so much elevated above the front street in which the principal entrance was situated, that my leap was not above ten or twelve feet. In my haste, I had left my shoes behind me; and I thus found myself, between three and four in the morning, nearly a mile distant from my own residence, with scarcely any other covering than my capota; and nothing but the hilt of my sword remaining in the way of arms. Those who know Lisbon will not envy me a barefooted walk over its unequal pavement, and through its mounds of filth. The light was just breaking on the Tagus; but there were yet no signs of animation either on the river or in the streets. One or two sleepy sentinels gave me the "*Qui vive;*" to which I replied "*Amigo Inglese,*" and occasionally I disturbed the dogs and the rats, as they reposed upon the same dunghill. But these, were the only interruptions I

encountered in my way to the billet; though my ideas of assassination were quite enough alive to make me cast many an anxious glance back upon the path I had pursued, to see that I was not tracked by any of those spies or bloodhounds, who I knew full well were in the pay both of the padron and the padrona of the Casa Amarilla.

Arrived at my apartment, I attempted in vain to sleep; my mind and body were too feverish to permit repose. I traversed my chamber, and throwing open the casements, derived so much relief from the morning breeze, which came fresh and warm across the waters of the Tagus, that I determined to sally forth, and enjoy it to its full extent. In the Largo San Paulo, I found a barquero just sufficiently awake to haul his boat to the shore, and to comprehend my wishes; I accordingly took possession of his vessel, and as we floated along, gave myself up to the string of reflections which the events of the night had forced upon my mind. As these reflections mingled with the recollections of the fierce and ungovernable passion of Angelica, I made the resolution never again to tempt either the pleasures or the dangers of the Casa Amarilla.

The sun now with its increasing warmth gradually began to dissolve the mists on the hills of the Alantejo; and I resigned myself to the contemplation of the varied landscape, which the light and life of morning were rapidly calling into colour and animation. In front, the eye could just perceive the distant Burlines, with the white waves curling round or dashing over them; nearer was the Fort St. Julien, conspicuous amidst the calmer waters at the mouth of the river. To the left, were the gradually rising plains, and heath and olive grounds of the Alantejo, backed by the mountains of Palmela, round which was seen the road winding to Setubals. On the right, was the magnificent monastery of the Jeronymites, towering above the humbler convents of Belem; while the foreground of every

picture was formed by the green waters of the Tagus, covered with innumerable vessels laden with stores for the Peninsular army. Every thing was yet quiet, when the stillness of the scene was suddenly broken by the sound of music. It was so soft, that it was not till my ear became accustomed to the strain, that I could distinguish it to be a human voice accompanied by a guitar. The boatman, perceiving that my attention was attracted, pointed out a small convent as the place whence the sounds issued; and I directed him to lie upon his oars, while the tide gently floated the boat towards the walls of the building. They were high and black, with very few openings, and those grated, towards the river. The top of the outer wall was formed into a kind of terrace, over which the roof of the main building projected; while its eaves were supported by rude pilasters, connected by ballustrades, through which could be seen an attempt at the cultivation of flowers. It was from this terrace that the music proceeded; and my boat was now near enough to distinguish the words of that beautiful soneto of Cervantes commencing

> " En el silencio de la noche, quando
> Ocupa el dulce sueno á los mortales,
> La Pobre cuenta de mis ricos males
> Estoy al Cielo y a mi Clori dando," &c.

sung to a plaintive Spanish air in a sweet but, as it seemed, a suppressed voice. As the song proceeded, the voice evidently trembled with feeling, and the last three lines,

> " Vuelve la noche, y vuelva al triste cuento,
> Y siempre hallo en mi mortal porfia
> Al Cielo sordo—á Clori sin oidos,"

were scarcely audible from the effect the plaintive music seemed to have upon the singer herself.

The voice ceased, though I still listened. I looked up to

the terrace, and perceived a small white hand holding a handkerchief, hanging just over the balcony. This evidently belonged to the singer; but by no alteration of the position of the boat could I obtain any further view of her person. At the sudden and sullen sound of a very unmusical bell, the hand was quickly withdrawn, and the musician retreated, as though summoned by the sound, to some conventual duties; but in her haste, the handkerchief was caught by the plants, was suspended for a moment, and then fell. A faint exclamation was uttered; but no eye appeared to throw a glance after the truant, which floated gradually down on the wind till it reached my boat.

It was a remarkable handkerchief, having a black cross at one corner. From the barquero, I learned that the convent was called *Boa Successo*, in which I recollected that the English at their first arrival had received much hospitality; and the inmates of which had been declared prisoners of war by Junot, because they refused to quit the walls of their convent, that his soldiers might turn it into stables and barracks.

Interested more than I could understand, in what merely looked like a very common adventure, I determined, as the church of the convent was open, to attempt a discovery of the fair songstress. I accordingly landed at Belem, just as a procession of monks were issuing from the portals of the church of St. Jerome; when, mingling with the devotees, who were now assembling from all quarters, I followed the train to the convent of nuns; which was this morning visited by the Jeronomites, on account of some religious ceremony.

The church was a small octagonal building, surrounded by niches filled with wooden and waxen images, which during the present festival were profusely decorated with flowers. Before these images knelt those who acknowledged in them their patron saints.

One side of this octagonal part of the church was filled with a large gilded grating, opening into, or rather closed upon, a kind of transept; at the end of which was the great altar. On each side of this transept were ranged the nuns. The similarity of their costume, the thickness of their veils, and the shape of their garments permitting no distinction of age and youth, or rather confounding the rotundity of the latter with the meagreness of the former, totally prevented even a conjecture at the person of my invisible songstress. But as the full chorus swelled to the pealing organ, I could easily distinguish the full, clear, and sweet voice which had attracted my attention on the Tagus.

The nuns now prepared to proceed in procession round the transept, as military men would say, in single file. I was close to the grating, by which I perceived they must pass in re-entering the habitable part of the convent: and I determined so to display the handkerchief, which I had hitherto concealed in my bosom, that it might be recognised by its owner, whom I might thus perhaps be able to distinguish from her companions.

For this purpose, with apparent carelessness, I permitted the corner, which bore the mark of the cross, to hang through the gilded railing. The organist played a solemn air; all the congregation began crossing themselves, as the vapours arising from the incense were diffused through the church; the deep voices of the priests reverberated in the arches of the building: and the procession commenced.

The first dozen of nuns were evidently, from their gait and walk, elderly women; and I actually trembled lest I should observe signs of recognition of the handkerchief among them, so unwilling was I to destroy the dream which my imagination had indulged, that my songstress was both young and beautiful.

The train had now nearly passed; and I was beginning to despair of the success of my stratagem, when a nun, a slight

degree taller than her companions, and whose costume, evidently arranged with greater care than that of any of the others, displayed much more of the contour of the human form, approached the grating. The first thing that struck me as she advanced was a pair of very small feet, peeping alternately from the religious garment which enveloped her.

This appearance induced me to raise my eyes, which rested on white hands, and taper fingers of corresponding symmetry, crossed devoutly on her breast. More it was impossible to discover; but there was a slight jauntiness of carriage, a *degagé*-ness, if I may use the expression, in her walk, that induced the supposition of much greater youth in their possessor, than in any of the other nuns.

Almost mechanically I advanced the handkerchief several inches forward through the grating; internally hoping that my signal might be recognised by one who possessed two such essential attributes of beauty, as symmetrical and well formed hands and feet. There seemed, however, no occasion for this action on my part; for the moment she had approached near enough to catch from beneath her veil a sight of the handkerchief, a sudden, though almost imperceptible start—a momentary uplifting of the hand—and a quick turn of the head towards the grating, as if with the view of ascertaining the truth of a surmise—all convinced me that I had discovered my songstress of the morning, in this nun, whose form gave the only indication of youth and beauty which I had seen in the convent.

The last of the train had passed the portal—the notes of the organ were dying away in the voluntary with which the organist indulged the congregation on their departure, and I was still lingering at the grating, though I knew that the nuns would not return; when my attention was attracted by the movement of drapery in one of the upper lattices, by which

an internal gallery, running all round the church, was hidden from the public, and which was used by the lay sisters, or by such of the nuns as were invalids. The interstices of the lattice-work were very small, yet I could perceive a pair of eyes, whose glance was evidently, and I thought earnestly, directed towards the grating. Determined in my own mind that this could be no other than my "nun of the handkerchief," I looked carefully around, and thinking myself perfectly unperceived, I ventured my hand once more into the body of the church, and gently waved the handkerchief in the direction of the gallery. The form started; and the eyes were instantly withdrawn.

An old crone at this moment turned a large key impatiently in the door of the church, to intimate that it was time for me to be gone; and I departed slowly, indulging in all the dreams of my imagination, which pictured this object of my sudden interest, as young and beautiful, immured against her will in a cloister, condemned to a life of perpetual struggle against the legitimate passions of her nature—and finally sent to an untimely grave, the victim of an unnatural religion.

These reflections were interrupted by Major ———, then commanding the depot of the —— regiment at Belem, and who ridiculing my sombre meditative air, rallied me on my sudden church-going propensity, and invited me to the discussion of his rations and some bottles of *Vinho de Colares.*

Major ——— was one of the many Irish gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in our army more by their bravery, than by sticking closely to the tenets of their religion. Yet he was *au fond,* that is if his religion had any *fond* at all, a Catholic; and was indeed considered, and found his account in being so considered, among the Portuguese, as *Boà Catolico.* But whatever was his religion, he was of that order so well known in the British army, by the name of "good fellows;" and with

the feelings by which these gentlemen are influenced, he tried all his rhetoric, in addition to his *Colares*, to row me out of the blue devils, as he designated my gravity.

Our conversation naturally turned upon the *convento de boa successo;* and he told me that from being an Irishman, and of course, *perforce*, a Catholic, (for the Portuguese make Ireland and Catholicism inseparable, and consequently an Irishman, and Catholic synonimous) he was a great favourite with the old abbess. A family connexion between some *conde* among the ancestors of two of her youngest nuns, and one of the females of my friend's family,—which was one of the oldest in that part of Galway, where there is certainly still existing so many customs similar to those of Spain and Portugal,—had likewise tended to make him more familiar with the convent.

"This," said the Major, "in the eyes of her reverence, constitutes us cousins; consequently there is no other British officer that she receives with the attention she does your humble servant; and my cousin nuns always welcome me with a smile."

"What!" exclaimed I, "does she receive visits from British officers?"

"Yes, replied the Major, "she thinks that both as a Portuguese and a Catholic, she owes our army so much good service from their having driven Junot and his ravenous and blasphemous crew from Lisbon, that she omits no opportunity of testifying her gratitude. For this purpose, two or three evenings in every week she holds a kind of *soirée* at her grate; at which none but British officers and the confessors of her convent are admitted."

"Can you introduce me?" demanded I, with a little anxiety, and as much indifference as I could assume.

"Why," replied the Major, "some of our dandy comrades, who have been presented, have made it such a fashion among themselves to ridicule the good abbess, and have in several

instances so far trespassed upon the rules which she thinks it right to prescribe, particularly in speaking of religion, that I had determined not to be instrumental in increasing her circle of British visitors. But as you are a quiet fellow, and as I am sure there is no harm in you, I will present you this evening; and believe me," continued he, "you will be received none the worse for being introduced by Major ———."

The evening came, at length: and we sauntered through crowds of idle peasantry, galleygos, and priests, who lounged about the large square of Belem, to the humble entrance of the convent of *Boa Successo*. An application to the loud bell at the outer portal, soon brought a lay brother; who admitted us, with a *benedicite*, into a small court yard, between the stones of which green weeds sprang spontaneously, while the walls were covered with a kind of ivy, which almost hid the small gothic casements. An inner bell summoned the portress of the convent, who is next to the abbess in rank and responsibility. The sight of the Major was greeted with a smile, and another *benedicite;* and we were immediately ushered into the hall, in which the good abbess held her little audience.

This hall was a kind of enclosed porch, and projected into the court yard. On one side of it was a large opening, leading into an apartment of the convent, and guarded by an iron grating, which shut against a stone sill. But, on occasion of these visits, the grating was set open, and the stone sill was the only barrier between the visitors and the nuns. On the left, was a smaller door, which I afterwads found led into what was called the parlour of the convent; where the nuns communicated more particularly with their friends than in the outer hall, though without seeing them.

On the present occasion were assembled, on the inner side of the portal, the old abbess, seated close to the threshold; on the left, forming a kind of semicircle round the opening, were

about six nuns, and these were flanked on the right by the fat porteress, a person whose rotundity was sufficient to fill a doorway of any moderate size. Her cheeks and arms partook of the general *embonpoint* of her person; and her perpetual smile seemed to denote that she had the usual attribute of obesity—good nature. The abbess, who rose to receive me with the assumed dignity of a queen, was a diminutive individual—a perfect contrast to the porteress—with a meagre form, attenuated countenance, and sharp nose; but with eyes of peculiar quickness of glance, and as I afterwards found, with a tongue that did not belie the garrulous expression of her features. It was a countenance whose general expression was severity, but which relaxed into the appearance of good humour while indulging in any of the numerous tales with which she inundated, and frequently wearied, her auditors.

The outer circle was formed by three officers of dragoons and one of infantry, who amused themselves by staring, speaking to us, and then to the abbess or one of the nuns, in French; or in making observations to each other in English. On their right, close to the sill of the portal, stood Father Ambrose, the confessor to the convent. He stood like a statue, immoveable with his arms crossed, and his eyes fixed, as though absorbed in contemplation. I shall never forget this man, or the impression his appearance first made on me, as he turned his dark eyes full upon mine, when he found it necessary to acknowledge my presentation by the abbess, as an *Amigo do' boa Irlandêze.* He was apparently about forty; and, as far as the costume he wore could enable me to judge, a man of much symmetry of form, and of great personal strength. He was rather below than above the middle height; his head was round, and well set on his shoulders by a thick neck, which was perfectly bare; his forehead was large and smooth, and a profusion of very black hair curled over it and round his head, so as

almost to hide the tonsure on the crown. His eyes were black and piercing, surmounted by bushy, brown, and long lashes of the same colour; his lips were large; his cheeks and chin were shaved perfectly close and smooth; the only appearance which served as indications of beard and whisker, being the blue tinge which they gave to this part of his face. His skin was smooth and plump, but pale; or, rather, it possessed that kind of tint which in women is called olive. The whole of his features were sleek and tranquil, excepting when his dark eye moved; and there was then an expression of sensuality that was almost disgusting, or of ferocity which was almost fearful. He stood cold and calm, observing closely the look of the officers, and his lips now and then curling into an expression of contempt, or quivering with indignation, whenever one of them addressed himself to any of the sisterhood in particular. He seldom, if ever, joined in the conversation, but seemed to place himself in the midst of the circle more as a spy than as an associate; more as a guardian or jailor than as a companion.

Of the nuns who formed the rest of the group, there were three above a certain age, and two rapidly approaching it. There was nothing remarkable in any of them excepting the sameness of expression which characterised them all. Sometimes this was changed by an attempt at a smile; but they smiled as though they had forgotten that there was any thing in the world to create a smile. All seemed inanity in their minds as well as their faces. None of these, thought I, can be my songstress: and, after respectfully bowing to the abbess and returning the salute of the confessor, I sat down and listened with the patience of Job, to a long story about the old Queen of Portugal, with whom this had been a favourite convent; while my eyes were earnestly fixed on a vacant chair placed between the two youngest nuns, as though in expectation of another visitor. Imagination with me was as vivid as that of

Macbeth, only that mine filled the vacant chair with a beautiful girl, instead of Banquo's bloody ghost. Following the direction of my eyes, the abbess having finished her tale, exclaimed, "But where is SISTER THERESA?" There was nothing in the question—nothing particular in the name—but the moment that it was pronounced a heart-thrill assured me that *this* was my nun. The sight of herself seated there could not have convinced me more strongly of the fact than this indefinable sensation of prescience, which has unhappily never yet failed me. I say unhappily, for presentiment is far from adding to happiness.

"She is stringing her new rosary of holy-berries and silver, and will be here presently," answered the youngest of the sisterhood.

"Oh, here she comes," exclaimed the portress, as a figure glided through the gloom which pervaded the back of the apartment; and gently and gracefully knelt at the feet of the abbess for her *benedicite*, before she placed herself in the vacant seat. I knew her figure the moment she arose. It *was* my nun! and as the youngest of her companions embraced her with strongly manifested symptoms of tenderness, and drew her into the chair beside her, my heart beat impatiently, yet fearfully, for the removal of the veil. I literally dreaded lest the imagination I had indulged should be disappointed—lest its dream of her beauty should be dissipated.

It was at length romoved; and I recognised, in an instant, the glance that I had seen through the lattice. But all farther observation, at the moment, was arrested, by my eyes accidentally encountering those of the confessor, watching my every movement with a malignancy of attention for which I could not account. His face had become paler—his lips compressed—and his brow contracted. He seemed to labour under some difficulty of his respiration; and I thought I perceived his open

hands resist an impulse to become clenched. All, however, became calm again in a moment; and again I turned to contemplate the features of Sister Theresa, and to gaze away my heart to one of the most interesting beings I had ever beheld. I shall never forget her open brow, her dark eye, and that peculiar expression of mingled mirth and melancholy by which her countenance was alternately lighted up or darkened. I shall never forget those healthy, clear, and bright roses of her complexion, which were just then beginning to fade prematurely under the chilling influence of conventual regime and confinement; nor the softness of that voice which attempted to inspire her sister prisoners with some of the elasticity of her youthful mind, yet uninjured, though not untinged, by the monotonous gloom of her life. It was like the caged nightingale, that, with its plaintive and sweet notes, seems to say, "I *will* sing though I *am* a prisoner." She was apparently about twenty, had but lately taken the veil, and was evidently a great favourite among the sisterhood; indeed she might be considered the *pet* of the convent. All that were present appeared to look upon her with pleasure; but there was one, and she sat next to her, and held her hand, who gazed on her countenance with an expression of affection mingled with sadness, which I shall never forget. She was plain even to ugliness; and yet a resemblance of Theresa might be traced in features where the small pox had done its utmost to spoil any pretensions to comeliness. She was, in fact, her sister, many years her elder, and many years a willing inhabitant of the convent of which Theresa had so lately become an unwilling inmate.

The moment that the little bustle which her entrance had created had subsided, she turned her eyes towards the new guest, whose presence had been whispered by her sister. The moment she observed my plain blue coat and sash, I being the

only person present not in uniform, she started, and cast an inquisitive glance in my face, which was answered by my production of the handkerchief. At the sight of this she turned pale, then red, as though the blood had receded to her heart and then rushed suddenly back to her cheek. A slight motion of her hand, and an agitated glance of her eye in the direction of the confessor, convinced me that I must make no allusion to the circumstance of the morning. The handkerchief was therefore hastily thrust into my bosom; my hand visibly pressed it to my heart, when a slight suffusion again mounted to her cheek. Another minute, however, enabled her to resume her calmness. But the communication between us was begun; my own feelings told me that it was; our sympathies were excited; and from this moment we were no strangers to each other.

Another tale of the abbess, and our conversation became as general as the mixture of French and Portuguese could render it. I now for the first time blessed my knowledge of the latter language, as it enabled me the more thoroughly to enjoy the conversation of Sister Theresa, and to ingratiate myself with the abbess, and the porteress. The discourse of Theresa appeared more sprightly from its contrast with the gravity of that of her sister nuns. She had a *naiveté* of expression, an innocence of thought, that were delightful; yet, now and then, she would stop suddenly, an appearance of sadness would darken her brow, a sigh would struggle for utterance, a tear would swell in her eye. Then, she would catch the speaking glance of her sister fixed upon her, and the tear and sigh were suppressed, the brow was cleared in an instant, and she was again the most animated of the party.

The confessor gazed on her with an intenseness that was the more remarkable from the general suavity of his countenance; but it was a gaze that expressed any thing rather than *religious* enthusiasm.

For my own part, I was so wrapped up in my admiration of the being before me, so attracted by the novelty of the scene, and so occupied in winning the good graces of the abbess and nuns, that I had leisure only to regret that such a being was shut out from the world; and before I had passed an hour in her society, I was revolving means to rescue her from such a fate. Her eye told me it was not congenial to her inclinations; her very voice seemed to ring with regret at the loss of her liberty; and the song I had heard her singing in the morning now seemed merely the expression of her own sentiments.

In the meantime, our eyes had frequently met, a kind of intelligence was established between us, from the circumstance that there was something we both knew that was a profound secret to every body else: in short my vanity soon established the supposition, that, at any rate, she did not view me with unfavourable eyes; and I accordingly determined to pursue the adventure. My first wish was to ascertain whether she was a nun from inclination, or the victim of some family arrangement. This it was impossible to learn in conversation; and I was considering how I could possibly accomplish my object, when one of the officers being asked by the abbess to write her a French epigram which he had just repeated, he took out his pencil and tablet for that purpose. My determination was immediately made: I told the abbess that I remembered a very good reply to the epigram, which I begged she would accept; and, tearing a leaf out of my pocket-book, I wrote a few lines in Portuguese expressive of my admiration and sympathy for Theresa, and earnestly entreating to know whether she really felt an inclination for the life to which she seemed to be devoted. These words were couched so as to show an ignorance of her having actually taken the veil. When this was finished, I uttered an exclamation at my own stupidity, saying that I had made a mistake; thrust

the note into my pocket, and immediately wrote the reply to the epigram, which was handed over to the abbess. I had observed that one of the officers on his departure had been allowed to take each nun's hand individually, and to bend over it while she uttered the parting *benedicite*. Upon this moment I depended for the delivery of my declaration; a dangerous step, but which I was determined to venture. The vesper bell now gave the signal for the visitors to depart, and I could perceive in the faint light of the evening an expression of satisfaction diffuse itself over the countenance of Father Ambrose.

Each guest underwent the ceremonial of the *benedicite*. I studiously contrived to be the last; and also that the Sister Theresa should be the last of whom I took my leave. My note was dexterously and imperceptibly drawn from my pocket; our hands met—mine trembled at the collision—hers I thought trembled too as I made her feel the billet—I withdrew my hand, leaving the paper in her palm, which I could perceive immediately closed. Dreading to look up, I hastened away, and had arrived at the threshold of the outer door when I became fearful that she might not have been sensible of my intention, and have let my letter fall upon the floor. With this apprehension, I hastened back; and stating to the old porteress, who was the only person remaining, that I imagined I had dropped something out of my pocket-book, she permitted me to look on both sides of the sill, which I did very carefully, and also as far as my eye could reach into the inner apartment; but my note was not there. I joyfully bade the porteress a hasty good night; and, getting rid of my companions, I gave myself up to reflection and the dreams of my imagination.

My way home led me by the gates of the Casa Amarilla; I looked upon its closed jalousies with disgust and horror—I shuddered at the danger I had escaped. The wall I had scaled, the window I had leaped from, were both in my view; and,

what a few hours since had seemed mere feats of gallantry, now appeared in my eyes acts of madness, and of crime.

How different the sensations inspired by the nun, to those which I had experienced for Angelica !

A night of restless recollection, a morning dream of Theresa and the convent, only confirmed the impression she had made.

It was with no little nervous agitation that I ventured a visit the next day to the convent; but I saw only the abbess and the porteress. I fancied they looked gravely, though they treated me with every kindness. At length, my fears were relieved by invitations to repeat my visit whenever I pleased; and they delighted me by adding, "that they were sorry the 'sister nuns' were prevented from seeing me that day, by their conventual duties." This explanation showed me, that having been introduced by a relation of theirs, they rather considered me as a visitor of Theresa, and her sister.

I quitted the convent, certain at any rate of not having been betrayed; and the consciousness of having had a *note* received and concealed, gave to my sanguine temper every hope that a man can indulge at so early a period of an attachment. The next day again took me to the convent. I had mentioned the hour of my arrival; and, to my great delight, Theresa and her sister were at the opening. I could not have wished for a stronger evidence of her having read the confession of my admiration, than the alternate redness and paleness of her complexion, and the evident sensation by which she was oppressed on my entrance. It was sometime before I could contrive to catch her eye; and when I did, it was immediately withdrawn, but not without a glance, which I shall never forget were I to live a thousand years. But whenever my observation was turned upon her sister, I always found that she was regarding me with an inquisitiveness of expression, an intenseness of inquiry, which gave me the idea that she also knew of my avowal; and was

striving to judge of my character from my countenance. Every sentence I uttered appeared likewise to be minutely canvassed by her; and I could not refrain from feeling that I was undergoing a kind of ordeal on which my future standing with the sisters was to depend. With these impressions, I did what the French call *mon possible pour faire l'aimable;* and I completely succeeded at any rate, in ingratiating myself with the abbess. She said, "I was not like the rest of the British—dashing, showy, and impudent—of whom women ought to beware. No, no," continued she, "you are a quiet person, quite harmless; and I could trust you with my whole *flock*." For by this word did she always designate the inmates of her convent.

At parting, I thought that Theresa's hand trembled in mine; but I was *certain* of receiving an evident pressure from that of Cecilia. This circumstance was inexplicable. That a girl, situated as the younger nun was, should betray signs of agitation at the sight, and in the presence of a man, who had ventured so far as I had, was natural. But that an elder and a graver person, perfectly aware of all the sacred obligations which the conventual vow entailed, should apparently encourage me in the establishment of a clandestine intercourse with one so near and evidently so dear to her, could only be accounted for by the supposition, that she too regretted the early sacrifice of such a being as her sister, and was pleased to meet with somebody who sympathised in these regrets.

From this day, my visits to the convent were constant; I attended their church likewise daily; and at every interview a new note was offered and received; little presents too were made on both sides. The abbess began, most opportunely, to imagine that the influence of the sisters would convert me from an *heretico perdido* to a *boa catolico:* and consequently afforded and encouraged every opportunity of communication, in spite of all the efforts of Father Ambrose, whose duties would not permit him

always to be a spy upon us. I had now therefore many opportunities of being alone with the sisters. In these meetings, the presence of a third person of course prevented any expressions of particular attachment; but our conversation generally turned on that world which they had forsaken, and frequently upon those pleasures which they had abjured. These I painted in all the vivid and glowing colours in which they *then* appeared to me; and Theresa, for the first time, heard the gallant deeds of arms, the transports of mutual passion, the delights of love, and the joys of domestic life, represented in that language which is created by the magic of a youthful imagination. In the tales which I told, in the deeds which I described, in the happiness I pictured, the world appeared a far different thing to that which had been disparagingly painted to her by her companions, and her confessor. In these conversations, her countenance would light up with animation, her lips brighten into smiles, her eyes dissolve in tears, her bosom heave with sighs; and more than once she was so overcome by the feelings with which she was oppressed, that she rushed from us in an agony of weeping. On these occasions, Cecilia would weep too, but it was quietly and not passionately; for her sister, and not for herself. "My poor Theresa," would she say, "she was born for liberty, and she is a prisoner; she was created for the world, and she is in her grave."

It is easy to imagine the effect of such circumstances upon a young mind. Each interview betrayed additional agitation; the defence of the propriety of conventual life became weaker every day; every day I felt that I gained ground; and every day we became more unhappy, and yet happier than we had ever previously been.

By this time, I was sometimes admitted to breakfast in the parlour of the convent, which was a small neat room, furnished in a style of Franciscan plainness. At one end of it was a

large opening, covered entirely with a black kind of linen, completely impervious to the sight; on the other side of which were placed the nun or nuns, who received their friends to breakfast. The tea, muffins, and marmalade, (such marmalade!) was served through a kind of circular beaufette, which by turning on a pivot in the thickness of the wall, conveyed the things placed on one side of it to the other. Oh! those breakfasts!

On these occasions, by a tacit agreement, Theresa used to place herself as close as possible to the abominable black canvass on one side, while I did the same on the other. Every time the little beaufette turned in the wall, it conveyed a billet or a sonnet under the tea-cup, or hid in some other way. As it was known that we could not see each other, she was sometimes left alone; a circumstance of which I was always made sensible by a concerted signal. When this was the case, I was wont to entreat her to put her face as close to the canvass as possible, by which means our cheeks almost met; and it was upon these occasions that I ventured to pour the language of passion into her ear. She replied not; but I could hear, almost *feel* her sigh. And once I heard a nun, who entered rather suddenly, exclaim, "My God, Sister Theresa, what is the matter? your face is on fire!"

At length, a visible melancholy oppressed both the sisters; and it was with much difficulty that I learned that it arose from the near approach of the general day of confession, when what had passed, could, according to their religion, no longer be concealed. And, what was worse, the dreaded Father Ambrose was the person to whom they were compelled to confess!

We all felt that the confession must create a perpetual separation; and, yet I had not sufficient influence to prevent it. Perceiving, however, that in spite of her superior age,

Cecilia's affection for Theresa, gave the latter unbounded influence over her, I conceived that if I could obtain an interview with Theresa alone, my arguments and persuasions might induce them both to withhold their confession. In this hope and belief, I determined to attempt the accomplishment of my project.

But it was a difficult task. The doors were shut early—the walls were high—the penalty to her, if I were discovered, such as I dared not even imagine. Numberless were the schemes I revolved: among others, was that of entering as St. Sebastian, whose spirit was said and believed to walk through the convent at stated periods; as the canonised prince had embarked from it on his unhappy expedition to Africa. I had so far resolved on the adoption of this plan as to have ordered the costume in which the spectre was supposed to appear; when the sisters accidentally informed me that it was Theresa's duty to dress all the images, and pass in the church alone the night previous to the approaching festival of her patron saint.

From that moment, I changed my plan, and determined to contrive an interview on this occasion. Consequently, I regularly visited the church of the convent at matins and vespers; examined every corner of that part to which the public were admitted; and, at length, found a spot where it was possible to conceal myself.

I dared not tell Theresa of my intention; first, because I was certain she would have forbidden the attempt; and secondly, because she would have confided in her sister; and my wish to see her alone would thus have been frustrated.

The evening came; I attended vespers. The church was fortunately unusually thronged, consequently, as the crowd dispersed, I easily entered my hiding-place. This was a dark recess in the wall at the back of one of the niches, which, from its form and seat, as well as from the tapestried curtain that

hung over it, I imagine had formerly been used as a confessional. Here, if I was discovered, I could feign sleep, and it might be supposed that I had been thus overtaken, and remained there accidentally. I heard the receding footsteps of the crowd; and then the turning of the key in the massive lock, with a beating heart. At length, all was still, and I found myself alone in the church. The evening was fast gathering in; the high windows admitted but a dim religious light, and in about an hour all was wrapped in darkness; save one deep nich, where burnt a solitary taper, serving by its feeble light only to make the surrounding gloom more visible. This darkness was soon dispersed by the bright full moon, which rising in splendour in front of one of the largest windows, seemed almost to call the statues into animation, by the unearthly whiteness of the light it threw upon them.

I was absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before me, when the bell tolled the hour of midnight. In a few minutes, the deathlike stillness was disturbed by soft footsteps. A light glided through the lattices of the gallery; it was lost for an instant behind the colossal picture of the high altar; and in a moment afterwards, Theresa appeared descending a small spiral staircase that led from the upper part of the building to the foot of the altar. She had laid aside her usual costume, and was clad in a white drapery, tied loosely round her waist. Her veil was thrown back, and seemed to float on the air behind her. The sleeves of her dress were large and loose, and displayed nearly the whole of one arm, which was raised with the lamp for the purpose of giving as much effect as possible to its feeble light; while, on the other, hung a basket laden with the flowers with which it was her duty this night to decorate the throne of her "godmother saint."

She advanced into the church slowly, and evidently in deep thought. She approached the altar of Theresa unconsciously;

and mechanically placing the basket and lamp at its foot, she sank, half kneeling and half sitting, on the steps by which it was surrounded. Her arms were crossed on her bosom, her eye seemed fixed on vacancy, yet betrayed inward thought; her cheek was pale as marble, her lips moved, but it appeared to me more in the involuntary utterance of some suppressed sensation, than in prayer. A sigh escaped from her evidently overcharged spirit; and I shall never forget the feeling with which I heard my own name breathed, as it were involuntarily, in the midst of her sighs, which were now more frequent and heartbreaking. She started at the sounds herself had made; and seemingly with a feeling of repentance, addressed herself to the duties of the night. Slowly she raised the lamp to the Paduan candles that were placed around the altar, every one of which as she kindled it brought into visible existence some surrounding object; till she appeared in the midst of the brilliant shrine as though she herself were the saint to whom it was dedicated. Then, again sinking on her knee, she seemed to seek for some relief for her oppressed brain, by placing her forehead upon the cold marble.

I took this opportunity of breathing the name of Theresa. To my astonishment, from the peculiar situation in which I stood, the word was re-echoed from the other side of the church. She started—her lips opened, as though an involuntary scream would have accompanied her surprise; when I again repeated it, and as distinctly as I dared, begged she would come to the grating. She turned her eyes towards me; they appeared as though they would have started from their sockets, so powerful were her feelings of mingled wonder, and apprehension.

On seeing that it was really myself, she advanced in evident hesitation, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, "My God, is it you? How came you here?" and, casting her eyes upward, "What will become of me?"

A few moments enabled me to explain how I came there, and my motives.

"Great God, how imprudent! how will you escape? I have no key that will open the outer doors. And"——

I interrupted these expressions of her fears, by seizing her hand through the grating. I told her that I possessed no other means of procuring the uninterrupted communication which both her happiness and my own demanded. I breathed into her ear my ardent passion; the deep love with which she had inspired me; the sympathy I felt for her evident discontent at her own fate; and my hope that she would allow me to alter her destiny, by rescuing her from the unnatural confinement to which she was condemned.

As I uttered this last wish, she started, uttered an involuntary exclamation, and looked anxiously around, as though she fancied the imaged saints had heard and might avenge the sacrilegious proposition, or feared that the very walls would betray or crush us.

"Impossible!" said she. "In this church, am I the vowed bride of God. Here have I now to remain for the rest of my life."

"Yes," replied I, "to dress these inanimate statues, instead of performing the active duties of charity to your living fellow-creatures; to quell and crush the legitimate passions of nature, instead of indulging them virtuously, as a friend, a wife, and a mother; to pass this life uselessly, and painfully, in the performance of unacceptable, uncommanded duties, instead of directing it to that happiness of yourself and others which would be acceptable in the eye of God, and which would excite gratitude and devotion in your bosom towards Heaven."

"True, true!" exclaimed she deprecatingly, in a paroxysm of grief; and her tears flowed fast over her cheeks, as I drew her closer to the grating, and she sank on a seat near it. I now

knelt by her side, and as she grew calmer I gradually obtained from her, her whole history. Her family was noble, but not very rich; yet there was enough for all; but her parents, unfortunately, imbibed the wish to use the principal part of their wealth in the establishment of their son, and to this wish the two sisters were sacrificed. Cecilia, born with mild though sincere affections, and no passions, had quietly submitted; but Theresa had at first made some objections. During her year's noviciate, however, the nuns had been so kind, her confinement was rendered so pleasant, there was such an appearance of tranquil happiness, that she became reconciled to the wishes of her parents.

The conventual law is, that after the noviciate, the intended professor shall again enter the world to ascertain whether she can cheerfully relinquish its pleasures, and voluntarily adopt a life of solitude. By this law it was no doubt meant that the cloister should be quitted, and the world enjoyed for a season. But how was this law fulfilled with regard to poor Theresa? The lumbering state carriage of the family was driven to the gates of the convent on the expiration of her noviciate; when she was placed in it, and accompanied by her mother and her aunt, carried as far as Lisbon, and then back to Belem, without having once left the vehicle. Yet this vile mummery they dared to call her restoration to the world—this foul evasion they dared to call a compliance with the law! What made these circumstances more melancholy in the present instance—nothing can increase their flagitiousness—was, that the sacrifice was rendered useless by the immediate death of the brother.

This simple tale was told so artlessly, and its melancholy tendency so heightened by her tears, that my own feelings were completely overcome. The sources of confidence were opened; and our hearts were united by sympathies which hers, inexperienced as it was, could not resist.

In a few short hours, she whispered that she too loved, and breathed vows of a very different tendency to those which she had a few months before uttered in the same church.

She now listened to my proposal of flight; and tremblingly pointed out the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, and the probabilities of its success. As pledges of her truth, she gave me a lock of her hair cut off the day of her profession, and a rosary of beads said to have been gathered in Palestine. Nothing, however, that I could urge, would induce her to promise to withhold what had passed from her sister.

Never shall I forget that night! The hours flew so swiftly that the morning beamed through the casements of the church, rendering the pale tapers' light ineffectual, before the shrines were dressed. Alarmed, Theresa seized her flowers, hung her wreathes hastily on the altar, and lighted the remainder of the candles. Then again giving me two delicious minutes at the grating, tore herself away; and left me to the solitude of the church, till the matins should enable me to mingle in the throng.

It may easily be conceived that it was not long before we met again. A breakfast was contrived, at which the sisters alone attended. Cecilia, to my surprise, encouraged us in our wishes, and secretly told me that her love for Theresa, together with her repentance for having innocently been one of the inducements to her sacrifice, made her wish to rescue her from a fate so uncongenial to her disposition. The attachment of this woman to her sister was surprising—it was the most devoted, disinterested love that I had ever witnessed: it was more like a passion than mere sisterly affection. Theresa wept at the idea of separation, and would have stipulated that she should accompany us in our flight, both on account of the love they bore each other, as well as the risk of punishment she incurred by remaining behind. But of this Cecilia would not

hear. "No, no," said she to me, "Theresa is young, beautiful, full of spirit, full of hope, full of youth, made for the world and for its enjoyments; *I* am disfigured by nature, unformed, both in person and spirit, for the world. Besides, if I commit a sin in thus encouraging my sister to break her vestal vows, I shall here have leisure to repent; and from these altars I may utter prayers for yours and her happiness—that happiness that I shall never witness—which will be more acceptable from lips that have preserved their vows inviolate." Here her voice faltered. But, she added, "I shall derive my happiness from my knowledge of yours."

It was thus this admirable woman spoke; and, from that moment, her thoughts and mine were wholly directed to the means of her sister's emancipation. Theresa herself had nothing to propose, nothing to say on the subject; all that she had to do was to be passive, and permit her hair to grow under her scapula, that she might be ready to appear again in the world.

About this period, there appeared to me something mysterious in the conduct of Father Ambrose: whenever his name was mentioned Theresa shuddered; and his appearance at the abbess' *soirée* was immediately followed by her departure. While I was one morning in bed, turning this circumstance over in my mind, and revolving all our schemes of flight, I was disturbed by a gentle tap at the door of my sleeping room, which was immediately followed by the entrance of a lay brother of the Franciscans, in the employment of the good old abbess. "*Benedicite*," said he, bowing till his silver hairs almost toucned the bed; then delivering me a note, drew himself up erect, and waited while I perused the contents. To my astonishment and alarm, I found it to be a peremptory order from the abbess, never again to enter the convent—but it assigned no reason. Perceiving that the monk knew the purport of the message of which he was the bearer, I questioned him. He,

however, professed ignorance, but knowingly, though fearfully, pronounced the name of Padre Ambrose. He looked round very carefully, then closing the door, he drew another letter from his pouch, which he put into my hand, at the same moment placing his fingers on his lips, and attempting a sort of leer. This second note was from Cecilia: it told me that some secret enemy had put Father Ambrose on his guard against our frequent meetings; that he had used his influence with the abbess, and procured the order for my refusal at the convent gates—that Theresa was condemned to penance—that Father Ambrose was a villain—that something must be done speedily, or all our schemes would be frustrated. The note added, that a bribe would secure the lay brother, who must in future be our medium of communication, and that I should hear further on the morrow.

This hint was taken: reaching my purse, I held out a handful of crusados to the monk. He turned his head away with the sign of a refusal, but opened his pouch, into which I poured the coin. A cunning smile pervaded his countenance, he shook his head, placed his fingers on his lips, uttered his *benedicite*, and departed.

He was scarcely gone, before a smart rap announced the arrival of a tall Italian lacquey belonging to Angelica. He was the bearer of a perfumed note of threats and reproaches, which, coming so immediately after the former intimation, led me to suspect that she was the secret enemy alluded to. A little art of mine, aided by the natural loquacity of her servant, soon convinced me that my suspicions were correct, as I found that Father Ambrose had been with Angelica almost daily.

Knowing her vindictive disposition, I dreaded the worst from her revenge and from her power; and Cecilia's note, the following morning, being more explicit, as it respected the conduct of

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the confessor, I was convinced no time was to be lost. Cecilia's next communication hinted, though darkly, at the sinister purposes of Father Ambrose, who had dared to breathe his profane wishes into the ear of Theresa, and had mingled his sinful proposition with the sacred semblance of religion. Her emancipation now seemed to be rescuing her from vice, as well as from suffering; and I determined to accomplish it steadily.

With her last note, the affectionate Cecilia kindly sent to me a portrait of her beautiful sister. It represented her in a fanciful costume, at a village festival; and was, of course, painted previously to her adoption of the conventual life. I received it with an intense pleasure; though I could scarcely fancy the identity of the gay, brilliant figure before me, and the pensive, gentle, and serene Theresa. While I fondly gazed upon it, oh, how I loathed the unnatural discipline, which, though it had hitherto failed to spoil this lively girl, yet must always *ultimately* succeed in reducing the most elastic and buoyant nature into a mere mass of living mechanism!

Theresa was now confined: but, in our former conversations, having once attempted to draw a plan of the convent from their description, that I might understand where their apartment was placed, I knew precisely the situation of the penance cell. At the end of the high terrace towards the Tagus, where I had first heard the song of Theresa, rose a tower to a considerable height above the roof of the convent; the upper apartment of which was appropriated to the temporary punishment of such nuns as had offended against their laws. There were two passages leading into this chamber; the one from the convent, by which the food was conveyed to the prisoner, and the other communicating with a building at some distance, in which resided the confessor and the lay brothers in the service of the establishment. On the top of this tower was the alarm bell, which was rung only in cases of great emergency, having ropes

leading into the penance cell, and to several other apartments of the building. Here it was that I found Theresa was confined through the influence of the confessor. This discovery determined my plan; and I soon ascertained from Cecilia, that if I could manage to obtain an entrance to the tower from the Tagus-side of the building, Theresa would quell her womanly fears, and, lofty as it was, descend by a rope, into a boat.

Among my most intimate companions in Lisbon, very fortunately, was the captain of a British ship-of-war, then lying in the Tagus. Knowing that I could trust to his honour and secrecy, I made him the confidant of my scheme; and so interested was he with the story of my dear nun, that he promised me every assistance in his power.

Having fixed on, and informed Cecilia of the night, and ascertained that Theresa would be ready, I waited impatiently for the expiration of the few intervening days; which I spent in making preparations for crossing the frontier and entering Spain.

The evening came. I dined on board of the vessel; the sun set in unusual splendour; and we spent the last hours of daylight in watching its beams play upon the windows of the convent. At length it sank behind the waves of the Atlantic; and the unclouded moon rising brightly, began her steady course through the deep blue sky. One in the morning was selected for our attempt; but it was agreed that Theresa should be ready at any time after eleven, in case we should think proper sooner to commence our operations. At midnight, having observed that all the lights in the windows of the convent had been for some time extinguished, except the one in the penance tower, we determined to proceed. The boat was lowered, and manned by four confidential men, and my friend and myself entered it. We had provided a long rope, knotted at intervals, with grappling irons at the end, and another to which was attached the

folding chair used for lowering and raising ladies in and out of the ship. This latter was fastened round my body to be used for the purpose of lowering Theresa; first from the window of the tower on the terrace, and then from the terrace into the boat.

Our oars dashed silently through the waters till we arrived under the convent walls. My eye being fixed steadfastly on the tower, I was surprised by seeing, at this instant, that the light within became brighter; but I attributed the circumstance to Theresa trimming the lamp. The most dexterous of the seamen then threw the rope so truly, that the grappling iron grasped the parapet. I seized and hung by it for a moment to try its security, and turning round, shook hands in silence with my friend; and was about cautioning him to keep a good look out, when a suppressed and faint scream burst upon our ears. We listened, and it was not till it was repeated that we ascertained that it came from the tower. I seized the rope; and ascending by the knots, in spite of its height, was presently upon the parapet. As I mounted to the terrace, the screams became more distinct; and as I approached the tower they seemed to be mingled with threats and pleading. My anxiety only added to my strength and energy; I grappled the rough stones of the buttress, struggled up the wall, impelled to use a preternatural speed, by the screams which I now knew to be those of Theresa; and arrived in the dark recess of the window just at the instant it was dashed open in an attempt of Theresa to escape from the hands of the confessor; who, at the moment of my appearance, had dragged her back into the apartment, and had nearly overpowered her remaining strength. As the wolf dashes at his prey, I sprang through the window upon the recreant monk; who, overcome by surprise at my sudden and unexpected appearance, relinquished his hold of Theresa, and sank under the violence of my attack. But recovering himself in an instant, he grappled with me, and I soon felt the extent

of his muscular power. Our struggle, for a few minutes, was dreadful, but silent. He knew his superior strength, and wound his powerful arms about my person, so that it was impossible for me to shake him off, or to get any effective blow at him. His neck was bare, and therefore I had not the opportunity which a handkerchief would have given me, of weakening his powers by twisting it tightly round him; but seizing his throat with both hands, despair and indignation gave me such force that I observed his eye balls distend, and his mouth open. He gasped for breath; and I experienced a sensible diminution of the pressure of his arms, when, suddenly summoning the whole of his remaining strength for one great effort, he dashed me from him nearly to the other side of the apartment, and sank against the wall towards which I had been impelling him, almost exhausted.

I was nearly falling from the effects of the struggle, and could not immediately recover myself. Theresa, who had hitherto almost insensibly witnessed the deadly strife between us, now, either influenced by the fear of my becoming the victim of the monk, or unconsciously, unfortunately staggered towards the rope that communicated with the alarm bell; and in an instant its deep and sonorous note resounded through the air. I knew that the almost immediate effect of this act would be the disturbance of the whole convent, and the rising of the neighbourhood; and that the doors would be immediately opened to the police, which parade the streets of Lisbon, during the night. My fears were realized even sooner than I had expected; for scarcely had the bell ceased, than, as though they had been awakened by the sound, half a dozen other bells in the neighbourhood began to sound the alarm. I thought I already heard footsteps approaching through the passage leading to the apartments occupied by the lay brothers and confessors. Not a moment was to be lost. Theresa, the

instant she had sounded the fatal bell, had sank senseless on the floor. I caught her up in my arms, and, in spite of the exhaustion occasioned by my struggle, I was already on the couch, and had nearly attained the recess of the window, when the monk, who was a little recovered, and had been roused by the din, immediately saw his advantage; and, seizing his lamp, to appear as though he had but just entered the apartment, shouted with the cries of murder, and of violence, and for assistance in the name of St. Peter and the Holy Church. He rushed forward, and appeared in the act of impeding my flight; when the lay brothers entered the apartment at one door, and the abbess, followed by about twenty of her nuns, at the other. To designate me as a midnight Tarquin, whom he had detected, to order my seizure, and that the gates of the convent should be opened to the police, was the work of an instant. The priests rushed to the rescue, as they called it, of Theresa. I attempted to mount from the couch to the window, but her weight rendered it impossible. At this moment, Cecilia, perceiving, I suppose, the impossibility of our escape, made her way through them all, and with frantic gestures loudly demanded her sister. I had struck two of the brothers who had approached me backwards with my hand. This kept the others a little at bay. As Cecilia approached, I heard the cry in the outer passage of "Make way for the police." She whispered, "Fly, save yourself, it is all that can be done." I relinquished the care of Theresa to her, and sprang to the window. "Fire!" exclaimed Father Ambrose, as the first of the police soldiery appeared in the doorway. A couple of shots whizzed by my ear; and the next moment I slid, or rather tumbled down the buttress, and found myself in the arms of my friend, who, hearing the alarm bell, had mounted the rope, and arrived at the foot of the tower, just in time to break a fall that might have rendered me insensible, and thus have prevented my escape.

We rushed simultaneously to the parapet, descended by the rope into the boat, and pushed off under the shadow of the walls, just as three or four more shots were fired, which fell harmlessly in the water.

The next morning, I received an intimation that I was to consider myself under arrest till further orders; and at noon, a gentleman waited upon me from the British embassy, to say that the Pope's nuncio had demanded my immediate departure from Lisbon. I refused to go without certain stipulations. I was perfectly sensible of the *absolute* impossibility of succeeding in any future attempt; but I would not leave Theresa to suffer what I knew would be the dreadful penalty should she be supposed to have acquiesced in the scheme, without securing her some friend powerful enough to avert it. I therefore requested an interview with the ambassador, made him a full statement of the whole affair, acquainted him with the infamy of Father Ambrose; and finally so much interested him in favour of my poor nun, that before I quitted Lisbon, he obtained for her the pardon of the Pope's nuncio, the full assurance that she should suffer no penance, and that Father Ambrose should be no longer confessor to the convent. The price of these stipulations was my immediate departure from Lisbon, to which, for her sake I was obliged to consent. Accordingly, within two days I was on my road to scenes, where the thunder of cannon and the excitement of active service might allay, if it did not obliterate, the feelings which had been inspired, and the regrets which had been created, by my acquaintance with " The Sister Theresa."

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It was in 1826, thirteen years after the preceding adventure, that I once more found myself at the mouth of the

Tagus, with the army of occupation, which the government of our country thought proper to send to Portugal. The scenes of strife and blood which had immediately succeeded my departure from Lisbon in 1812, had, in some measure, obliterated the painful remembrance of my convent innamorata; and perhaps, the subsequent idle and heartless dissipation and gallantries of ten years peace in a dissipated metropolis, had still more tended to change my heart from what it had been at the time of the occurrence of this Peninsular adventure. I could not however again find myself in the Tagus, and gazing upon the distant streets of Lisbon rising amphitheatrically above each other, without recalling to my memory and imagination all that had then occurred. As the humble convent at Belem rose to my view, my memory pourtrayed Theresa just as she then was, beautiful, young, innocent, artless, and affectionate. Old and long banished feelings grew up in my heart. Father Ambrose, Cecilia, the old abbess, all figured again on the retina of my imagination. Again I heard the morning song, and paid my evening visit to the convent. Again I climbed the wall, and mounted the window of the penance tower, and again shuddered at the shrieks of Theresa.

With all these impressions upon my mind, my first visit was to the convent. With some hesitation, I entered the court-yard, and with a beating heart pulled the bell, the sound of which recalled former scenes with still more vividness to my heart; for I have always found that sounds have more of this effect than any circumstance of sight.

The bell was slowly answered, not by my old friend the ancient portress, but by a comely, portly-looking body, apparently about forty years of age. She seemed surprised at my appearance. My wishes were speedily explained, by my inquiring whether Sister Theresa was still an inhabitant of the convent; a question she answered by asking me what my business was with Sister

Theresa, and by telling me that she was the only sister of that name in the convent. Startled by this assertion, I looked steadfastly in the countenance of the speaker. Imagination reduced the fat figure before me to its former proportions; and as I gazed, I gradually traced the features of my lovely nun in those of the comely fat portress. But, alas! their beautiful expression had fled; passion and feeling were succeeded by that monotony of expression which a life without change must necessarily produce. At first, I was so startled by what I saw, that I was on the point of quitting her without discovering myself, but I had not power, or rather the will, to adopt this course. Yet I was afraid of too suddenly divulging my name, lest the agitation it might cause her would be hurtful. What then was my mortification, when, at last, after much circumlocutory matter, which seemed very tedious to my auditor, I revealed myself to her, to find that the avowal made no impression; and eventful as the adventure had been between us, I had some difficulty in recalling its circumstances to her recollection—I mean its particular circumstances. She remembered it only as an instance of infantine folly; and her monotonous existence had so dimmed and stunned every faculty of her memory, that its pains and pleasures seemed alike forgotten. In subsequent interviews we had conversations, in which old feelings were in some measure recalled. But she then expressed to me her joy that our project had failed; and I was induced to be likewise glad that I had not succeeded.

Could we foresee the result of all the mad adventures of high and excited youth—could we bring ourselves to argue upon the change which a very few years bring about, how much misery, how much crime, would be avoided.

This was a severe lesson to my vanity: and I trust I have profited by it.

Lady, if thou ever carest
  For the sorrow most sincere;
Lady, if thou ever sparest
  For intense remorse a tear,
Stifle now thine indignation,
  Let thy generous feelings glow;
Look on with commiseration,
  One o'erwhelmed by shame and wo.

Though by woman 'tis pretended
  Modesty's her brightest gem;
Only when with mercy blended,
  'Tis thy sex's diadem.
Heavy is my crime—but let not
  Thy revenge be pitiless;
Just thine anger—yet forget not
  It may reach vindictiveness.

Oh! e'en *thou* couldst not desire
  That my sufferings should be more,
When those angry eyes of fire,
  Coldly, sternly, pass me o'er—
Pass me o'er, as though I were not
  Worthy e'en of their disdain,
To alight on fools who care not,
  For the glance I'd die to gain!

Fair one ! I intreat, implore thee,
From me take thy dreadful ban ;
Penitent I stand before thee—
Pardon then an erring man.
Soon I shall from thee be parted,
By a foreign land and sea ;
Let me not then, broken hearted,
Find a grave afar from thee !

Ere though, sad, and lost and lonely,
I forsake my native clime,
We will meet again, if only
For one last dividing time.
Oh ! thou wilt not *then* deny me
All that now I dare implore ;—
Cease to seem to wish to fly me,
Rest thine eyes on mine once more !

Could I only show how vital
Is thine amity to me,
Diff'rent far were thy requital,
Of the wrong I've done to thee !
Yet, while fondly thus desiring
Thy compassion in my need,
Fear not, lady, I'm aspiring
To a yet more precious meed.

Like the tree that gaily blooming,
Towers all the woodland o'er,
Yet is mournfully consuming
With the poison in its core,

I am blighted, rootless, sapless,
  Scathed in every inward part;
Far, I fear, too lost and hapless
  E'er to hope to touch thy heart.

Could I though succeed to win it,
  I my very soul would gage,
To adore thee in a minute,
  More than millions in an age!
Then when penitent before thee,
  Humbled even to the dust,
For oblivion I implore thee,
  Wilt thou dare to be unjust?

In thy proud career of gladness,
  Little deem'st thou of my state;
But thy wrath to me is madness,
  Laying life all desolate!
Listen then—while passion-riven,
  I *adjure* thee to forgive,
E'en as *thou* wouldst be forgiven
  On the Day the dead shall live!

THE PILGRIMS.

The twilight of one of those burning days of summer whose unclouded sky seems to speak to man of happier realms, had already flung its broad shadows over the valley of Unspunnen; whilst the departing rays of a gorgeous sunset continued to glitter on the summits of the surrounding hills. Gradually, however, the glowing tints deepened; then grew darker and darker; until they finally yielded to the still more sober hues of night.

Beneath an avenue of lime trees, which, from their size and luxuriance, appeared almost coeval with the soil in which they grew, Burkhardt of Unspunnen wandered to and fro with uneasy step, as if some recent sorrow occupied his troubled mind. At times, he stood with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the earth, as if he expected to see the object of his contemplation start forth from its bosom; at other times, he would raise his eyes to the summits of the trees, whose branches, now gently agitated by the night breeze, seemed to breathe sighs of compassion in remembrance of those happy hours which had once been passed beneath their welcome shade. When, however, advancing from beneath them, he beheld the deep blue heavens with the bright host of stars, hope sprang up within him at the thoughts of that glory to which those heavens and those stars, all lovely and beauteous as they seem, are but the faint heralds; and for a time dissipated the grief which had so long weighed heavily upon his heart.

From these reflections, which, from the intensity of his feelings, shut him out, as it were, from the busy world and its many paths, he was suddenly aroused by the tones of a manly voice addressing him.

Burkhardt advancing, beheld, standing in the light of the moon, two Pilgrims, clothed in the usual coarse and sombre garb, with their broad hats drawn over their brows.

"Praise be to God!" said the Pilgrim who had just before awakened Burkhardt's attention, and who, from his height and manner appeared to be the elder of the two. His words were echoed by a voice whose gentle and faultering accents showed the speaker to be still but of tender years.

"Whither are you going, friends? what seek you here, at this late hour?" said Burkhardt. If you wish to rest you after your journey enter, and with God's blessing, and my hearty welcome, recruit yourselves."

"Noble sir, you have more than anticipated our petition," replied the elder Pilgrim, "our duty has led us far from our native land, being bound on a pilgrimage to fulfil the vow of a beloved parent. We have been forced during the heat of the day to climb the steep mountain paths; and the strength of my brother, whose youth but ill befits him for such fatigues, began to fail, when the sight of your castle's towers, which the moon's clear beams discovered to us, revived our hopes. We resolved to beg a night's lodging under your hospitable roof, that we might be enabled, on to-morrow's dawn, to pursue our weary way."

"Follow me, my friends," said Burkhardt, as he, with quickened step, preceded them, that he might give some orders for their entertainment. The Pilgrims rejoicing in so kind a reception, followed the knight in silence, into a high vaulted saloon; over which, the tapers, that were placed in branches against the walls, cast a solemn but pleasing light, well in accordance with the present feelings of the parties.

The knight then discerned two countenances of great beauty, the pleasing impression of which was considerably heightened by the modest yet easy manner with which the

youthful pair received their host's kind attentions. Much struck with their appearance, and demeanour, Burkhardt was involuntarily led back into the train of thoughts from which their approach had aroused him; and the scenes of former days flitted before him as he recollected, that in this hall, his beloved child was ever wont to greet him with her welcome smile on his return from the battle or the chace; brief scenes of happiness, which had been followed by events that had cankered his heart, and rendered memory but an instrument of bitterness and chastisement.

Supper was soon after served, and the Pilgrims were supplied with the greatest attention, yet conversation wholly languished; for his melancholy reflections occupied Burkhardt, and respect, or perhaps a more kindly feeling, towards their host and benefactor, seemed to have sealed the lips of his youthful guests. After supper, however, a flask of the baron's old wine cheered his flagging spirits; and emboldened the elder Pilgrim to break through the spell which had chained them.

"Pardon me, noble sir," said he, "for I feel that it must seem intrusive in me to presume to seek the cause of that sorrow which thus severely oppresses you, and renders you so sad a spectator of the bounty and happiness which you liberally bestow upon others. Believe me, it is not the impulse of a mere idle curiosity that makes me express my wonder that you can thus dwell alone in this spacious and noble mansion, the prey to so deeply rooted a sorrow. Would that it were in our power, even in the slightest degree, to alleviate the cares of one who with such bounteous hand relieves the wants of his poorer brethren!"

"I thank you for your sympathy, good Pilgrim," said the old noble, "but what can it avail you to know the story of those griefs which have made this earth a desert? and which are, with rapid pace, conducting me where alone I can expect to find

rest. Spare me, then, the pain of recalling scenes which I would fain bury in oblivion. As yet, you are in the spring of life, when no sad remembrance gives a discordant echo of past follies, or of joys irrecoverably lost. Seek not to darken the sunshine of your, I trust, unsullied youth, with a knowledge of those fierce, guilty beings who, in listening to the fiend-like suggestions of their passions, are led astray from the paths of rectitude; and tear asunder ties which nature, by the holiest bonds, had seemed to unite to their very souls."

Burkhardt thus sought to avoid the entreaty of the Pilgrim. But the request was still urged with such earnest though delicate persuasion, and the rich tones of the stranger's voice awoke within him so many thoughts of days long, long past, that the knight felt himself almost irresistibly impelled to unburden his long closed heart to one who seemed to enter into its feelings with a sincere cordiality.

"Your artless sympathy has won my confidence, my young friends," said he, "and you shall learn the cause of that sorrow which gnaws my heart.

"You see me now, indeed, here, lonely and forsaken, like a tree shaken by the tempest's violence. But fortune once looked upon me with her blandest smiles; and I felt myself rich in the consciousness of my prosperity, and the gifts which bounteous Heaven had bestowed. My powerful vassals made me a terror to those enemies which, the protection that I was ever ready to afford to the oppressed and helpless, brought against me. My rich and fertile possessions not only supplied my family with profusion, but enabled me, with liberal hand, to relieve the wants of the poor; and to exercise the rights of hospitality in a manner justly becoming my state and my name. But of all the gifts which Heaven had showered upon me, that which I most prized was a wife, whose virtues had made her the idol of both the rich and the poor. But she who was already an angel,

and unfitted for this grosser world, was too soon, alas! claimed by her kindred spirits. One brief year alone had beheld our happiness.

"My grief and anguish were most bitter; and would soon have laid me in the same grave with her, but that she had left me a daughter, for whose dear sake I struggled earnestly against my affliction. In her were now centered all my cares, all my hopes, all my happiness. As she grew in years, so did her likeness to her sainted mother increase; and every look and gesture reminded me of my Agnes. With her mother's beauty I had, with fond presumption, dared to cherish the hope that Ida would inherit her mother's virtues.

"Greatly did I feel the sad void that my irreparable loss had occasioned me; but the very thought of marrying again would have seemed to me a profanation to the memory of my Agnes. If, however, even for a single instant I had entertained this disposition, one look at her child would have crushed it; and made me cling with still fonder hope to her, in the fond confidence that she would reward me for every sacrifice that I could make. Alas! my friends, this hope was built on an unsure foundation! and my heart is even now tortured when I think on those delusive dreams.

"Ida, with the fondest caresses, would dispel each care from my brow; in sickness and in health she watched me with the tenderest solicitude; her whole endeavour seemed to be to anticipate my wishes. But, alas! like the serpent, which only fascinates to destroy, she lavished these caresses and attentions to blind me, and wrap me in a fatal security.

"Many and deep were the affronts, revenged indeed, but not forgotten, which had long since caused (with shame, I avow it) a deadly hatred between myself and Rupert, Lord of Wädischwyl, which the slightest occasion seemed to increase to a degree of madness. As he dared no longer throw down the

gauntlet, I having always in single combat come off the victor, he found means, much harder than steel or iron, to glut his revenge upon me.

"Duke Berchtold of Zähringen, one of those wealthy and powerful tyrants who are the very pests of that society of whose rights they ought to be the ready guardians, had made a sudden irruption on the peaceful inhabitants of the mountains, seizing their herds and flocks, and insulting their wives and daughters. Though possessed of great courage, yet being not much used to warfare, these unhappy men found it impossible to resist the tyrant; and hastened to intreat my instant succour. Without a moment's delay, I assembled my brave vassals, and marched against the spoiler. After a long and severe struggle, God blessed our cause; and our victory was complete.

"On the morning, that I was about to depart on my return to my castle, one of my followers announced to me that the Duke had arrived in my camp, and wished an immediate interview with me. I instantly went forth to meet him; and Berchtold hastening towards me, with a smile, offered me his hand in token of reconciliation. I frankly accepted it; not suspecting that falsehood could lurk beneath so open and friendly an aspect.

"'My friend,' said he, 'for such I must call you; your valour in this contest having won my esteem, although I could at once convince you that I have just cause of quarrel with the insolent mountaineers. But, in spite of your victory in this unjust strife, into which doubtless you were induced to enter by the misrepresentations of those villains, yet as my nature abhors to prolong dissensions, I would willingly cease to think that we are enemies; and commence a friendship which, on my part, at least, shall not be broken. In token, therefore, that you do not mistrust a fellow soldier, return with me to my castle, that we may there drown all remembrance of our past disunion.'

"During a long time, I resisted his importunity, for I had now

been more than a year absent from my home; and was doubly impatient to return, as I fondly imagined that my delay would occasion much anxiety to my daughter. But the Duke, with such apparent kindness and in such a courteous manner renewed and urged his solicitations, that I could resist no longer.

"His Highness entertained me with the greatest hospitality and unremitted attention. But I soon perceived that an *honest* man is more in his element amidst the toils of the battle, than amongst the blandishments of a court; where the lip and the gesture carry welcome, but where the heart, to which the tongue is never the herald, is corroded by the unceasing strifes of jealousy and envy. I soon too saw that my rough and undisguised manners were an occasion of much mirth to the perfumed and essenced nothings who crowded the halls of the Duke. I however stifled my resentment, when I considered that these creatures lived but in his favour; like those swarms of insects which are warmed into existence from the dunghill, by the sun's rays.

"I had remained the unwilling guest of the Duke during some days; when the arrival of a stranger of distinction was announced with much ceremony; this stranger I found to be my bitterest foe, Rupert of Wädischwyl. The Duke received him with the most marked politeness and attention; and more than once I fancied that I perceived the precedence of me was studiously given to my enemy. My frank yet haughty nature could ill brook this system of disparagement; and, besides, it seemed to me that I should but play the hypocrite if I partook of the same cup with the man for whom I entertained a deadly hatred.

"I resolved therefore to depart; and sought his Highness to bid him farewell. He appeared much distressed at my resolution; and earnestly pressed me to avow the cause of my abrupt departure. I candidly confessed that the undue favour which I thought he showed to my rival was the cause.

"'I am hurt, deeply hurt,' said the Duke, affecting an air of great sorrow, 'that my friend, and that friend the valiant Unspunnen, should think thus unjustly, dare I add, thus meanly of me. No, I have not even in thought wronged you; and to prove my sincerity and my regard for your welfare, know that it was not chance which conducted your adversary to my court. He comes in consequence of my eager wish to reconcile two men whom I so much esteem; and whose worth and excellence place them amongst the brightest ornaments of our favoured land. Let me, therefore,' said he, taking my hand and the hand of Rupert, who had entered during our discourse, 'let me have the enviable satisfaction of reconciling two such men, and of terminating your ancient discord. You cannot refuse a request so congenial to that holy faith which we all profess. Suffer me, therefore, to be the minister of peace; and to suggest that, in token and in confirmation of an act which will draw down Heaven's blessing on us all, you will permit our holy church to unite in one, your far-famed lovely daughter, with Lord Rupert's only son; whose virtues, if reports speak truly, render him no undeserving object of her love.'

"A rage, which seemed in an instant to turn my blood into fire, and which almost choked my utterance, took possession of me.

"'What!' exclaimed I, 'what, think you that I would thus sacrifice, *thus* cast away my precious jewèl! thus debase my beloved Ida? No, by her sainted mother, I swear that rather than see her married to *his* son, I would devote her to the cloister! Nay, I would rather see her dead at my feet, than suffer her purity to be sullied by such contamination!'

"'But for the presence of his Highness,' cried Rupert wrathfully, 'your life should instantly answer for this insult! Nathless, I will well mark you, and watch you, too, my lord; and if you escape my revenge, you are more than man.'

" ' Indeed, indeed, my Lord of Unspunnen,' said the Duke, ' you are much too rash. Your passion has clouded your reason; and, believe me, you will live to repent having so scornfully refused my friendly proposal.'

" ' You may judge me rash, my Lord Duke, and perhaps think me somewhat too bold, because I dare assert the truth, in the courts of princes. But since my tongue cannot frame itself to speak that which my heart does not dictate, and my plain but honest manner seems to displease you, I will, with your Highness' permission, withdraw to my own domain; whence I have been but too long absent.'

" ' Undoubtedly, my lord, you have my permission,' said the Duke haughtily; and at the same time turning coldly from me.

" My horse was brought, I mounted him with as much composure as I could command; and I breathed more freely as I left the castle far behind.

" During the second day's journey I arrived within a near view of my own native mountains; and I felt doubly invigorated, as their pure breezes were wafted towards me. Still the fond anxiety of a father for his beloved child, and that child his only treasure, made the way seem doubly long. But as I approached the turn of the road which is immediately in front of my castle, I almost then wished the way lengthened; for my joy, my hopes, and my apprehensions crowded upon me almost to suffocation. ' A few short minutes, however,' I thought, ' and then the truth, ill or good, will be known to me.'

" When I came in full sight of my dwelling, all seemed in peace; nought exhibited any change since I had left it. I spurred my horse on to the gate; but as I advanced, the utter stillness and desertion of all around surprised me. Not a domestic, not a peasant was to be seen in the courts; it appeared as if the inhabitants of the castle were still asleep.

"'Merciful Heaven!' I thought, 'what can this stillness forbode! Is she, is my beloved child dead?'

"I could not summon courage to pull the bell. Thrice I attempted, yet thrice the dread of learning the awful truth prevented me. One moment, one word, even one sign, and I might be a forlorn, childless, wretched man, for ever! None but a father can feel or fully sympathize in the agony of those moments! none but a father can ever fitly describe them! My existence seemed even to depend upon the breath of the first passer by; and my eye shrank from observation lest it should encounter me.

"I was aroused from this inactive state, by my faithful dog springing towards me to welcome my return with his boisterous caresses, and deep and loud toned expressions of his joy. Then, the old porter, attracted by the noise, came to the grate which he instantly opened; but, as he was hurrying forward to meet me, I readily perceived that some sudden and painful recollection checked his eagerness. I leaped from my horse quickly, and entered the hall. All the other domestics now came forward; except my faithful steward Wilfred, he who had been always the foremost to greet his master.

"'Where is my daughter? where is your mistress?' I eagerly exclaimed; 'let me know but that she lives. Yet stop, stop; one moment, one short moment, ere you tell me I am lost for ever!'

"The faithful Wilfred, who had now entered the hall, threw himself at my feet; and with the tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, earnestly pressed my hand, and hesitatingly informed me that my daughter *lived:* was well, he believed, but—had quitted the castle.

"'Now, speak more quickly, old man,' said I hastily, and passionately interrupting him: 'What is it you can mean? my daughter lives; my Ida is well, but she is *not here.* Now, have

you and my vassals proved recreants, and suffered my castle in my absence to be robbed of its greatest treasure? Speak! speak plainly, I command ye!'

"'It is with anguish, as great almost as your own can be, my beloved master, that I make known to you, the sad truth, that your daughter has quitted her father's roof to become the wife of Conrad, the son of the Lord of Wädischwyl.'

"'The wife of Lord Rupert's son! my Ida the wife of the son of him whose very name my soul loathes!'

"My wrath now knew no bounds; the torments of hell seemed to have changed the current of my blood. In the madness of my passion I even cursed my own dear daughter! Yes, Pilgrim, I even cursed her on whom I had so fondly doted; for whose sake alone life for me had any charms. Oh! how often since have I attempted to recall that curse! and these bitter tears, which even now I cannot control, witness how severe has been my repentance of that awful and unnatural act!

"Dreadful were the imprecations which I heaped upon my enemy; and deep was the revenge I swore. I know not to what fearful length my unbridled passion would have hurried me; had I not, from its very excess, sunk senseless into the arms of my domestics. When I recovered, I found myself in my own chamber, and Wilfred seated near me. Sometime, however, elapsed before I came to a clear recollection of the past events; and when I did, it seemed as if an age of crime and misery had weighed me down, and chained my tongue. My eye involuntarily wandered to that part of the chamber where hung my daughter's portrait. But this, the faithful old man,—who had not removed it, no doubt thinking that to do so would have offended me,—had contrived to hide, by placing before it a piece of armour, which seemed as though it had accidentally fallen into that position.

"Many more days elapsed ere I was enabled to listen to the

particulars of my daughter's flight; which I will, not to detain you longer with my griefs, now briefly relate.—It appeared, that urged by the fame of her beauty, and by a curiosity most natural, I confess to youth, Conrad of Wädischwyl had, for a long time sought, but sought in vain, to see my Ida. Chance, at length, however, favoured him. On her way to hear mass at our neighbouring monastery, he beheld her; and beheld her but to love. Her holy errand did not prevent him from addressing her; and well the smooth-tongued villain knew how to gain the ear of one so innocent, so unsuspicious as my Ida! Too soon, alas, did his accursed flatteries win their way to her guiltless heart.

"My child's affection for her father was unbounded; and readily would she have sacrificed her life for mine. But when love has once taken possession of the female heart, too quickly drives he thence those sterner guests, reason and duty. Suffice it therefore to say she was won; and induced to unite herself to Wädischwyl, before my return, by his crafty and insidious argument that I should be more easily persuaded to give them my pardon and my blessing, when I found that the step that she had taken was irrevocable. With almost equal art, he pleaded too that their union would doubtless heal the breach between the families of Wädischwyl and Unsprunnen; and thus terminate that deadly hatred which my gentle Ida, ever the intercessor for peace, had always condemned. By this specious sophistry, my poor misguided child was prevailed upon to tear herself from the heart of a fond parent, to unite herself with an unprincipled deceiver, the son of that parent's most bitter enemy."

The pain of these recollections so overcame Burkhardt, that some time elapsed ere he could master his feelings: at length he proceeded.

"My soul seemed now to have but one feeling, *revenge*. All

other passions were annihilated by this master one; and I instantly prepared myself and my vassals to chastise this worse than robber. But such satisfaction was (I now thank God) denied me; for the Duke of Zähringen soon gave me memorable cause to recollect his parting words. Having attached himself with his numerous followers to my rival's party, these powerful chiefs suddenly invaded my domain. A severe struggle against most unequal numbers ensued. But, at length, though my brave retainers would fain have prolonged the hopeless strife, resolved to stop a needless waste of blood, I left the field to my foes; and, with the remnant of my faithful soldiers, hastened, in deep mortification, to bury myself within these walls. This galling repulse prevented all possibility of reconciliation with my daughter, whom I now regarded as the cause of my disgrace: and consequently, I forbad her name even to be mentioned in my presence.

" Years rolled on: and I had no intelligence of her until I learned by a mere chance that she had with her husband quitted her native land. Altogether, more than twenty, to me long, long years, have now passed since her flight; and though, when time brought repentance, and my anger and revenge yielded to better feelings, I made every effort to gain tidings of my poor child, I have not yet been able to discover any further traces of her. The chance of so doing was indeed rendered more difficult, by the death of my faithful Wilfred, shortly after my defeat, and by the character of his successor; an individual of strict integrity, but of an austere temper and forbidding manners. Here, therefore, have I lived a widowed, childless, heart-broken old man. But I have at least learned to bow to the dispensations of an All-Wise Providence, which has in its justice stricken me, for thus remorselessly cherishing that baneful passion which Holy Law so expressly forbids. Oh! how I have yearned to see my beloved child! how I have longed

to clasp her to this withered, blighted heart! With scalding tears of the bitterest repentance have I revoked those deadly curses, which, in the plenitude of my unnatural wrath, I dared to utter daily. Ceaselessly do I now weary Heaven with my prayers to obliterate all memory of those fatal imprecations; or to let them fall on my own head, and shower down only its choicest blessings on that of my beloved child! But a fear, which freezes my veins with horror, constantly haunts me lest the maledictions which I dared to utter in my moments of demoniac vindictiveness, should, in punishment for my impiety, have been fulfilled.

"Often, in my dreams, do I behold my beloved child; but her looks are always in sadness, and she ever seems mildly but most sorrowfully to upbraid me, for having so inhumanly cast her from me. Yet she must, I fear, have died long ere now; for, were she living, she would not, I think, have ceased to endeavour to régain the affections of a father who once loved her so tenderly. It is true that at first she made many efforts to obtain my forgiveness. Nay, I have subsequently learned that she even knelt at the threshold of my door, and piteously supplicated to be allowed to see me. But my commands had been so peremptory, and, as I before observed, the steward who had replaced Wilfred, was of so stern and unbending a disposition, that, just and righteous as was this her last request, it was unfeelingly denied to her. Eternal Heaven! she whom I had loved as perhaps never father loved before—she whom I had fondly watched almost hourly lest the rude breeze of winter should chill her, or the summer's heat should scorch her—she whom I had cherished in sickness through many a livelong night, with a mother's devotion, and more than a mother's solicitude, even *she*, the only child of my beloved Agnes, and the anxious object of the last moments of her life, was spurned from my door! from this door whence no want goes unrelieved,

and where the very beggar finds rest! And now, when I would bless the lips that even could say to me, 'she lives,' I can no where gather the slightest tidings of my child. Ah, had I listened to the voice of reason, had I not suffered my better feelings to be mastered by the wildest, and fellest passions, I might have seen herself, and perhaps her children, happy around me, cheering the evening of my life. And when my last hour shall come, they would have closed my eyes in peace, and, in unfeigned sorrow have daily addressed to Heaven their innocent prayers for my soul's eternal rest; instead of the hirelings who will now execute the mummery of mourning, and impatiently hurry me to an unlamented, a lonely, and an unhonoured grave. To those children also, would have descended that inheritance which must at my decease fall to an utter stranger, who bears not even my name.

"You now know, Pilgrims, the cause of my grief; and I see by the tears which you have so abundantly shed, that you truly pity the forlorn being before you. Remember him and his sorrows therefore ever in your prayers; and when you kneel at the shrine to which you are bound, let not those sorrows be forgotten."

The elder Pilgrim in vain attempted to answer; the excess of his feelings overpowered his utterance. At length, throwing himself at the feet of Burkhardt, and casting off his Pilgrim's habits, he, with difficulty exclaimed,

"See here, thine Ida's son! and behold in my youthful companion, thine Ida's daughter! Yes, before you kneel the children of her whom you so much lament. We came to sue for that pardon, for that love, which we had feared would have been denied us. But, thanks be to God, who has mollified your heart, we have only to implore that you will suffer us to use our poor efforts to alleviate your sorrows; and render more bright and cheerful your declining years."

In wild and agitated surprise, Burkhardt gazed intently upon them. It seemed to him as if a beautiful vision were before him, which he feared even a breath might dispel. When, however, he became assured that he was under the influence of no delusion, the tumult of his feelings overpowered him, and he sank senselessly on the neck of the elder Pilgrim; who, with his sister's assistance, quickly raised the old man, and by their united efforts restored him, ere long, to his senses. But when Burkhardt beheld the younger Pilgrim, the very image of his lost Ida, bending over him with the most anxious and tender solicitude, he thought that death had ended all his worldly sufferings, and that Heaven had already opened to his view.

"Great God!" at length he exclaimed, "I am unworthy of these thy mercies! Grant me to receive them as I ought! I need not ask," added he, after a pause, and pressing the Pilgrims to his bosom, "for a confirmation of your statement, or of my own sensations of joy. All, all tells me that you are the children of my beloved Ida. Say, therefore, is your mother dead? or dare I hope once more to clasp her to my heart?"

The elder Pilgrim, whose name was Hermann, then stated to him, that two years had passed since his parent had breathed her last in his arms. Her latest prayer was, that Heaven would forgive her the sorrow she had caused her father, and forbear to visit her own error on her children's heads. He then added that his father had been dead many years.

"My mother," continued Hermann, drawing from his bosom a small sealed packet, "commanded me, on her death-bed, to deliver this into your own hands. 'My son,' she said, 'when I am dead, if my father still lives, cast yourself at his feet, and desist not your supplications until you have obtained from him a promise that he will read this prayer. It will acquaint him with a repentance that may incite him to recall his curse; and

thus cause the earth to lie lightly on all that will shortly remain of his once loved Ida. Paint to him the hours of anguish which even your tender years have witnessed. Weary him, my son, with your entreaties; cease them not until you have wrung from him his forgiveness.'

"As you may suppose, I solemnly engaged to perform my mother's request; and as soon as our grief for the loss of so dear, so fond a parent, would permit us, my sister and myself resolved, in these pilgrim's habits, to visit your castle; and, by gradual means, to have attempted to win your affections, if we should have found you still relentless, and unwilling to listen to our mother's prayer."

"Praise be to that God, my son," said Burkhardt," at whose command the waters spring from the barren rock, that he has bidden the streams of love and repentance to flow once more from my once barren and flinty heart. But let me not delay, to open this sad memorial of your mother's griefs. I wish you, my children, to listen to it, that you may hear both her exculpation and her wrongs."

Burkhardt hid his face in his hands, and remained for some moments earnestly struggling with his feelings. At length, he broke the seal; and, with a voice which at times was almost overpowered, read aloud the contents.

"My beloved father,—if by that fond title your daughter may still address you,—feeling that my sad days are now numbered, I make this last effort, ere my strength shall fail me, to obtain at least your pity for her you once so much loved; and to beseech you to recall that curse which has weighed too heavily upon her heart. Indeed, my father, I am not quite that guilty wretch you think me. Do not imagine, that, neglecting every tie of duty and gratitude, I could have left the tenderest of parents to

his widowed lonely home, and have united myself with the son of his sworn foe, had I not fondly, most ardently, hoped, nay, had cherished the idea almost to certainty, that you would, when you found that I was a wife, have quickly pardoned a fault, which the fears of your refusal to our union had alone tempted me to commit. I firmly believed that my husband would then have shared with me my father's love, and have, with his child, the pleasing task of watching over his happiness and comfort. But never did I for an instant imagine that I was permanently wounding the heart of that father. My youth, and the ardour of my husband's persuasions, must plead some extenuation of my fault.

"The day that I learnt the news of your having pronounced against me that fatal curse, and your fixed determination never more to admit me to your presence, has been marked in characters indelible on my memory. At that moment, it appeared as if Heaven had abandoned me, had marked me for its reprobation as a parricide! My brain and my heart seemed on fire, whilst my blood froze in my veins. The chillness of death crept over every limb, and my tongue refused all utterance. I would have wept, but the source of my tears was dried within me.

"How long I remained in this state I know not, as I at length became insensible, and remained so for some days. On returning to a full consciousness of my wretchedness, I would instantly have rushed to your abode, and cast myself at your feet, to wring from you, if possible, your forgiveness of my crime; but my limbs were incapable of all motion. Soon, too, I learned that the letters, which I dictated, were returned unopened; and my husband at last informed me, that all his efforts to see you had been utterly fruitless.

"Yet the moment I had gained sufficient strength, I went to the castle, but, unfortunately for me, even as I entered,

I encountered a stern wretch, to whom my person was not unknown; and he instantly told me that my efforts to see his master would be useless. I used prayers and entreaties; I even knelt upon the bare ground to him. But so far from listening to me, he led me to the gate, and, in my presence, dismissed the old porter who had admitted me, and who afterwards followed my fortunes until the hour of his death. Finding that all my attempts were without hope, and that several of the old servants had been discarded on my account, with a heart completely broken, I succumbed to my fate, and abandoned all farther attempt.

"After the birth of my son (to whose fidelity and love I trust this sad memorial) my husband, who, with the tenderest solicitude, employed every means in his power to divert my melancholy, having had a valuable property in Italy bequeathed to him, prevailed upon me to repair to that favoured and beauteous country. But neither the fond attentions of my beloved Conrad, nor the bright sunshine and luxurious breezes of that region of wonders, could overcome a grief so deeply rooted as mine; and I soon found that the gay garden of Europe had less charms for me, than my own dear native land, with its dark, pine-clad mountains.

"Shortly after we had arrived at Rome, I gave birth to a daughter; an event which was only too soon followed by the death of my affectionate husband. The necessity of ceaseless attention to my infant, in some measure alleviated the intense anguish which I suffered from that most severe loss. Nevertheless, in the very depth of this sorrow which almost overcharged my heart, Heaven only knows how often, and how remorsefully, while bending over my own dear children in sickness, have I called to mind the anxious fondness with which the tenderest and best of fathers used to watch over me!

"I struggled long and painfully with my feelings, and often

did I beseech God to spare my life, that I might be enabled to instruct my children in His holy love and fear, and teach them to atone for the error of their parent. My prayer has in mercy been heard; the boon I supplicated has been granted; and I trust, my beloved father, that if these children should be admitted to your affections, you will find that I have trained up two blessed intercessors for your forgiveness, when it shall have pleased Heaven to have called your daughter to her account before that dread tribunal where a sire's curse will plead so awfully against her. Recall then, oh, beloved parent! recall your dreadful malediction from your poor repentant Ida! and send your blessing as an angel of mercy to plead for her eternal rest. Farewell, my father, for ever! for ever, farewell! By the cross, whose emblem her fevered lips now press; by Him, who in his boundless mercy hung upon that cross, your daughter, your once much loved Ida, implores you, supplicates you, not to let her plead in vain!"

"My child, my child!" sobbed Burkhardt, as the letter dropped from his hand, "may the Father of All forgive me as freely as I from the depths of my wrung heart forgive you! Would that your remorseful father could have pressed you to his heart; with his own lips have assured you of his affection; and wiped away the tears of sorrow from your eyes! But he will cherish these beloved remembrances of you; and will more jealously guard them than his own life."

Burkhardt passed the whole of the following day in his chamber, to which the good Father Jerome alone was admitted; as the events of the preceding day rendered a long repose absolutely necessary. The following morning, however, he entered the hall, where Hermann and Ida were impatiently waiting for

him. His pale countenance still exhibited deep traces of the agitation he had experienced; but having kissed his children most affectionately, he smilingly flung round Ida's neck a massive gold chain, richly wrought, with a bunch of keys appended to it.

"We must duly instal our Lady of the Castle," said he, "and invest her with her appropriate authorities.—But, hark! from the sound of the porter's horn, it seems as if our hostess would have early calls upon her hospitality. Whom have we here?" continued he, looking out up the avenue; "By St. Hubert, a gay and gallant knight is approaching, who shall be right welcome—that is, if my lady approve. Well, Willibald, what bring you? a letter from our good friend the abbot of St. Anselm. What says he?"

"I am sure that you will not refuse your welcome to a young knight, who is returning by your castle to his home, from the emperor's wars. He is well known to me, and I can vouch for his being a guest worthy of your hospitality, which will not be the less freely granted to him, because he does not bask in the *golden* smiles of fortune."

"No, no, that it shall not, my good friend; and if fortune frown upon him, he shall be doubly welcome. Conduct him hither, instantly, good Willibald."

The steward hastened to usher in the stranger, who advanced into the hall, with a modest but manly air. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age; his person was such as might well, in the dreams of a young maiden, occupy no unconspicuous place.

"Sir Knight," said Burkhardt, taking him cordially by the hand, "you are right welcome to my castle, and such poor entertainment as it can afford. We must make you forget

your wounds, and the rough usage of a soldier's life. But, soft, I already neglect my duty, in not first introducing our hostess," added the aged knight, presenting Ida. "By my faith," he continued, "judging from my lady's blushing smile, you seem not to have met for the first time. Am I right in my conjecture?"

"We *have* met, sir," replied Ida, with such confusion as pleasantly implied that the meeting was not indifferently recollected, "in the parlour of the Abbess of the Ursulines, at Munich, where I have sometimes been to visit a much valued friend."

"The abbess," said the young knight, "was my cousin; and my good fortune more than once gave me the happiness of seeing in her convent this lady. But little did I expect that amongst these mountains the fickle goddess would again have so favoured a homeless wanderer.

"Well, Sir Knight," replied Burkhardt, "we trust that fortune has been equally favourable to us. And now we will make bold to ask your name; and then, without useless and tedious ceremony, on the part of ourselves and our hostess, bid you again a hearty welcome."

"My name," said the stranger, "is Walter de Blumfeldt; though humble, it has never been disgraced; and with the blessing of Heaven, I hope to hand it down as honoured as I have received it."

Weeks, months, rolled on, and Walter de Blumfeldt was still the guest of the Lord of Unspunnen; till, by his virtues, and the many excellent qualities which daily more and more developed themselves, he wound himself around Burkhardt's heart; which the chastened life of the old knight had rendered particularly susceptible of the kindlier feelings. Frequently would he now, with tears in his eyes, declare that he wished he could convince

each and all with whom his former habits had caused any difference, how truly he forgave them, and desired their forgiveness.

"Would," said he one day, in allusion to this subject, "that I could have met my old enemy, the Duke of Zähringen, and with a truly heartfelt pleasure and joy have embraced him, and numbered him amongst my friends. But he is gathered to his fathers, and I know not whether he has left any one to bear his honours."

Each time that Walter had offered to depart, Burkhardt had found some excuse to detain him; for it seemed to him that in separating from his young guest, he should lose a link of that chain which good fortune had so lately woven for him. Hermann, too, loved Walter as a brother; and Ida fain would have imagined that she loved him as a sister: but her heart more plainly told her what her colder reasoning sought to hide. Unspunnen, who had for some time perceived the growing attachment between Walter and Ida, was not displeased at the discovery, as he had long ceased to covet riches; and had learnt to prize the sterling worth of the young knight, who fully answered the high terms in which the Prior of St. Anselm always spoke of him. Walking one evening under the shade of that very avenue where he had first encountered Hermann and Ida, he perceived the latter, at some little distance, in conversation with Walter. It was evident to Burkhardt that the young knight was not addressing himself to a very unwilling ear, as Ida was totally regardless of the loud cough with which Burkhardt chose to be seized at that moment; nor did she perceive him, until he exclaimed, or rather vociferated,

"Do you know, Walter, that, under this very avenue, two pilgrims, bound to some holy shrine, once accosted me; but that, in pity to my sins and forlorn condition, they exchanged their penitential journey for an act of greater charity; and have

Painted by C. Corsini

Engraved by

ever since remained to extend their kind cares to an aged and helpless relative but too little worthy of their love. One, however, of these affectionate beings is now about to quit my abode, and to pass through the rest of this life's pilgrimage with a helpmate in his toilsome journey, in the person of the fair daughter of the Baron de Leichtfeldt; and thus leave his poor companion to battle the storms of the world, with only the tedious society of an old man. Say, Sir Knight, will thy valour suffer that such wrong be done; or wilt *thou* undertake to conduct this forsaken pilgrim on her way, and guide her through the chequered paths of this variable life? I see by the lowliness with which you bend, and the colour which mantles in your cheek, that I speak not to one insensible to an old man's appeal. But soft, soft, Sir Knight, my Ida is not yet canonized, and therefore cannot afford to lose a hand, which inevitably must occur, if you continue to press it with such very ardent devotion. But what says our pilgrim, does she accept of thy conduct and service, Sir Knight?"

Ida, scarcely able to support herself, threw herself on Burkhardt's neck. We will not raise the veil which covers the awful moment that renders a man, as he supposes, happy or miserable for ever. Suffice it to say, that the day which made Hermann the husband of the daughter of the Baron de Leichtfeldt, saw Ida the wife of Walter de Blumfeldt.

Six months had passed rapidly away to the happy inhabitants of Unspunnen; and Burkhardt seemed almost to have grown young again; such wonders did the tranquillity which now reigned within him perform. He was therefore one of the most active and foremost in the preparations, which were necessary, in consequence of Walter suggesting that they should spend Ida's birth-day in a favorite retreat of his and hers. This chosen spot was a beautiful meadow, in front

of which meandered a small limpid river, or rather stream; at the back was a gorgeous amphitheatre of trees, the wide spreading branches of which cast a refreshing shade over the richly enameled grass.

In this beauteous retreat, were Burkhardt, Walter, and his Ida, passing the sultry hours of noon, with all that flow of mirth which careless hearts can alone experience; when Walter, who had been relating some of his adventures at the Court of the Emperor, and recounting the magnificence of the tournaments, turning to his bride, said;

"But what avails all that pomp, my Ida. How happy are we in this peaceful vale! we envy neither princes nor dukes their palaces, or their states. These woods, these glades, are worth all the stiffly trimmed gardens of the Emperor, and the great Monarch of France, to boot. What say you, my Ida, could you brook the ceremony of a court, and the pride of royalty? Methinks even the coronet of a duchess would but ill replace the wreath of blushing roses on your head."

"Gently, my good husband," replied Ida, laughing, "they say, you know, that a woman loves these vanities too dearly in her heart, ever to despise them. Then how can you expect so frail a mortal as your poor wife to hold them in contempt? Indeed, I think," added she, assuming an air of burlesque dignity, "that I should make a lofty duchess, and wear my coronet with most becoming grace. And now, by my faith, Walter, I recollect that you have this day, like a true and gallant knight, promised to grant whatever boon I shall ask. On my bended knee, therefore, I humbly sue that if you know any spell or magic wile, to make a princess or a duchess for only a single day, that you will forthwith exercise your art upon me; just in order to enable me to ascertain with how much or how little dignity I could sustain such honours. It is no very difficult matter, Sir Knight: you have only to call in the

aid of Number Nip, or some such handy workman of the woods. Answer, most chivalrous husband, for thy disconsolate wife rises not until her prayer is granted."

"Why, Ida, you have indeed craved a rare boon," replied Walter, "and how to grant it may well puzzle my brain, till it becomes crazed with the effort. But, let me see, let me see," continued he, musingly; "I have it!—Come hither, love, here is your throne," said he, placing her on a gentle eminence richly covered with the fragrant wild thyme and the delicate harebell; "kings might now envy you the incense which is offered to you. And you, noble sir," added he, addressing Burkhardt, "must stand beside her Highness, in quality of chief counsellor. There are your attendants around you: behold that tall oak, he must be your Highness' poursuivant; and yonder slender mountain ashes, your trusty pages."

"This is but a poor fulfilment of the task you have undertaken, Sir mummer," said Ida, with a playful, and arch affectation of disappointment.

"Have patience for a brief while, fair dame," replied Walter, laughing; "for now must I awaken your Highness' men at arms."

Then, taking from his side, a silver horn, he loudly sounded the melodious reveillée. As he withdrew the instrument from his lips, a trumpet thrillingly answered to the call; and scarcely had its last notes died away, when, from the midst of the woods, as if the very trees were gifted with life, came forth a troop of horsemen, followed by a body of archers on foot. They had but just entirely emerged, when numerous peasants, both male and female, appeared in their gayest attire; and, together with the horsemen and the archers, rapidly and picturesquely ranged themselves in front of the astonished Ida, who had already abdicated her throne, and clung to the arm of Walter. They then suddenly divided; and twelve pages in richly em-

blazoned dresses advanced. After them followed six young girls, whose forms and features the Graces might have envied, bearing two coronets placed on embroidered cushions. In the rear of these, supporting his steps with his abbatial staff, walked the venerable Abbot of St. Anselm; who, with his white beard flowing almost to his girdle, and his benign looks, that showed the pure commerce of the soul which gave life to an eye, the brightness of which seventy years had scarcely diminished, seemed to Ida a being of another world. The young girls then advancing, and kneeling before Walter, and his wife, presented the coronets.

Ida, who had remained almost breathless with wonder, could now scarcely articulate,

"Dear, dear Walter, what is all this pomp—what does—what *can* it mean?"

"Mean! my beloved," replied her husband, "did you not bid me make you a Duchess? I have but obeyed your high commands, and I now salute you, *Duchess* of Zähringen!"

The whole multitude then made the woods resound with the acclamation,

"*Long live the Duke, and Duchess of Zähringen!*"

Walter, having for some moments enjoyed the unutterable amazement of the now breathless Ida, and the less evident but perhaps equally intense surprise of Burkhardt, turning to the latter, said,

"My more than father, you see in me the son of your once implacable enemy, the Duke of Zähringen. He has been many years gathered to his fathers; and I, as his only son, have succeeded to his title, and his large possessions. My heart, my liberty, were entirely lost in the parlour of the Abbess of the Ursulines. But when I learnt whose child my Ida was, and your sad story, I resolved ere I would make her mine, to win not only her love, but also your favour and esteem. How well

I have succeeded, this little magic circle on my Ida's finger is my witness. It will add no small measure to your happiness, to know that my father had for many years repented of the wrongs which he had done you; and, as much as possible to atone for them, entrusted the education of his son to the care of this my best of friends, the Abbot of St. Anselm, that he might learn to shun the errors into which his sire had unhappily fallen. And now," continued he, advancing, and leading Ida towards the Abbot, "I have only to beg your blessing, and that this lady, whom through Heaven's goodness I glory to call my wife, be invested with those insignia of the rank which she is so fit to adorn."

Walter, or as we must now call him, the Duke of Zähringen, with Ida, then lowly knelt before the venerable Abbot; whilst the holy man, with tears in his eyes, invoked upon them the blessings of Heaven. His Highness then rising, took one of the coronets, and placing it on Ida's head, said,

"Mayst thou be as happy under this glittering coronet, as thou wert under the russet hood, in which I first beheld thee."

"God and our Lady aid me!" replied the agitated Ida; "and may He grant that I may wear it with as much humility. Yet thorns, they say, spring up beneath a crown."

"True, my beloved," said the Duke, "and they also grow beneath the peasant's homely cap. But the rich alchemy of my Ida's virtues will ever convert all thorns into the brightest jewels of her diadem."

STANZAS

ON THE RUINS OF HOLYROOD CHAPEL, AT BLITHEBURGH, IN SUFFOLK.

'Tis sweet, in Blitheburgh's desolated pile,
  Lone musing, at the close of summer's day,
To watch the western sun's departing smile
  Gilding the wrecks of grandeur past away,
  Where, o'er the mouldering arches, rent and grey,
The ivy wreaths in wild profusion spread,
  Mantling the ruthless progress of decay,
And tangled briars impede the stranger's tread,
And guard the silent chambers of the dead.

The dead! Where are they? I have gazed around
  The hallowed precincts of the ruined fane,
In search of stone or undulating mound,
  To point one mortal resting place, in vain;
  The very graves of that forgotten train
Who worshipped in this temple, are no more;
  Time's wasting hand hath swept the burial plain,
And dark Oblivion waves his banner o'er
Those frail memorials of the days of yore.

Fame keeps no vigils o'er the nameless dust
  Here rudely mingled in its last repose;
No record tells who sleep in holy trust
  'Neath the green turf, on which the wilder rose
  And harebell bloom; nor grey tradition shows

In oral verse or sable lettered page,
Or legendary lore, a tale of those
Who slumber here, or warrior, saint, or sage,
The wise or valiant of a vanished age.

The tenant of the castle and the cot
Are here united in one common fate;
Their woes, their crimes, their glories are forgot,
And all the proud distinctions of the great,
Wealth, fame, and envied dignity, and state,
Are levelled now—the cold, unconscious clod
Reveals no secrets, and preserves no date
Of aught that rests beneath the peaceful sod,
Waiting the last dread summons of its God.

Strange generations of forgotten men
Have thronged the portals of this crumbling fane,
In the long course of bygone ages, when
It towered in gothic grandeur o'er the plain,
And echoed with the organ's pealing strain;
While from the springing windows high aloof
The sunbeams glanced through many a pictured stain
On banners blazoned rich of silken woof,
That streamed from pillared arch or fretted roof.

Here the pale cloistered votress sought the shrine
To pray, to meditate, or weep alone;
And knightly chiefs, to muse on themes divine,
Kept fast and vigil at the altar stone;
But altar, shrine, and votary are gone,
The choir is hushed, and now the lapwing's cry
From Bulcamp's marshy meads in plaintive tone,
And the wild sea-wind as it rushes by
Sweeps through the roofless pile its funeral melody.

Here the sweet linnet pours her vesper song
  Amidst the ivied covert where she broods,
And the breeze sighs the whispering reeds among,
  And shakes the slumbering mist from Henham woods,
  That crown in leafy pride these solitudes,
And bound with softest tints of varied green,
  The distant view from ocean's murmuring floods,
And fairest seem when evening's deep serene
To holiest musings consecrates the scene.

THE CHANGE.

Unclouded shone Hope's brilliant beam,
  With bright celestial ray;
And like a lovely fairy dream,
  My young hours flew away.

Ah yes! they flew—those happy hours!
  Bright blossoms quickly fade;
And the sweet dreams in childhood ours,
  Are all too soon decayed.

They cannot last! but memory,
  To tell of pleasures fled,
Still lives—would memory too could die,
  Or, oh! that I were dead!

For now, that Hope's last ray is gone,
  Sure Lethe's dream would bless;
In grief to think of bliss that's flown,*
  Adds pangs to wretchedness.

* "Nessun maggior dolore, che ricordarsi
Del tempo felice, nella miseria!"—Dante.

THE SILVER LADY.

My father possessed no estates, but so much wealth that a life of affluence seemed assured both to him, and to myself, his only son. We avoided, however, every expense; and when his economy did not at all accord with my youthful wishes, he said drily,

"Independence is more valuable in my eyes than any other possession; and to retain it, I must be careful of my property. An old proverb says, 'It is better to be envied than to be pitied.'"

We remained of a different opinion, even to the day of his death. I fully believed the universal idea that my father was an absolute Crœsus; and I was invariably supported in this opinion by a crowd of friends, who disliked my father's parsimony quite as much as I did. I would have willingly prolonged my stay at the University, where I led a very gay and agreeable life; but the intelligence of my father's sudden death recalled me home. In spite of all his unwelcome economy, I had tenderly loved him; and I felt infinitely more grief at his death, than joy at the prospect of my inheritance. Consequently, I deferred from day to day looking at the papers of the deceased to ascertain the extent of my wealth.

At last, I commenced my examination; which had a very different result from what I had expected. My search soon terminated; and I found that my inheritance, so splendid in imagination, scarcely sufficed in reality to satisfy my creditors.

I had often heard that on similar occasions very dear friends are occasionally transformed into very bitter foes; but experience alone can give full force and comprehension to such a commonplace maxim. Mine, however, was now to be the lot

to thoroughly believe and understand it. I had associated intimately with many; and I imagined them to be sincerely attached to me. But now, they shrugged their shoulders—said the affair was strange—quite inexplicable—indeed, it was *extraordinary* how completely *they* had been deceived! But certainly *I* ought not to have founded my expectations on mere imagination. Most assuredly *I* was very much to blame!

Many were the similar phrases and reproaches which a poor man is frequently doomed to endure from his rich friends. How often, then, did my father's favourite maxim, "it is better to be envied than to be pitied," recur to me! But repining was vain. My little inheritance was soon in the hands of my creditors; and, as I found there was no reversion for me, I resolved to seek some employment by which I might support myself. After many a violent struggle with my pride, in this intention, I at last applied to the individuals who had already exhibited to me so much selfishness, and ingratitude. But, as I had anticipated, I was refused roughly, or sent away with empty promises.

I then determined to enter the Russian service; and to hide my humiliation and wounded feelings, far from my native land.

On the third night of my journey, I had the memorable dream which eventually decided my fate.

I thought that I was in a most beautiful garden, which I had often previously seen in my visions, but never when awake. It was beautifully and tastefully disposed after the English fashion; though, at that time, the knowledge of this foreign mode of horticultural arrangement was very rare in Germany. Among the most fragrant flowers and stately shrubs, the mossy roof of a small hermitage was conspicuous, on which the fiery rays of the setting sun shone flickeringly through the branches of the trees. While I was examining the flowers,

especially a many-leaved dazzling white rose, of a species I had never before seen, the door of the hermitage opened, and a maiden advanced. I shall not describe her further than by saying that I was so struck by her beauty that I stood as if rooted to the spot, and I knew not whether to consider the hermitage an earthly edifice, or the porch of Heaven, at which an angel appeared. Her dress was snow white and curiously embroidered with silver stars, as if to signify that her home was not the earth. She took up a watering pan which stood near her, and refreshed the drooping plants around, an action so human, that it induced me to believe, in spite of her singular attire, and preternatural beauty, that it was a mortal I saw, though the fairest that had ever wandered among flowers. She now passed, and gracefully inclined her head to me; but in the delight which this courtesy occasioned me, I awoke.

I was now obliged to think of pursuing my journey; but while I was at breakfast in the public room of the inn, I heard two strangers speaking in ecstacies of a splendid rosa unica, which was now in bloom in the Bentheim garden. I had always been very fond of flowers, and was the more desirous to see this rare and beautiful plant, as its description recalled to me that which I had beheld in my dream. In consequence of my inquiries, I was directed to a village; in the vicinity of which I found a magnificent garden, laid out, to my surprise, chiefly in the English style. I was enchanted by the variety of natural beauty in this lovely valley, now towering into stately rocks and hills, and now abounding in the most fragrant shrubs and flowing streams.

Amidst the collection of brilliant flowers and plants which the gardener pointed out to my notice, I had almost forgotten the rosa unica, when he turned into a side walk. I followed him, and suddenly found myself in the well-remembered spot

I had seen in my dream. The white rose bloomed before me; and conspicuous in the red evening light, surrounded too by the most fragrant flowers and beautiful shrubs, appeared the mossy roof of the small hermitage. While I gazed around me in an amazement almost amounting to terror, the door of this building opened, and an angelic figure, clothed in white, advanced from it. It was the counterpart of the lovely vision I had beheld! Nothing was wanting but the silver stars on the spotless drapery. Then, as though fate had ordained that even their actions should correspond, she took the watering-pan, and gracefully refreshed the thirsty plants around her.

The gardener whispered to me,

"That is my young lady; we must not disturb her—she likes to walk here alone, in the evening."

When I turned away with my conductor, she perceived me. She slightly started; and a faint blush overspread her countenance; but quickly recovering herself, with the same gentle grace which had enchanted me in my dream, she inclined her head to me as she passed, and then slowly withdrew.

No words can express the thrilling feelings which this marvellous coincidence excited in me. Even those who may be the least disposed to regard dreams as possessing any mystic connection with the world of life and reality, yet, if in my place, could not have failed to acknowledge that this entire fulfilment of all the minutest particulars of mine, was almost miraculous. In my heart, I confess, it engendered the idea that some close intercourse between the lady and myself was destined to ensue; and already my wishes rambled out of the dusky sphere of anxiety, into the bright land of hope.

I heard now from my conductor that the name of this lovely creature was Adelaide; and that she was the daughter of the Baron Bentheim, to whom the castle and the extensive lands around belonged.

The design of the garden was almost entirely the work of the young lady, whose brother, a major in the Prussian service, and now in the field, frequently sent her the most rare and precious plants. The gardener was unwearied in praise of his fair mistress.

"Beautiful as she is," said he, "her loveliness is almost eclipsed by her goodness of heart. A celebrated General lately solicited her hand; and the young lady, solely to please her father, gave her consent. But, soon after the betrothment, an extraordinary circumstance broke off the engagement. The bridegroom retracted his promise, and quarelled with the father of his bride, who challenged him; but, shortly before the day fixed for the duel, the General suddenly died."

Again, the whole current of my feelings changed; the demon of curiosity was now at work within me, and I was anxious to hear the particulars of this strange circumstance. After repeated urgency, and much mysterious hesitation, the gift of a much larger sum than my necessities justified me in bestowing, induced the still reluctant menial to communicate to me the following strange detail.

One evening, when there were a great many guests in the castle, and also a detachment of military, the General insisted on occupying an apartment which went by the name of "*The Silver Lady's chamber.*" It had been long uninhabited, as it possessed but a very evil repute, in consequence of the ill deeds which, it was asserted, had once been perpetrated within it.

All the histories, however, that were related to the General, respecting the apartment, only served to excite his ridicule, and to render him more anxious to fulfil his resolution. At last, the Baron, who, probably, did not himself give credence to the reports, yielded to his wishes; and ordered the room to be prepared for his guest.

What occurred to the General, in that chamber, the gardener did not know. He could only repeat to me the results of his visit, which certainly were such as to justify the suspicion of the existence of some mystery; and to excite the most eager curiosity to fathom it.

The consequence of this strange tale was, that I became doubly anxious to be introduced to the Baron. But he was then at court: and, after some consideration, I remembered that my present circumstances were not such as to obtain for me a very favourable reception from one so wealthy as was the father of the lady I admired. I, therefore, resolved to continue my journey; and, with this determination, I returned to the city. I lay down to rest, with the wish to see once more, at least in my dreams, the lovely Adelaide. But my disquietude of mind banished both dreams and sleep. Innumerable were the projects that floated in my brain—my vision and its marvellous fulfilment seemed to call on me to take some step to win so fair a prize as the lovely girl I had seen, however hopeless such an undertaking might at first appear.

After forming and rejecting many rash plans, I at last resolved to introduce myself to the Baron, and to offer him my services under a feigned name.

With this purpose, I rose early; and proceeded to the Bentheim garden, to endeavour to ascertain precisely when its noble owner might be expected. After wandering about for some time, I met my former companion, the gardener.

"How fortunate, Sir," exclaimed he, "that you are here. The Baron is returned, and you may be introduced to him now, if you wish it."

This announcement for the moment confounded me; and, with that strange, but common perversity, which frequently induces us to shrink from an unexpected fulfilment of our desires, I at first wished to decline the proposal. But the gar-

dener having stated that the Baron had inquired about the stranger who had visited his grounds on the previous evening, and expressed his regret that he was absent, I resolved to comply. My companion then made a sign to one of his assistants, who soon returned with the intelligence that his Lord expected me.

The Baron received me very politely. He spoke much of the new style of gardening, and listened attentively to my arguments in its favour. In the course of conversation, some allusion induced him to ask my name. In spite of all my previous preparation, I coloured deeply as I uttered the borrowed title of Ferdinand. I then told him the course of my studies, adding, that I was now in search of a situation. The Baron appeared pleased by this declaration; and, in a very kind manner, gave me to understand that he required an agent to assist him in conducting his affairs; adding, with a singular affability, and a confidence that entirely surprised me, that this office was at my service, if I chose to accept it, until some more eligible employment presented itself.

I was most grateful; and our arrangements were soon concluded; though it was so painful to me to receive a stated salary, that my hesitation on this point would, probably, have betrayed me, had not Adelaide fortunately at that moment entered the room. I looked upon her but once; and quickly agreed to the terms. What is the humiliation to which I would not have submitted for such a reward?

I thus became an inmate of her abode, and daily saw the idol of my heart, who every moment appeared to me more fascinating. The whole family was under her control; but she never abused the unlimited power which her father entrusted to her; and when she did firmly maintain her own opinion in opposition to that of others, the result invariably proved the superiority of her understanding.

I was soon thoroughly acquainted with the affairs committed

to my charge, and with the localities of my new abode. Most fortunately I conducted my superintendence to the perfect satisfaction of the Baron; and where my knowledge failed, Adelaide assisted me with her advice.

Whenever I proposed any alteration in a ruined tower which was by far the oldest part of the castle, the Baron invariably interrupted me by saying,

"Let it remain as it is for the present."

I soon observed that the most persuasive arguments failed to induce him to consent to any change or embellishment in the dilapidated building. On such occasions, recollection often occurred to me of that chamber, where, according to the gardener's report, Adelaide's bridegroom had suffered from the agency of some mysterious power. No one had been able to communicate to me any additional particulars on the subject. But at this period an unexpected occurrence brought it more under my view.

The Seven Years' War at that time was frequently the cause of our receiving military guests. Two young officers were quartered in the castle; who were the more welcome as they were acquaintances of the Baron's son, and could give much welcome information with regard to him. One evening, while they were present, the conversation chanced to turn on ghosts. Some of the assembled persons asserted, and others denied their existence, as is usually the case in such discussions. No one had ever actually seen a spectre; and all agreed in the wish to be ocularly convinced of the existence of supernatural beings. The younger of the officers at last mentioned having heard of a *Silver Lady* who haunted the castle; and asked the Baron whether she had ever appeared to him.

My curiosity was instantly intensely excited; but the Baron evaded the question, and related many anecdotes of apparitions which had always been eventually explained as deceptions, occasioned either by accident or by fear. The Baron, as it

seemed to me, was studiously and designedly pursuing this theme, when the officer, who was slightly inebriated, suddenly demanded, with all the reckless audacity of wine—

"Whether the circumstances that had happened to the General were also a deception?"

Bentheim became visibly embarrassed, and could not deny that the occurrence was quite inexplicable to him.

"Though," continued he, "it is useless for us to attempt the solution of this mystery. To me, at least, the general never related the events of that night, and I see," added he, with a feeble smile, and a painfully visible effort at jocularity, "no necessity for attributing them to a ghost."

Both officers now insisted on examining the mysterious chamber themselves; the opposition of the Baron and the agitation of Adelaide only serving to inflame their curiosity."

"We are resolved," said they, "to pass the night in that room. How do we know that our visit may not be productive of some startling incidents like those which we find in comedies and romances?"

I offered to share their nocturnal watch, saying, that I had often heard similar adventures could only be successfully accomplished by three persons. They gladly agreed to my proposal, and Bentheim, also, at last consented. He whispered some words to his daughter; and a few minutes afterwards he desired her to cause the chamber of the *Silver Lady* to be prepared for their guests.

In a short time, the two officers and I, rising from table, and eager to encounter the mysterious adventure we anticipated, bade farewell to our host and his lovely daughter; and proceeded to the eventful apartment, which we found prepared for our reception.

Our arms lay on a table; numerous candles lighted every part of the room; some sofas, in case we should be fatigued,

were spread with mattresses and coverlets; and in a niche in the wall there stood a bed. In the centre of the room, there was a round table, on which were placed wine and spirits, and a speaking trumpet and a large bell enabled us to alarm the house, if necessary.

We closely examined all the arrangements, lighted up every corner, and carefully inspected the windows and doors. We then seated ourselves at the round table, animating our courage by bumpers of wine, and agreeing on the different parts we were to act in the expected nocturnal drama.

Midnight approached, and every thing remained as still as death. Our conversation was exhausted; our eyelids began to droop; in vain we reminded each other of the necessity of watchfulness—sleep maintained its rights.

A loud and repeated knocking roused us. We sprang from our seats, and for a moment gazed on each other in speechless consternation. The lights burned dimly: but another glance revealed to us the bright rays of day streaming through the crevices in the shutters. The next moment, however, determined our doubts; a servant entered, and asked us whether we wished to breakfast alone, or with the family?

Somewhat disappointed at the failure of our expectations, and not very certain whether we had missed the adventure, or the adventure had missed us, we gave the necessary answer, and shortly afterwards quitted the scene of our defeat. We expected to be received with sportive mockery, and to hear many satirical observations on our prowess. But the Baron merely asked whether we had been disturbed during the night; and on our candidly confessing that we had slept soundly through the whole of it, he drily remarked, that we should have shown more wisdom if we had suppressed our idle curiosity altogether.

Both the strangers now began to show their wit at the ex-

pense of ghosts and ghost seers. The Baron listened patiently for some time; and, at last, asked, with seeming carelessness, whether they were inclined to encounter another night of danger? The officers quickly answered in the affirmative, and appeared rather offended by the question. But Bentheim continued, very composedly,

"You have spoken: and I shall now acquaint you with a deception which has been practised on you. When, yesterday, you expressed a wish to pass the night in the suspicious chamber, I thought your design a mere ebullition of youthful levity, and I consequently opposed it. You urged me still more; and then, I seemed to accede. But still desiring to protect you from the results which might have proceeded from a compliance with your desire, I resorted to a stratagem. You believe that you have tempted fate and tried your courage, in the haunted chamber; but you have only occupied one of the common rooms of the castle, in which no extraordinary event was likely to occur. *Perhaps* this is the reason why you have remained undisturbed. Since yesterday, however, I imagine I have become better acquainted with your disposition; and I now think that I owe you a reparation for the deceit which I have practised upon you. If, therefore, your courage is not damped by your first trial, I now faithfully promise you, you shall certainly pass the coming night in *The Silver Lady's chamber*. Consider well, however, whether your intrepidity is equal to the adventure; and then let me know your resolution. I must also mention, that whatever may befal you, no practical jest shall be attempted against you, either by myself, or by any of my family. I pledge you, I repeat, my word of honour, that no one shall presume, by any deception, to alarm or to disturb you."

This speech made a visible impression on the strangers. The serious tone of the Baron showed that, in his estimation

at least, there really was some peril in this undertaking; and their imagination had free course to wander in the most fearful regions of the world of spirits. But as they could not refuse the Baron's proposal without declaring their previous boldness to be mere idle boasting, they reasserted their willingness to risk the adventure.

"I expected this firmness from you," said Bentheim; "but do not imagine your enterprise to be unimportant. I fear that you may this night be compelled to encounter sights which pass human understanding. Prepare, therefore, to meet with intrepidity whatever awaits you. I repeat to you, that I know nothing myself of the appalling secrets of that room; for I, as well as my parents, were solemnly enjoined by our ancestors, never to enter it; and the General, as you are already aware, never revealed to any one what he saw within it."

Much conversation followed; but nothing tending to throw any light on the affair.

At supper, the Baron was unusually gloomy and taciturn. He drank no wine himself; and advised us to be equally abstinent, or at least to postpone our indulgence in it until the time for our vigils arrived; when, he added impressively, we might be found to need its sustaining power. Shortly afterwards, we all repaired to the celebrated chamber.

Here were evident traces of desolation; and the difference between this room and that in which we had slept the night before, was most striking.

A modern table, and three new chairs, which had been brought into the room for the three guests, formed a disagreeable contrast to the rest of the antiquated, mouldering furniture, and still further heightened the general aspect of decay. In the recess of a walled-up gothic window there stood an altar of ancient architecture, richly carved with figures of saints. There was only one other window in the room, whence nothing was

visible but an opposite wing of the castle, in which not even one solitary light denoted the vicinity of a living being.

In the mean time, we arranged ourselves as comfortably as possible. The flask of wine which was to inspire us with courage, was soon exhausted. We then imagined all the most horrible possibilities, in the hope of surpassing the reality; and thus prepared for the worst, we resolved to encounter any phantom or terrific object that might present itself, with composure.

Midnight now drew near—I strongly recommended that we should, in conjunction, closely examine every corner of the room; but my companions were not to be moved from their seats. I reproved their apathy to advice, which in the course of an hour might be very differently viewed by them. But in vain I insisted; for a brief time they struggled ineffectually against the dominion of sleep; at last, it completely overpowered them in spite of all my endeavours to keep them on the alert.

I was now as solitary as if alone in the mysterious chamber. The profound slumber of my companions appeared to me unnatural; and this idea increased the horror which must seize even the most intrepid mind, in such a situation, and at such a time. In vain, did I endeavour to imitate my companions, and summon unconsciousness to my aid. My excited imagination drove me from my seat, and I wandered restlessly through the room. How often did I then execrate the idle curiosity which had led me to investigate the mysteries of this fearful chamber. The slightest creaking in the mouldering, worm-eaten furniture, startled me as announcing the near approach of some terrific phantom; and at such moments, I could scarcely refrain from rushing from the room to seek refuge and protection in the inhabited parts of the castle.

And why, it may be asked, did I not now put into practice the advice which I had given my companions, and minutely

search the apartment? I know not; unless terror was the cause. I feared to look, to move, almost to breathe, for it seemed to my enervated mind as though the slightest motion might conjure into existence some loathsome vision. A faint, glimmering light, that I now, for the first time, perceived through the window in the opposite wing of the castle, which before had been perfectly dark, was somewhat consolatory to me. Its movement seemed to denote that there was one waking being besides myself in the vicinity of this fearful chamber; perhaps, stationed there by the Baron, through anxiety for ourselves.

While I was rejoicing in my reanimated courage, I suddenly heard a low, but distinct knocking at the door! A slight shudder, which, however, I soon suppressed, prevented me from immediately admitting my nocturnal visitor; and the knocking was repeated more loudly. I took a pistol under my arm; and, with a light in my hand, I approached the well bolted door. In the meantime, I heard behind me, a low call; and turning round, a female figure met my eyes, in the act of entering the room, by a concealed door in the tapestry. She wore a veil curiously embroidered with silver stars; and her height and appearance strikingly reminded me of the figure I had seen in my dream. For a moment, I gazed upon her in doubt, amazement, and awe; but soon she re-assured me by removing its covering from her face; and—and *Adelaide* stood before me! The surprise which I experienced was about to escape in an ejaculation; but she put her finger on her lips, as a sign for silence.

The mystery of the chamber was now disclosed to me. Adelaide was a somnambulist. My terror of the world of spirits now yielded to one quite as agitating, which destroyed the happiness, which the presence of the beloved of my heart must otherwise have occasioned me. How probable was it that my companions might awake, and what embarrassments and

difficulties would the detection of this strange meeting occasion to Adelaide, to myself, and to us all. This apprehension instantly obtaining the predominancy of my mind, I expressed it to her; but she smiled, and said,

"Be tranquil, dear *Huwald*. These sleepers will not disturb us."

I started when she addressed me by my real name. She observed my astonishment, and continued,

"Ferdinand, you need not attempt to disguise yourself to me. Believe me, I sincerely wish for your happiness: it is as dear to me as my own."

I was enchanted by these words; and by the confidential tone in which she addressed me. I was therefore most careful not to be excited by my feelings to give utterance to *her* name; which it is said invariably awakens sleepwalkers.

How long we conversed I know not; for the minutes flew with an inconceivable swiftness. At last, she prepared to depart; but previously to our separation, she asked me whether I would grant her one request. Eagerly and passionately I promised to fulfil every wish of hers, that was within the range of possibility; and entreated her to name it. She then requested me to give her my ring, as a remembrance of that hour. The pledge she desired was an extremely old family jewel; and so valued by me, that even to her I parted with it reluctantly. But who could refuse the first request of his beloved? I took it quickly from my finger; and placed it myself on her fair white hand.

"When you next see this ring on my finger," said she, with sudden, singular, and almost appalling solemnity, "think of your promise. Guess my wishes, and scrupulously fulfil them, even if I should not utter them."

We were then standing before the recess which contained the altar.

"Ferdinand," said she sorrowfully, "will you ever remain faithful to your love?"

This, was the first word of avowed affection which I had ever heard from her lips; and I vehemently protested my fidelity with a thousand asseverations.

"Never cease to remember the oath you have sworn before this altar," she rejoined; and then added, with an admonitory and indelible impressiveness, "If you were to break it, I should be compelled to fearfully persecute you."

With these words she advanced towards the door. I now entreated her to give me also a remembrance of our meeting; and pointed to one of her bright golden locks. She looked sadly at me; and said imploringly,

"Do not persist in this request, Ferdinand; for, believe me, my compliance with it would not increase your happiness. On the contrary, it might cause you to cease to love me; and every kind of misfortune would pursue you. Trust to my words, and urge me no more."

She then quickly escaped through the secret door by which she had entered. When however I endeavoured to open it to catch at least a last glance of her, the lock withstood all my efforts.

Rejoiced at the bright future which opened to my view, I seated myself beside my now waking companions; and evaded their questions by pretended drowsiness, till at last sleep really mastered my imagination; and many gay and terrific visions floated confusedly before my eyes.

Morning had scarcely dawned, when Bentheim sent to inquire for his guests. The officers were ashamed to confess that they had again slept through the whole night; and, probably in the hope of escaping ridicule, they pretended to be highly offended, insisting that the master of the house had wished to alarm them by idle fears, which he knew to be unfounded and vague.

They were obliged, however, to confess that during their sleep, many strange events might have occurred; and thus was the dispute finally adjusted, and thus terminated my companions' share in this wanton exploit.

A considerable time elapsed after the family had assembled at breakfast, before Adelaide made her appearance; and when she did enter, I thought her unusually pale. I asked whether she had passed a restless night?

"On the contrary," she smilingly replied, "I slept so singularly soundly, that I heard nothing of the violent storm."

"Has there really been a storm?" demanded I.

"Well, certainly," rejoined the Baron laughing, "no one can doubt the intrepidity of a person, who, in expectation of a mysterious adventure, could sleep through such a storm as that which occurred last night. I should have thought that the mere rattling of stones in your vicinity must have wakened you. The storm almost knocked down the old tower. I assure you, I was in much anxiety on your account; and was once even on my way to your room."

I thought of the light which I had seen during the night in an opposite window, and I related how welcome this social gleam had been to me. The Baron appeared astonished, and assured me that the wing of the castle in which I had beheld the light was utterly uninhabited. I did not attempt to establish my assertion; but fearing to betray my secret, declared the possibility of the light having been a mere reflection.

During this conversation, more reports were brought of the damage occasioned by the storm. An aged steward of the name of Hartmann insisted urgently on the necessity of repairing the old tower, which had chiefly suffered. The Baron consented with a smile; and the old man cheerfully hurried away to give the necessary orders.

"The roof of the castle might threaten to fall," said Ben-

theim, as we remarked the zeal of his steward, "and such haste would not be shown to repair it, so powerful is the superstition of the lower orders regarding this particular tower. Indeed, with the preservation of it, according to their belief, Heaven only knows what is not connected!—the existence of myself and my family at the very least. What has given rise to this idea no one can tell; and the traditions with regard to it are of the most extravagant and fabulous kind. It is strange, however, that in spite of all this care the tower continually meets with all sorts of accidents. At one time, it sinks of its own accord; at another, a storm shakes it to its very foundation; so that the constant necessity for repairing it costs me, I assure you, very large sums. But, I should greatly and permanently offend my dependents, if I withheld this expense: such is the unequalled importance of that tottering old building in their eyes."

Shortly afterwards both officers received an order to join the army, and left us, to Bentheim's great joy; as their avowal of their determination to make another attempt to fathom the secrets of the Silver Lady, had given offence to him, though he had evidently no reason to apprehend any disagreeable discovery.

When we were alone, Adelaide asked me again, whether no mysterious circumstance had occurred to me in the dreadful chamber? and she shuddered herself, while she questioned me. I assured her that I had met with nothing, either supernatural or alarming; that, on the contrary, the fairest images and dreams had hovered round me, and that, if the Baron would permit me to follow my own inclinations, I would even gladly choose the famed chamber for my own sleeping apartment.

Adelaide eagerly entreated me to abandon this rash desire; that I had already sufficiently tempted fortune, and that a second trial might be productive of a far different result. The

Baron agreed with the opinion of his daughter; and I could not persist in my wish, without the risk of displeasing him.

Shortly after this conversation, I began to rally Adelaide upon the subject, asking her whether she had never met with anything extraordinary herself, in the haunted chamber. She answered my question in the negative, assuring me that she had, from her childhood, always avoided that part of the castle, and never, in her life, had ventured to enter that room. "I do not," she added, "even know the way which leads to it."

"With this apprehension," said I, "you ought to inquire the way, in order to prevent the possibility of finding yourself, by chance, in this dreadful apartment."

"Oh!" answered she, "there is no fear of such an accident. When certain rash young gentlemen do not interfere, and change the order of things, all the doors which lead to that room are locked."

"Perhaps, however," said I, "there are various passages which lead to it. You may probably imagine yourself to be in a distant part of the castle, but, seeing a bolt in the wall, you touch it, a secret door opens, and you suddenly find yourself in the mysterious chamber."

"For God's sake do not alarm me," said Adelaide, seriously; then added, with more composure, "but such an occurrence is impossible. The rooms which I occupy are too well known to me; and *can* lead to no secret chamber."

Bentheim confirmed this assertion.

"That part of the building," added he, "is completely separated from that which we inhabit. And even the passage which formerly led directly from the castle to the church has long been impassable; probably on account of the neglect arising in this very fear."

I had too certain proofs of a connection between that very room, and the inhabited part of the castle, to be convinced of

the reverse. However, I merely asked Adelaide whether she had never been there in her childhood; and if she had formed no idea in her own mind of that formidable chamber?

"The mind involuntarily forms an image of everything unknown," answered she, "and this is my case. I imagine the room to be very spacious, but desolate, as indeed it must be. I also think, I don't know why, that there is a large walled-up window, in which an old altar stands."

"There your imagination errs," interrupted the Baron. "I never heard of either the window, or the altar; and I saw nothing of them, the only time that I ever in my life approached the chamber, in the endeavour to discover the cause of the General's sudden departure."

"Nevertheless," returned I, "the fact is exactly as the Lady Adelaide asserts. Last night, to prevent every possibility of deception, I removed an old heavy screen; and behind it I discovered an altar, in the niche of a window, which was concealed by a wall."

"Strange, most strange!" exclaimed, in much amazement, both father and daughter. Every conjecture was exhausted in the endeavour to obtain any explanation of this extraordinary coincidence. The only probable cause, I had too good reason for not mentioning; and therefore avoided a continuation of the subject.

As I went out, I met Hartmann, who was superintending, with the greatest zeal, the repairs of the old tower. I was anxious to hear some of the mysterious traditions, regarding this ancient building; and consequently entered into conversation with him. He, at first, narrated the well known tale, of the gift of a subterraneous gnome, which was buried in the tower; and which was to preserve the family from all misfortunes. But I soon saw that he did not believe this fable, which is related of so many castles. At last, becoming more

confidential, he confessed that he did not, himself, know the mystery; but that there was, undoubtedly, some connection between the preservation of the tower, and the Silver Lady. Such a connection did not appear very probable to me, from the experience I had had of the supposed apparition; but I allowed the old man to talk on; and I heard, from him, the following tale.

"In ancient times, when this domain was first inherited by the Bentheims, there lived a young lady of the family of the former possessor. She was of surpassing beauty, but also a cunning sorceress; and she terrified the new possessor to such a degree, by her necromantic arts, that he nearly lost his senses. The fair magician was consequently imprisoned in the old tower; and then, as she persisted in her incantations, she was accused of witchcraft, and condemned to justify herself, by a water ordeal.

"She was, according to custom, bound hand and foot, and laid on the surface of the lake of the castle; if she floated, the existence of her bond with the Evil One, was supposed to be established beyond a doubt. In the present case, indeed, she sank to the bottom, protesting her innocence; and thus was she clearly purified from all suspicion of having formed any connection with the devil. Yet her entire freedom from all blame, was not thought sufficiently proved; consequently, when her body was drawn from the lake, it was refused burial in the family vault, and ignominiously interred in a passage which led to the church. She now, therefore, it is said, finds no rest in her unholy grave; and incessantly persecutes the owner of the castle. She even tries to destroy the tower by her magic arts; because, during her imprisonment, she cursed the building, and prayed that, along with it, the new race of proprietors might be destroyed."

The account of the trial for witchcraft made me a little

doubtful about the truth of the tale; and I thought the fiction of the gnome infinitely more probable. Moreover, I was quite at ease about the security of the tower; for Hartmann was building it up as if he was completing a work which was to sustain a siege.

I was more uneasy about Adelaide, in whom I remarked a very unusual disquietude. This even seemed to strike her father; and he questioned her repeatedly on the cause of her anxiety, but never could elicit any satisfactory answer. I thought he appeared much distressed, and apprehended, as the source of her sadness, a renewal of a power of second sight, which he had formerly remarked in her. Many of the servants too, especially the older ones, became thoughtful and observant, and looked at her and each other significantly.

At last, an event occurred which but too fatally confirmed her gloomy presentiments. News came from the army that young Bentheim had fallen in battle. The agony and despair of the father and sister were beyond all description. With his only son he lost the power of bequeathing the greatest part of his property; and every prospect of assuring a brilliant existence to his daughter after his death, was destroyed.

The sincere and deep sympathy which I felt for the family in these melancholy circumstances, caused me to enjoy greater intimacy with the fair Adelaide. She confessed that she had anticipated some dreadful calamity; but she had no power whatever of precisely specifying its nature; for the images and feelings which had floated in her mind were so indistinct, that she could only seize the general idea of an impending misfortune. Not until the night immediately before the sad news arrived, had the form of her brother mingled with these vague anticipations of evil.

I asked her whether she frequently experienced similar presentiments? She told me that no sad or joyful event ever

occurred in the family, that some obscure intimation of it did not for several previous days hover confusedly before her eyes; and, strange to say, all these visions invariably bore some dim, mysterious, and even to her, inscrutable reference to the chamber of the Silver Lady. Even my arrival had been known to her for some days before it occurred; an avowal which explained to me the bewitching emotion which she had exhibited when I first beheld her in the castle garden.

The discovery of this melancholy faculty, which, in my mind, was intimately, though mystically, connected with her somnambulism, only served to attach me still more powerfully to this interesting and lovely girl. How many secret sources of sympathy and union now existed between us! My first meeting with her had also been imaged to me; I, too, was of a temperament visionary and pensive: Heaven itself seemed to have arranged that our paths in life should be identical! Thus, it pleased me to fancy; and gladly did I cherish this fond and fervent belief in the unity of our destinies, and strive to regard it as a pledge of our future happiness.

I thought I now perceived in Adelaide a return of my affection; though the impression which the sad death of her brother had made on her, was yet too recent to allow me to speak, with any propriety, of an attachment which required so many explanations and confessions to obtain a favourable reception from the persons on whom its success depended.

The shock the old tower had received, appeared now a prophetic warning; and though with his son expired the superstitious belief in the good fortune which was to depend upon the preservation of the tower, yet the Baron fortified it as far as possible. Accustomed as I had now become, to watch with unceasing interest, and in the consciousness of her prescient faculties, with a certain degree of superstitious apprehension, all the moods of my beloved Adelaide's mind, I found some-

thing very extraordinary in the antipathy which, at this period, she suddenly conceived for this old building. She even indulged this feeling so far as to assert, that instead of repairing it, she believed that they would all act much more wisely and beneficially for themselves, if they suffered it to fall altogether. Old Hartmann, also cooled considerably in his ardour for its preservation, declaring, thoughtfully, "That his young lady probably was not herself aware of the importance of what she said. But her abrupt and strong antipathy to this ominous building, certainly contained and indicated some serious meaning"—So implicitly did he believe in her powers of anticipation.

In the meantime, my love for Adelaide daily increased, without my daring to confess it, either to her, or to her father. It would have been folly in me, poor and destitute as I was, to seek a connexion with a young and high-born maiden, accustomed to every comfort and luxury; but deprived, by an unhappy chance, of the means of continuing in future the splendour which she had hitherto enjoyed. The views which must guide her father in the choice of a husband for her, were obvious, and necessary; and it was equally obvious that her beauty and fascination, joined to the most cultivated mind, must abundantly compensate for her want of wealth, even in the eyes of a selfish world.

It is true, that out of his large revenues, by dint of the strictest economy, Bentheim might ultimately have saved a considerable provision for his beloved daughter. But he could not but feel the precariousness of life; he might die before the first year was complete; every prudential reason, therefore, united to incite him to incur no doubtful risks, but to secure her future independence, by immediately matching her with some opulent man.

In the bitterness which these feelings, and the just sense of her position and my own excited in me, I had often determined to offer the Baron my resignation; and so intolerable did they

at last become, that I resolved only to defer it until, by a series of short excursions from the castle, I should have accustomed myself to live apart from the idol of my soul. That this project was chimerical, I do not doubt; but I had no opportunity of *proving* its futility; for, at this very period, a memorable event occurred, which changed for ever the whole current of affairs.

The morning before I intended to apply for permission to commence my first journey, I was giving the Baron a roll of papers and accounts, when a cry arose that the old tower had fallen! He hurried to the place, where old Hartmann met us, with a casket found in the ruins.

We all now hoped to obtain a key to the mystery of the tower. The Baron shut himself up in his room; but he soon sent for me, to examine with him the old writings, which he had discovered in the casket.

These papers contained the history of the lady whose renowned fate Hartmann had related to me. Her father had been the possessor of the castle and the lands belonging to it. His wish to have a male heir to his estate induced him, on the birth of his son, to make a vow to perform a crusade in the Holy Land. To provide for the security of his domains during the performance of this vow, he left them in charge of the brother of his wife, on whose integrity he placed the firmest reliance; with injunctions that if he never returned, he should restore his lands to his infant son. Documents to this effect were prepared in due form; so as to entail for ever the domain on his, and his son's, male heirs. And still further to secure his object, he concealed duplicates of the original papers in the ball, on the top of the tower, which was built at that time, without revealing the mystery to any one. His daughter alone by chance discovered the circumstance; though without anticipating the importance of these writings.

The Knight was slain in a skirmish with the infidels; and

his false relative did not hesitate to take possession of the estate which had been entrusted to his care. His niece now demanded the restoration of her infant brother's property from the base usurper; but he refused, under the pretext that her parent had left the property to him, and denied the promise of restoration. After much contention, the lady remembered the writings which her father had concealed in the ball of the tower; but too prudent to reveal this circumstance to her powerful enemy, she kept it secret, in the intention of imparting it at a future period to her brother. But having in some moment of anger allowed words to escape her which only too clearly signified that she was possessed of an all important secret, a cruel persecution against her was commenced. Threats and promises were tried in vain, to induce her to discover the mystery. At last, they accused her of sorcery; and imprisoned her in the very tower which contained the precious documents. Here she found an opportunity of transcribing her history; and of mentioning, for the benefit of her posterity, the place in the tower, where the papers were concealed.

Bentheim thanked Heaven, for having ordained that this disclosure should be made at a time when it would cost him so little effort to restore the unjustly acquired property to its rightful owners, if any still existed. Immediately, he caused the ball on the top of the tower to be opened; and the papers were discovered. But, imagine my astonishment, when the name of the former possessor was brought to light! It was that of my ancestor—Wolf von Huwald. I remembered an ancient tradition, that he had sold his estates, and had been slain in the Holy Land. There was consequently the strongest probability that I was the direct descendant and rightful heir of Wolf.

Bentheim was not much less astonished than I, when I revealed to him my real name, and the supposition which I had

formed. But by a reference to my papers, I substantiated my belief; the whole of my genealogy was complete: and I stood before the wondering Baron, no longer the obscure, penniless adventurer, and patronized menial, but the rightful, and *legal* possessor of the proud domains of Bentheim!

The kind-hearted and generous noble attempted to offer me his congratulations; but I replied that all the riches, rank, and dignity in the world were worthless to me, until I knew whether I was to be rendered really happy by the possession of the lovely Adelaide. The blushes of that dear girl then revealed entirely to me, a secret already more than half betrayed. Bentheim also manifested no opposition; and thus we concluded the bond of our love.

While I was occupied in laying before the Baron the various evidence of my right of inheritance, I recollected the ring which I had given to Adelaide, during her nocturnal visit.

"Another collateral proof of my descent," said I, "my bride herself can give you; on whose hand I placed it in a very memorable hour."

An explanation was demanded by the Baron; and I asked Adelaide, whether she had never observed on her finger a ring which was unknown to her? To my surprise she answered in the negative. I then minutely described it; but she had no remembrance of it. At my instigation, she then repaired to her own chamber to search for it among her ornaments; but she quickly returned, stating that she could discover no ring at all resembling mine. Consequently, I was forced to conclude, what was by no means agreeable to me, that this valued bequest of my remotest ancestors had dropped from the hand of the fair sleepwalker while she was returning to her room.

I was now obliged to relate every particular of this gift. The Baron was much perplexed, by the intelligence of the apparition of his daughter in the mysterious chamber; and

Adelaide gravely assured us, that so far as she herself knew, and believed, she had never in her life been a sleepwalker. But even if she had unconsciously been subject to this dangerous propensity, there was no communication whatever between her apartment, and the haunted one. *Her* visit, therefore, to it, was at all events utterly impossible.

But I was too certain of the fact, to suffer myself to be affected by this denial; and I suggested to her, as a corroboration of my assertion, the possible connection of her night-walking, with her second sight. I then begged her to examine carefully the way to the chamber of the Silver Lady; when she might probably not only discover some secret communication, but even find the ring which she had lost.

Adelaide yielded at last, though reluctantly, to my entreaties; and, accompanied by the Baron, we passed through a long closed, desolate looking passage. A small flight of steps led upwards, until we came to a door in the tapestry; when my assertion was confirmed. This door communicated with the dreaded chamber; where, instead of a horrible spectre, the lovely Adelaide had appeared to me. Upon examination, however, it became perfectly incomprehensible to me, how the fair night wanderer could have contrived to open the locked and rusty door.

After a minute but ineffectual search, I was compelled to admit the disagreeable conviction that the ring which I so valued was irrecoverably lost. We then prepared to quit these scenes of desolation; but the ruins of the fallen tower made any path through the room impossible. Consequently, we were obliged to retrace our steps, and return by our former route.

When we descended the staircase, and found ourselves again in the gloomy, dusky passage, Adelaide suddenly started; and, with an expression of preternatural excitation, pointed vehemently to an opposite wall, where *we* saw nothing; but *she*

maintained that a white shadow was visible to her, and that she *felt* as if there must be a grave beneath it.

The Baron, though with evident agitation, attempted to rally her on the flights of her imagination; but she solemnly, and urgently persisted in her idea.

At that moment, the unholy sepulture of the lady whose dark fate Hartmann had recounted, suddenly recurred to my mind; and I resolved, with the consent of the Baron, to cause search to be made for her remains.

I immediately summoned Hartmann and some workmen with the proper implements; when the process of excavation commenced. We soon found traces in the wall, which confirmed our conjecture; and, when a large stone was removed, a coffin was discovered.

I commanded the lid to be removed; and the lovely shape I had beheld in my dream, Adelaide's aerial counterpart, lay bodily before me! She was clad in the well-remembered drapery, embroidered with silver stars; her countenance was fair, as if untouched by death, and smiling in magic loveliness. Thus had Adelaide appeared to me on that eventful night, and in the dream which first led me to her beloved presence.

"*The Silver Lady!*" ejaculated the workmen, and Hartmann, in tones of consternation and horror.

This exclamation, and the drapery with silver stars, which I had never seen my Adelaide wear, now first and instantaneously awakened in me a terrific doubt whether the night wanderer were really a *mortal* being! My glance, at that accursed moment of ineffable agony, while the blood stagnated in my veins, and the hair bristled on my head, fell on the hands of the corse; when—Oh God!—all my fears were too soon and too fatally confirmed! *My ring was on its finger!* and I—was the affianced husband of a dead bride!

I had stood, perhaps, for some minutes, dumb and motion-

less, when Hartmann asked me what was to be done with the body? I heard him distinctly; yet I was utterly incapable of reply. My grosser faculties were sensible to his demand; but my reason was paralyzed, and my disordered imagination was morbidly banqueting in the grave, amidst worms and all the elements of corruption. With a harrowing and lingering minuteness was I recalling to myself each successive event of that terrific night, when, in an unhallowed and loathsome communion, the quick wooed and won the dead; when, in the fulness of my heart and my confidence, I expended all the best feelings of my nature, lavished all my tenderest and purest affections on a fair but foul deception, a treacherous incarnation of a resentful spirit, an outcast inhabitant of the dark and ghastly regions of the grave!

Now, all that was mysterious in the conduct of the figure, while—oh horror!—I had believed it to have been my own fair love, was but too easily explained. She received my ring as a proof of my intention to fulfil her desires; but she would make no gift to me which might exist as a fearful pledge of the union of the dead to the living. Her injunction, too, that when I should next "behold my ring on her finger," I was to "guess her unspoken wishes and scrupulously fulfil them," was now equally intelligible. And when I gazed again upon the remains of this long persecuted and suffering being, lying in her lonely and unholy grave, afar from all the coffins of her race, and thought that to her vigilance and affection I was indebted for the happiness which I now possessed, much of the horror of my retrospection subsided. I felt that she ought rather to appear to me what she really was, the protecting spirit of my love and my fortunes: and the agitation of my mind gradually ceased. I resolved that I *would* scrupulously fulfil what I believed to be her wishes; her body should straightways be removed from its ignominious and unhallowed abode, and

interred in consecrated ground, with all holy honours and rites. Thus, should she receive in death all the atonement which mortal could offer her for the cruel wrongs which she sustained while living.

I was now alive to the anxious inquiries of the Baron and Adelaide, whom my strange trance had much alarmed. Unwilling, however, to incur the risk of renewing the horrible sensations which I had escaped, I evaded all explanation at that moment; and, addressing myself to Hartmann, desired, with the Baron's permission, that the corse should be conveyed to the castle, and preparations immediately commenced for its solemn interment in the family vault.

The Baron approved of my design; for both he and Adelaide believed that in the inhabitant of the coffin, beneficent even in death, they beheld the ancestress of my house.

Previously to the conclusion of the performance of the funereal ceremonies, I resolved to look once more on the ring which had occasioned me so much horror, and still caused me many anxious thoughts. For this purpose, the lid of the coffin was raised, when I discovered that the corse, lately so lovely, had fallen to ashes; a mournful and painful, yet a consolatory change, for I believed it to indicate that the soul of the wronged wanderer was at last at rest. Among this mortal dust my ring had disappeared; but, as I should have deemed it sacrilege to have disturbed her remains, I was compelled to deny myself the gratification of my curiosity. The sacred service therefore proceeded; the lid of the coffin was secured, and at last all that was still material of the Silver Lady was left to its final repose.

A few weeks afterwards, my betrothment to Adelaide was solemnized; when another strange and inexplicable circumstance occurred. I had caused a ring to be made, with which

I purposed to be affianced to her; and, previously to the celebration of the ceremony, wished to try it on her finger. But she quickly withdrew her hand.

"Have patience," she exclaimed, "for one brief moment."

Then opening her jewel-case, she produced from it, to my utter amazement, my ring—*the* ring which I had believed to have been entombed with the remains of my ancestress.

"Behold your lost property," she said; then placing it upon her finger, continued, "And now I have a request to make, which you must divine; for I shall not name it. My wishes are unspoken—but cannot you conjecture them?"

"To be affianced to me with that ring," I replied readily, seeming to myself as though I were giving utterance to words which were outwardly suggested to me.

She smiled affirmatively.

"Strange coincidence!" I exclaimed involuntarily; for now that I was again required to fulfil the promise which I had made to the Wanderer of the haunted chamber; and that I was, for a second time, summoned by the wearer of that ring to guess and to grant her unuttered wish, I almost began to doubt whether Adelaide or her dead counterpart had really been my visitor on that memorable night.

In the possibility, however, that the ring might have been removed from the coffin without my knowlege, I now eagerly demanded how and whence she had obtained it? She replied, that it had been found where I had formerly suspected it was dropped, close to the secret door of the apartment.

This explanation only still further added to my confusion. Could there be *two* rings of undistinguishable similarity? Had the Silver Lady been originally entombed with that which I discovered on her finger? Or had *mine*, when she no longer needed it, as a pledge of my fidelity, been restored to the spot where a mortal last possessed it, but by no mortal means? In

fine, was Adelaide unconsciously a somnambulist, and my companion on that night, or had I really held a fearful communion with a wanderer from the grave?

I know not—and never may know. My doubts could only be resolved by a minute examination of the coffin; and I dared not violate the sanctuary of the dead. My lawless curiosity had already been productive of too much suffering and punishment to me, to permit me now even to entertain the *wish* to incur the peril and the shame of disturbing the ashes of the Silver Lady.

From that day, however, it is certain that the once fearful chamber may be inhabited with impunity. Even the most timid peasantry no longer entertain an apprehension of supernatural visitations, since they witnessed the entombment of the mortal remains of her whose spirit had become so renowned and dreaded.

One other circumstance have I still to add. The Baron related to me, that on the night when he had practised on me and the officers the deception of inducing us to watch in a common chamber instead of the haunted one, a female figure, the very counterpart of his daughter, stood by the side of his bed. She was gorgeously and fantastically attired; and the full blaze of her loveliness shone dazzlingly upon him. But, though without her most remarkable, and notorious attribute, the Silver Veil, even before her body had been disentombed, Bentheim never doubted, in consequence of her wonderful resemblance to Adelaide, but that he looked upon the phantom of the ancestress of our house. Twice she appeared before him; the first time, armed with a dagger, which, with a mournful, but reproachful and resolved expression on her beautiful features, she brandished menacingly above his head. The second time, she bore in either hand, a torch, and a goblet;

each of which, with a similar look of melancholy reproof, she successively presented to him.

From these actions, and these appendages, Bentheim inferred that she was exasperated by the imposture he was practising upon us; and that, if he continued it, he would perish by fire, by the sword, or by poison. This interpretation, which probably was the correct one, induced him to resolve to introduce us on the following night into the real chamber; and to fabricate the plea which he expressed to us, in explanation of the change of his intentions.

I was now the sole, and entire possessor of the wealthy domain of Bentheim; and the Baron was, in truth, almost a dependent, so few were the possessions that legitimately remained to him. But, I trust, and believe, that his own generosity of heart, and feeling, and the unremitting attention and deference which I and his daughter bestowed upon him, prevented this bereavement, or the ample revenue with which I supplied him, from occasioning him even the slightest uneasiness.

Adelaide and I were shortly afterwards married; and I have never since attempted to fathom similar mysteries. I enjoy the most perfect happiness, with my beloved wife; who, I rejoice to say, has since our union, lost her power of second sight; a faculty which, as she herself confessed to me, occasioned her more sad, than joyful moments.

A YOUTHFUL ABBOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTENING FETE OF CHARLES STUART ABBOTT, SON OF THE HON. CHARLES ABBOTT; MARCH 12.

THIS newly-come, young 'Abbot' see,
No *Elder* in the church is he:
Yet being first-born, 'tis understood
He 's head of his own *Brotherhood!*

Though Lent commenced some eight days past,
Our little Abbot can't *go—Fast!*
But *Trappiste* vows he keeps unbroken,
For *not one word, yet, has he spoken!*

Though wedded Abbot were a shame,
Yon graceful bright one *bears his name:**
Its nectared lip whoever sups
May see 'Charles Abbot'—*in his cups!*

Grandeur, at present, suits him not,
His hopes of *rest* being in—a *Cott!*
There, in repose, at storms he 'll mock,
That Cott being equal to—a *Rock!*

'Charles Stuart!' to thee we homage render,
King of this day, thou 'rt no 'Pretender!'
The Abbot now has *gained a Name,*
None can advance a *Prior* claim!

* The christening cup, on which his name is inscribed.

THE TWO FLIRTS;

OR

ADVENTURES IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

Pray, sir, can you be so kind as to tell me what sort of a creature is a male flirt?

A male flirt, gentle inquirer, is, generally, a long, tall animal, with a pale face and strawy hair. The *young* may *occasionally* perpetrate their little amatory artifices and caprices; but the steady professed practitioner, I am now attempting to describe, is usually fast approaching the mature age of *forty*. He is almost always exceedingly lank; and looks remarkably wo-begone. In short, in aspect, demeanour, and expression, he bears a singular resemblance to our imagination of "the wretch who drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, and told him half his Troy was burnt."

Such are his personal distinctions; his mental qualifications are correspondent.

He is dull, dead, heavy, lethargic; and follows in a woman s train, like a mute at a funeral. These are his permanent features, yet he has his gleams of assiduity and vivacity; but they are rare and transient, and seem upon his graver and more natural character, like meteors flitting over the surface of a burial-ground.

Though his objects are gay and frivolous, yet his mode of pursuing them is singularly opposite to their nature; but is perfectly accordant to the sombre character of his mind and person. He is frequently to be seen in the dusk of the evening in the vicinity of a church-yard; or, in the early dawn of the morning, at the corners of by and secluded places, looking intently and furtively around, with an alternate expression of hope and apprehension, as though expecting the arrival of some

person whom he wished to meet, and dreading an encounter with others whom he as cordially desired to avoid. Were he engaged in the gravest and darkest political conspiracy, the recesses of his desk, and the drawers of his library table, could not be protected by locks of a more complicated construction; and should his pocket-book or tablets ever be mislaid, under circumstances that render them liable to the scrutiny of a stranger, the consequent strife between his vanity and his fears, might rage to a degree that should undermine his constitution for the rest of his life. Yet, in spite of all the caution which his nervous timidity suggests, more than once he has been known to drop, in situations of publicity, locks of hair of various colours, which he has hastily and anxiously recovered and reconcealed, while casting flurried and suspicious looks on the spectators.

Of course, he possesses no profession; but he is often a Member of Parliament. Of course, too, he possesses a competence, and, generally, a certain extent of *hereditary* position in the world; for, as for his achievement of any for himself, that is an occurrence quite out of the range of possibilities.

Such, gentle inquirer, are some of the principal characteristics of the male flirt.

Of the female flirt, I can pretend to give no definition: you would not, I am sure, be so inordinate as even to wish that I should attempt the hopeless task.

> "Count me the leaves on yonder tree;
> So many different wills has she."

Besides, the character is so common, that everybody has an opportunity of observing and investigating it.

But to return to the more rare animal, whose species I have been endeavouring to define. Undoubtedly, there must be occasional individual exceptions to the broad features I have

sketched, as the usual distinctive attributes of the many. One of the most complete and striking instances of a dissimilarity of this nature is to be found in the hero of the present tale.

Fitz-Roy Byron was——But will the gentle person who has already interrogated me, give the wings to her fancy, and endeavour to incarnate a name; to invest a harmonious sound, abounding in sentimental associations, with corresponding flesh and blood? If she will adopt this suggestion, she will discern the form and features of Fitz-Roy Byron; for he *was* a personification of his name. I would say that he was like the Apollo, but that he had *such* eyes! and any association with a statue appears to me to suggest a terrific deficiency in this always most important feature, but *indispensible* in flirtations. Without, therefore, summoning the aid of any simile, I will confine myself to the simple assertion, that he possessed an admirable figure, and face.

He was a gentleman of the town, and of fashion; and was naturally kind, and tolerating; but was professionally a pretender to epigrams, and censorious fastidiousness. The objects of his existence were certainly not very dignified; night and day he toiled laboriously after that fallacy, pleasure, as children after a butterfly which they are conscious they can never overtake. In short, he was a thorough votary of *the* world, (as some two or three thousand spoiled children of fortune are emphatically designated,) and was eminently erudite and practised in all its recognised frivolities. Such had hitherto been the character and career of the Honorable Fitz-Roy Byron.

At the period, when this gentleman was in the very zenith of his glory, there existed in the same sphere a star of equal, if not superior, magnitude; yet, small as was the space assigned to them, strange to say, these illustrious individuals had hitherto revolved in separate orbits; and though constantly tantalized by reports of the other's renown, and perhaps equally desirous

of meeting, by a series of perverse accidents, they had never yet attained the realization of their wishes.

As Mr. Byron is evidently peerless among men, of course it is apparent, that this equally pre-eminent person must be of the gender feminine. Lady Matilda Morden was indeed a magnificent star, I should say of the very first order; but *that*, I believe, only comprises the *fixed* stars; and never was vagabond comet, or zig-zag meteor, less entitled to the praise of stability, than was this light-hearted maiden.

She was the daughter of a Scotch noble, recently elevated to an English earldom, in consequence of the abundance of his coal mines, the plurality of his canal shares, or some other equally indisputable pretension. But though his ancestry may not have been magnates of the very first class, and though he himself, their scion, may not have been endowed with any transcendent intellectual powers, yet he had great wealth; and his daughter was beautiful, gifted, and cultivated; a combination of advantages sufficient to ensure for their possessors the suffrages of the first fashion in the land. Consequently, the Earl of Ambleside and Lady Matilda Morden, took their station among the foremost of the *elite*.

In truth, she was a very lovely creature. Her smile was the most joyous, beaming, sunny sight that can be imagined; and her mouth and teeth were divine. Her hair was a beautiful auburne; and her radiant and eloquent eyes were not very dissimilar in colour. She was tall, round, and graceful; one might have looked at her until the meaning of the word *angle* should have become almost unintelligible; and her exquisitely formed neck was smooth and equal in surface as a pillar of Parian marble. In fine, both in figure and face, the damsel was unexceptionable.

In consequence, I suppose, of her Scotch origin, she affected to be a great admirer of all border legends, feudal customs,

and mountain scenery; and raved continually about the mists, and the moors, and the torrents, and the lochs, and the impetuous streams, of that Elysian land, where,

> "Far as the eye can reach no tree is seen,
> Earth clad in russet scorns the lively green;
> The plague of grasshoppers they secure defy,
> For in three hours a grasshopper would die."

The gipsy affected too the Highland costume; and wore the tartan, with a grace peculiarly her own. Often, at fancy balls, had she figured as Flora Macdonald; armed with a glittering dagger, and adorned with a clasp made of a kairn-gorhm, almost as large as herself. Often, too, while clad in the most finished and *recherché* manner, and looking as elegant and as delicate as if the rose leaf of the Sybarite would have destroyed her happiness for a month, would it please her to boast of imaginary exploits in the Highlands, worthy of a Crotonian. How, in Ross-shire, she was accustomed to climb mountains of granite perfectly vertical, and smooth as ice. By what faculty she adhered to them, she never could conceive; unless, indeed, she possessed unconsciously some of the properties of the fly. Often had she been accustomed to ride, for days together, on shaggy ponies, with an action more merciless than that of a French cart over a French causeway—had waded barefooted through rivulets of an incredible depth—had slept on pallet beds—lived in wooden huts—and followed the deer-stalkers for a week together. 'Twas true she did not appear *very* robust: but it was really quite wonderful what she *could* undergo!

Thus ramblingly would she delight to discourse; herself always her own theme; and the inspiration ever the same—that ceaseless and reckless love of attracting attention and wonder, which is the insatiate offspring of licentious vanity.

It is now, I imagine, made thoroughly manifest that Mr.

Fitz-Roy Byron and her mirthful and volatile ladyship possessed many features of resemblance. In point of position, personal attractions, and mental endowments, they were equal; and in egotism, and in covetousness of sway, and of all purely selfish and frivolous distinctions, they were almost identical. The only difference between them was, that the gentleman was the Phaeton of *his* sex; the lady, the Semele of *hers*.

And yet, flagitious flirt as she was, she had many good qualities; and was altogether a much better person than either she herself, or any body else, suspected her to be. In this respect too, as has been stated, her male rival resembled her.

But as already some pages have been devoted to the portraiture of character, it is quite time to commence the narrative of the incidents of my tale.

Some years have now elapsed since a large party was assembled at Vernon Cliff, the seat of the Right Honorable Duncan Edwardes, a political leader of much celebrity. To this mansion, Mr. Byron had been invited to pass the commencement of the shooting season; an invitation which, for many reasons, he had felt disposed to decline, until he accidentally learned that the Lady Matilda Morden was among the guests. Long had he been desirous to meet her; long had he been regretting the perverse fate which had kept them asunder; and, consequently he joyfully availed himself of the present opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. He instantly despatched a letter to his parliamentary friend, stating that his arrival might be expected within a few days.

When Lady Matilda heard that Fitz-Roy Byron, the renowned Fitz-Roy Byron, was to become an inmate of the same dwelling with herself, she experienced similar feelings of satisfaction. What should she do with him? How conduct herself towards him? *Do* with him? Vanquish him immediately—

cast him to the earth, a supplicant at her feet! He must frequently have heard of her; and in terms of the highest commendation; but how immeasurably surprised would he not be to find the reality so infinitely exceed the report! Of course, *he* must have *his* pretensions to dominion; what a ten-fold delight, therefore, would she experience in subjugating him! At last, then, fortune be thanked, she had found a prey worthy of her talents, and her ambition!

These were the thoughts of the maiden: and we will now take a peep into the breast of the gentleman, as he lazily and languidly reclined in his carriage, on the route to Vernon Cliff.

"What game shall I play?" thought he, "the assiduous, or the indifferent? The former, I fear, would be a condescension. And yet, such is her reputation, it is worth the while of even Fitz-Roy Byron to subdue her. I *must* have her in my chains —*that's poz.* But the road—what road shall I travel to secure this object? *N'importe,*" he continued, passing his fingers through his hair, and endeavouring to obtain a satisfactory view of the whole of his fine figure, which is not a very easy operation in a carriage; "*n'importe,* Fitz-Roy Byron cannot go astray. Whatsoever path *he* may please to enter, it cannot fail to conduct him to his end. I shall therefore be guided by circumstances. But one thing *is* certain—massacre her I will!"

While his mind was devoted to the entertaiment of these and similar thoughts, he arrived within view of the noble domain of his opulent host. The stately mansion became visible; and for a moment he imagined that the end of his journey was attained. But he soon discovered that the road deviated from the house; and that he had still a considerable circuit to make, before he could reach it. The fact is, that the right honorable gentleman, though a very great patriot,

chanced also to be too great a lover of the picturesque, and of the stateliness of privacy, to suffer his estate to be invaded and sacrificed for the convenience of his fellow subjects; and the consequence of this little infirmity was, that the public highway most intricately meandered for several miles around the limits of his park. But even in this regulation, suspicious as it may at first appear, the enlightened legislator proved himself to be a genuine philanthropist; for, though the road certainly could not be accused of conspiring to assist the traveller in the completion of his journey, yet it obtained for him some beautiful views of the interior of the domain of Vernon Cliff, which he must have lost, if his route had been less devious: "And thus," self-reasoned the political sophist, who had contrived this agreeable circumvection, "if his business be temporarily obstructed, his pleasure is permanently advanced."

The very near approach to the termination of his journey, revived in Byron's mind with additional strength his discussions as to the conduct he should pursue in his intercourse with Lady Matilda Morden. He had at last thoroughly revolved, digested, and completed to his own satisfaction, the plan of his whole campaign; and now had only to determine in what dress he should commence it. While his carriage, with a painful tediousness was ascending a very steep hill, he was self-complacently endeavouring to figure to himself the appearance he would present in his different costumes; when, suddenly emerging from his reverie, and raising his eyes, he discovered in the park above him, and within a few yards of, and immediately confronting him, a very beautiful female, evidently engaged in a contemplation of his own cherished self. She was dressed most elegantly, and yet most fancifully; and there was about her a general air of fashion and distinction, which was strikingly conspicuous. Observing his detection of

her presence, with a most ambiguous expression of countenance, which indicated aught but discomposure, she very deliberately withdrew her gaze from his direction, loitered for a few moments, and then slowly retired.

"By Jupiter!" mentally exclaimed the Honorable Fitz-Roy Byron, after a most comprehensive and systematic survey of the fair apparition, "I would bet a hundred pounds that that is Lady Matilda Morden! She is a beautiful creature indeed! In truth, she even more than realizes my expectations. I never saw a more lovely figure—and what a complexion! what a blooming cheek! Faith, it is almost a pity that it must so soon become *pallid*. In sooth, I could almost resolve to relent; but both my position and my reputation imperiously require that I should victimize her."

And what meanwhile were the ruminations of lady Matilda Morden? for the conjecture of Mr. Byron was accurate, and the lovely apparition was indeed no other than that celebrated person. But how she ever chanced to be on that spot, is a problem I can never hope to solve. What could have induced her, not only to desert the artificial excitement in which she habitually lived, and which was to her as the air she breathed, but to stray to a place so comparatively desolate, is a circumstance that appears to me to indicate an extent of inconsistency worthy even of Sylla himself, that prince of paradoxes. And yet, perhaps, the solution of this seemingly mysterious proceeding, may be found in the piquancy of its entire novelty; for, with a religious veracity, it might be asserted of her, that, previously to the present period, she and Nature had never been alone together, during five successive minutes.

But to reveal the ruminations of the lady. She had discovered him, as has been stated, some minutes before he had observed her.

"I do really believe," thought she, as he slowly ascended

the hill, "that that creature, in that carriage, is Mr. Fitz-Roy Byron. There are the black eyes—the black hair—the moustache—the Roman nose—the white teeth—all exactly as he has been described. It must be he, I am confident. He is a handsome man certainly—very gentlemanly and distinguished. A coxcomb evidently; but upon the whole, he more than realizes my expectations of his personal appearance! Poor fellow! he looks very happy and good tempered? Heigh-ho!—In truth, it is almost a pity that my reputation literally compels me to victimize him!"

In the meantime, the carriage of Mr. Byron reached the termination of its laborious ascent; and the summit of the hill having been passed, the descent was commenced with a velocity that promised soon to compensate for the time that had been lost in its previous tortoise-pace. But in this instance also, the truth of the fable was again destined to be verified; for, their hare-like fleetness had continued scarcely two brief minutes, when off flew a wheel, and crash! down thundered the carriage; jarring poor Mr. Byron's frame ten thousand times more in that single moment, than had the united false notes of all his different acquaintance, during the whole of his previous existence—an achievement that his musical sensibilities would once have deemed impossible.

As soon as he had recovered from the transitory stupefaction into which this earthquake shock had thrown him, his first effort was to ascertain whether he had sustained any serious injury. Finding, as well as his restricted position would permit him to judge, that no bones were broken, he lustily attempted to extricate himself from a situation at once *peculiarly* inconvenient and unbecoming. But this was an object unluckily far more easily coveted, than attained. The upper part of the carriage had fallen into a ditch, and the roof conse-

quently being considerably below the level of the floor, the situation of the unfortunate inmate may easily be conceived to be remarkably unpleasant.

Now Mr. Fitz-Roy Byron had by no means a contemptible opinion of his intellectual powers, and, in cases of emergency, had frequently depended upon his head for his support: but that this august ornament of the human trunk should ever have been *materially* devoted to such an employment, had never previously, by the remotest accident, entered into his calculation of possibilities. He was consequently extremely indignant at his situation; and his vigorous effort to release himself having failed, he bellowed lustily for assistance. But as well might he have summoned the winds, for his servant had been tossed contemptuously, like an egg-shell from a monkey, over a lofty hedge into a mud-pond in the middle of an adjacent field; and as for the post-boy, he was far too deeply immersed in a vehement performance of sundry pantomimic manœuvres to which the agony of a sprained ankle was condemning him, to pay any heed to the vociferations of the imprisoned and humiliated dandy.

Mr. Fitz-Roy, therefore, soon found that he was left to his own resources; and this consciousness supplied him with a desperation that, after many laborious efforts, ultimately enabled him to attain his object. First the head of the disconsolate man emerged from the window of the carriage; and then his shoulders forced their way through the same narrow space. At last, the natural position of "the animal upon two legs" was entirely regained: he stood upright, his feet resting upon the nether side of the luckless vehicle, and part of his body and his arms exhibited above the level of the upper window. This object attained, he tried to open the door; but all his efforts proving unsuccessful, he rested his elbows upon the

panels, and depositing his chin in his palms, deliberately paused to recover the breath necessary for the exertion which he was still doomed to undergo.

He had stood thus for perhaps two or three minutes, when he was startled by a sound that made the blood rush into his face, and then return upon his heart chilled with horror! To an individual in his situation, a man of the town, a man of the world, a clubman, a lounger, a gallant, the whirring of a dozen bullets in his ear, would have been far preferable to that infernal sound; for it seemed to him—oh, desperation! like *the effort of a female to suppress a titter.* Even as the stunned culprit when the scaffold is presented to him, mechanically he raised his eyes; when, what should his horrified vision encounter immediately above him, but the Lady Matilda Morden! and with such a look of arch malice on her mirthful countenance, that really I have not sufficient stoicism to even attempt to describe it.

His first impulse was to slink snail-like back again into his shell; and there if possible for ever hide himself from eyes that seemed to gaze upon him like those of Medusa. But he soon found that ingress was even more difficult than egress. He had therefore only the alternative of remaining to be stared to death by the Gorgon eyes which he *felt* were still riveted upon him, for he dared not again raise his own to ascertain the fact; or to make immediately a desperate effort to evade this appalling catastrophe.

Each of these proceedings however had its own particular vexations and disadvantages. If he remained, he died. But, if he attempted to escape, while conscious that he was exposed to the gaze of the fair demon above him, he could not doubt but that he should make a very ludicrous exhibition. And perhaps, if there be in the world one situation more awkward and ridiculous than another, it is that of a man emerging from the

window of an overturned carriage. A Vestris or a Louis Quatorze could not have undergone this ordeal with either grace or dignity: how then in such a juncture, could even a Fitz-Roy Byron be supposed likely to be successful.

These were his harrowing reflections; but he had no further option; one or other step must immediately be adopted. He consequently determined to escape; and the result almost instantly realized all his melancholy anticipations. He succeeded in attaining the outside of the carriage without entailing the slightest imputation on either his grace, or his agility; but in the leap which was necessary to deposit his person on *terra firma*, he slipped and fell headlong into the mire, immediately beneath the spot, on which he believed his fair tormentor to be still stationed.

His spirit was broken; instead of springing from the earth, he rose slowly; and his temper was more disturbed, than it had ever previously been.

"When I resolved," thought he moodily, "that I would speedily have *her* at *my* feet; I little imagined that I was destined so soon to find myself prostrate at hers."

But we will not trample upon a persecuted man; or any longer with a malicious minuteness, exhibit him in his misfortunes. We will therefore not only suppose him arrived at the mansion, but that the couple of days have elapsed, which intervened before his bruises permitted him to present himself at the dinner table of his munificent host.

On this occasion, he was seated next to Lady Matilda Morden, to whom he had been introduced during the morning of that day. And was he fascinated by her? Did he appreciate both her charms of person and of mind? Perhaps he did; but he had conceived such a spite against her in consequence of her accidental privity to his misfortunes, that he would not even acknowledge to himself, the entertainment of any favourable

sentiments. Whether Lady Matilda was equally indifferent to him, it is not easy to determine; for as the very core of her vocation existed in the manifestation of a particular interest for every particular individual, she was so practised a performer that the object of her attentions for the moment, was little likely to detect the semblance, from the reality. But on the present occasion, for the first time in her life she was destined to be defeated. In vain did she employ the sublimest efforts of her art; in vain, did she direct against him the entire battery of her glances, and wiles: Mr. Byron sat impregnably secure in the citadel of his spleen, and scarcely even vouchsafed to her as much attention as courtesy required. Occasionally, he addressed himself to the pretty Miss Temple, who was his neighbour, on the other side; but still, evidently, the prevailing features of the character he had assumed for the evening, were langor and *nonchalance*. How provoking! and never had she before so much coveted a conquest!

"Why, Mr. Byron, how very dull you are to-night!" exclaimed piquantly old Lady Teviotdale, who possessed herself a most sepulchral vivacity.

"The dullness of Mr. Byron must, I am sure, always be more entertaining than the brilliancy of others," said Lady Matilda, in a low tone, just delicately tinctured by sentiment; recklessly defying, in her eager desire to propitiate, all the peril which her reputation as a wit could not fail to incur from this unequivocal platitude.

But all her efforts were of no avail. Courtesy, asperity; mirth, gravity; conciliation, provocation; every demeanour, tone, style, aspect, and demonstration, concordant, and antithetical were repeatedly tried and found equally unsuccessful. The inexorable Byron would *not* be persuaded to address to her his homage.

During the ten minutes, or quarter of an hour of taciturnity

into which she then subsided, perhaps she was weary; or, perhaps, she was vexed; or, perhaps, she was abstracted; I know not: but from some, or other, or *any* cause but that of her little black satin slipper being too *tight*, she had slipped from her beautiful foot, this elegant and captivating portion of the feminine apparel. She had just become conscious of her bereavement, when the signal for the departure of the ladies was given by their hostess. Hastily, she endeavoured to recover her little truant; but in the hurried attempt only propelled it to an increased distance from her. She made a second, and more anxious effort; and it produced a similar effect. All the ladies had arisen—many of them had withdrawn—and she saw that her continuation in her seat under such circumstances, was attracting attention. Not a moment was to be lost—and, with one more convulsive and desperate effort to regain her lost treasure—she fairly and finally projected it beyond her reach!

Oh, it would have been worth the sacrifice of half-a-dozen years of existence to have seen, and to have known the cause of, the look of despairing resignation with which the Lady Matilda Morden then glided from the apartment!

After the departure of their fair neighbours, the gentlemen made their usual approach to the head of the table; and Mr. Byron occupied the seat of our baffled heroine. He was really glad that she was gone; he had been pre-determined not to be pleased with her; and her efforts to entrap him into a flirtation had consequently only bored, and vexed him. With the feelings therefore of a man who has experienced a relief, he threw himself back in his chair, and comfortably stretched forth his long legs; when lo! *they* easily alighted on what the less proportions of the luckless Lady Matilda could not with all her efforts attain.

"Why, what is Byron diving after?" exclaimed Sir Sedley Manvers, thus directing the attention of the company to the

circumstance of our hero having disappeared beneath the table.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed in the next moment, the object of their curiosity, emerging from the folds of the table cloth, into visible existence; "by Jupiter! a *trouvaille!*"

And he deposited upon the table, the tiny slipper of his unfortunate neighbour; when one general expression of surprise, and amusement arose. Then it was passed from hand to hand, and obtained as general a share of admiration, and curiosity. Many were the conjectures that were hazarded as to whom it belonged; but Mr. Byron, who with tolerable certainty could have resolved this question, from some vague motive which perhaps he could not have defined to himself, pretended that from the situation in which he found it, he was unable to determine who was its owner.

Some obtuse and kind-hearted person then suggested to Mr. Edwardes, that the slipper ought to be despatched to the ladies in the drawing-room, for them to determine, among themselves, who was the proprietor of it. But the malicious, who are only too frequently the more acute, strongly resisted this proposition; and protested that it would be worse than infanticide, wilfully to destroy their amusement in the very moment of its birth, especially as it was in their power to bring it to a robust maturity. At the head of this class of malecontents, was our friend Mr. Byron, who moved as an amendment, that no attempt should be made to discover an owner for the shoe, until the gentlemen should be present to witness it.

The much desired moment at length arrived; and the host and his guests repaired to the drawing-room. Curiously and scrutinizingly did they eye all the young ladies then and there assembled. Now it happened that not less than seven or eight specimens of this very idiosyncratic species of the human genus had been collected at the dinner table; all of whom,

strange to say, were both so pretty and well-made, that any one of them *might* have been the proprietor of the shoe, small and elegant as it was. The quizzers, therefore, had rather an ample field for their erudite investigations; and right curiously did they peer beneath chairs and tables, sofas and ottomans, pianofortes and music-stools, for a sight of the complement of feet with which nature had blessed each of the objects of their suspicion. Their industry gradually obtained its reward; and at last it became pretty generally established among this inquiring body, that all their fair companions had been ascertained to be in possession of the whole of their attire; with the exception of Lady Matilda Mordan, who sat most suspiciously, like the widow of Ems, obstinately presenting to the eyes of her inquisitive admirers, only one shoe; nor could any manœuvre entrap her into a position which should exhibit her other foot.

Just as this fact had been unequivocally substantiated, the door of the principal entrance opened, with a prodigious eclat, to its extreme extent; and the tallest servant in the whole establishment, with powdered hair, a considerable quantity of gold and plush, and a general aspect and character of great dignity, statelily entered the apartment, followed by three or four attendant menials, almost as long as himself. In his outstretched arms he ostentatiously bore, with a vigour and an air worthy even of the best heroes of the Iliad, a massive silver waiter which was as big as young Norval's shield, which was *round* as the moon, if not quite as *large*; and in the centre of which—not the moon, or the shield, but the tray—conspicuously reposed, in solitary majesty, compensating by the strong contrast of its colour, for the diminutiveness of its size, the celebrated little black satin slipper.

To the great surprise of the ladies, and to the great internal mirth of the gentlemen, though their countenances presented

a profound affectation of gravity and astonishment, this procession then approached Mrs. Edwardes; when, the leader of it, with an amusing unconsciousness of his participation in a jest, formally acquainted her, in menial tone and phrase, during a most solemn silence, that the shoe had been found beneath the dinner table; and that his master had desired him to ascertain from his mistress to whom it belonged. Great were the giggling and merriment excited by this announcement, among the livelier of both sexes; and even the most artificial and inert positively *really* smiled.

"Who is the owner of this very pretty slipper?" demanded Mr. Edwardes, exhibiting it to the surrounding throng; for great legislators may occasionally be facetious, upon "precedent," as even the stern Cromwell was a practical joker: "Nobody answers; then I must vote that we proceed immediately to what old Brantome calls *les voies de fait*, and make the discovery by ocular if not forcible means."

But in the very moment of its seeming fulfilment, the plotters were destined to be deprived of a portion of their anticipated triumph; for when they turned from their admiration of their trophy, to recreate themselves in the discomposure of their victim, they found to their great disappointment that she had disappeared. The instant she discerned the magnificent entrance of her much-honoured slipper at one door, she quietly escaped at another; for she felt, with all her self-possession, and ready tact, that if she awaited the coming struggle, the laugh would be against her.

The next morning, at breakfast, the conversation turned upon the incident of the previous evening; and after some few vapid jests, and *bavardage*, upon the subject, had been perpetrated, Fitz-Roy Byron remarked superciliously to a companion, in a *sotto voce*, which was quite loud enough to be distinctly audible to Lady Matilda, "That he had never witnessed, or heard of in all his life, a more ingenious or elaborate stratagem to

attract attention to a pretty foot. The fair damsel had certainly admirably succeeded in impressing everybody with a very exalted opinion of her talents for deception. But for himself, he contritely confessed, that he could not say that tricks of this nature ever particularly increased either his esteem or respect for the party who perpetrated them."

Shortly after the departure of the gentlemen, two or three of the ladies had repaired to the library in search of books. Among this number was Lady Matilda Morden, who, after a long vacillation, having at last suited her fastidious taste, was retiring from the apartment, with the volumes she had selected; when Lady Teviotdale accosted her, and taking her arm drew her slightly aside. Then addressing her, in the most confidential manner, and with the kindest possible malice, she said condolingly,

"I assure you, my dear, I really quite felt for you last night. Indeed, I told my daughter only this morning, that I little expected to have ever beheld *you* placed in such a situation. But it really is *too* bad of that Mr. Byron; and ask Charlotte whether I did not say so? I positively assert that all the kind advances you made to him, *ought* to have overwhelmed him with gratitude; but instead of exciting in him any feeling of the kind, I declare, and so does Lady Temple, that he did not reply to them with even common attention. And that harsh remark, too, of his, respecting your little ingenious stratagem of the pretty slipper. Indeed, my dear, he must not only be a terribly insensible, but a very ill-bred person; and, believe me, not at all worthy of your pursuit for the future."

During this speech of the good-natured dowager, not only the cheeks and forehead of Lady Matilda were died with blushes, but the neck and even the very arms shared in the crimson suffusion which her charitable commiseration had excited. As soon as she could emancipate herself from her friendly tormentor, instead of repairing to the drawing-room,

there more to prattle than to read, away into the very depths of her own apartment, hurried the discomfited Lady Matilda. When the doors were double locked, and her privacy was impassibly secured, then, and not till then, the proud and humbled girl threw herself into a chair, and gave vent to her deep mortification in a paroxysm of tears.

"I hate the creature!" she exclaimed aloud, in the agony of her vexation, "I positively *hate* him!"

This impassioned avowal of the pacific tendency of her sentiments, she repeated several times with an increasing vehemence. After her wrath had been somewhat mollified by indulgence, she became more tranquil; and silently pursued the train of reflections which her chagrin suggested.

"Who would have imagined," she thought, "when I saw that frivolous coxcomb huddled together in his prostrate carriage, and afterwards laughed at the absurdity and degradation of his position and appearance for half a dozen hours together, that, within a week, he, the thing! would have been the cause of my experiencing so much unhappiness? *I*, that have wealth, and rank, and fashion, and wit, and"———

She raised her eyes, and gazed attentively at something that appeared behind the broad surface of the large mirror that confronted her. A very pretty object presented itself to her inspection; it was that of a lovely girl, whose face was pale, whose silken and clustering masses of rich auburne hair were most picturesquely deranged, and whose large, full, and eloquent eyes glistened with the traces of recent tears. She was half seated, and half reclining in a large arm-chair; and, altogether, her attitude and aspect alike presented a very fascinating picture of feminine disconsolateness and temporary self-forgetfulness.

She resumed her soliloquy.

"*I*, that have wealth, and rank, and fashion, and wit, and

beauty; I, that am known to have rejected the Duke of Churchill; *I*, that the Prince of Hungary, who has more shepherds than our most opulent nobles possess sheep, declares to be the most captivating creature in Europe, and who has six, if not *seven* times solicited me to marry one of his sons: *I*, who possess all this eclat, and personal attractions besides, am to be treated with disdain by a coxcomb, a superficial creature, who has no one earthly advantage, but that he is not *very* ugly. However, I will be revenged! for I will never *speak* to him, or even *look* at him again, as long as I live! and *then*, we will see how he will be able to support his fate!"

For two or three days, Lady Matilda adhered most consistently to the infliction of this atrocious punishment. But, to the volatile and wayward girl, the consciousness of having imposed upon herself a rule was a restraint; and soon, therefore, the fulfilment of her resolution became a bore and an effort. The very necessity of avoiding him was in itself an incentive to associate with him. But, deep within the recesses of her mind, was a feeling which also impelled her to this latter course. It was a strange, mysterious feeling; she could neither fathom nor comprehend it; and it was very vexatious and contrary: but it did not the less fail to make its influence acknowledged, because it chanced to be unintelligible.

Several days had now elapsed since Lady Teviotdale had so kindly condoled with her. But, at this period, she availed herself of an opportunity of "exhibiting" to her patient, as the medical gentlemen express themselves, another dose of similar commiseration.

"Well, my dear," she said, "I approve highly of your conduct. I admire your fortitude extremely; and so do Lady Temple—and Miss Temple—and my daughter. You have cut him most completely and properly for the last two or three days; and I repeat, that I give you all praise for your excellent

conduct. But, is it not provoking that he does not seem to entertain the slightest sense of your desertion of him? Now, does not this prove to you what I always told you,—that he is a most insensible and indiscriminating person, and altogether utterly unworthy of your pursuit?"

"Well!" cried Lady Matilda, after having again taken refuge in the solitude of her chamber: "Well!" *this* is *not* to be borne! The tiresome splenetic old woman! She'll drive me mad with vexation! And that creature, too—his excessive imperturbability and selfishness—I declare, he pays no more heed to me than if I were not in existence. But, I will endure this odious ill-breeding no longer. I *will* be revenged! and, if he do not know how to bear himself as a civilised being, I will teach him a lesson that he shall never recall, but in sorrow and in fruitless regret. *I will have him at my feet!* yes, have him at my feet—and *then*, forsake him—and make the conceited creature rue for the rest of his days that he ever contemned Matilda Morden!"

Like a greyhound in pursuit of the hare, after a long confinement in sight of its prey, away flew with all the vigour of inclination, her giddy ladyship in this more congenial path. With a pertinacious assiduity, and a skill that would have done honour to a better cause, she now sat down, in regular beleaguerment and siege, before the heart of the unconscious Mr. Byron. In all his whims and tastes she carefully coincided; addressed herself to all his foibles; and, whenever he manifested to her any peculiar degree of coldness, she only responded to the slight, by increased efforts to propitiate him: and, yet so skilfully and daintily did she play her part, that in all this systematic and zealous concurrence, she never approached obsequiousness, or deviated in the minutest degree from the most rigid path of feminine delicacy.

But, with all her ingenuity, it is not to be supposed that she

could conceal her manœuvres from the quick eye of Lady Teviotdale, who hated her most rancorously, for the very sufficient and justifiable reason that *she* was pretty, and *her* daughter was plain; that Lady Matilda was sought and admired, and Miss Charlotte Duncan was either shunned or disregarded. But, in vain did the benevolent dowager interfere with her friendly sneers. Lady Matilda was now sustained by too strong and premeditated a purpose to succumb any longer to their influence.

And how fared and proceeded Mr. Byron during the progress of this assault? What were his conduct, sentiments, and opinions?—In a very short time, he began to find that his antipathy to Lady Matilda was rapidly subsiding. During the next few days, it entirely expired; and, within the ensuing week, he discovered that she was a very elegant, beautiful, cultivated creature, and thoroughly worthy of his services and assistance in the flirting department.

"My dear Fitz-Roy," said Sir Sedley Manvers, one day as they were strolling together in the park, "I firmly believe that your fascinating self has *really* captivated that arch coquette, Lady Matilda Morden."

Now, the said Sir Sedley Manvers had spent one half his fortune and mortgaged the other; and, consequently, possessed a considerable predilection for Miss Temple, who was an heiress. But, it unfortunately chanced that, instead of gratefully repaying the Baronet for his disinterested affection, the thoughtless damsel entertained a tender sentiment for Mr. Byron—which, to say the least, was very provoking. Sir Sedley Manvers, therefore, would not have been sorry to have seen his dear friend married to even a worse flirt than Lady Matilda Morden.

"Upon my life, I am in earnest," repeated Sir Sedley, "I do really believe that, consummate coquette as she has been,

she is now seriously in love with you. I have recently watched her most vigilantly; and I am convinced of the truth of my statement. You know my tact in these matters; and you know too that I have never yet been deceived. But, what a triumph for you, to have subjugated this hitherto heartless dominator of all others' hearts—to have rendered natural the very Queen of Artifice! I am really afraid, Fitz, that it will make you insufferably conceited."

With great modesty and much generous firmness did Mr. Byron combat the supposition, and deny the soft impeachment; but they made their impression, nevertheless: and straightways he entered into an even more zealous fulfilment of his duties in the flirting department.

We must now return to our heroine.

"Do you know, my dear Lady Matilda," said the bustling, volatile, vacant Mrs. Colquhoun, who, of all the good things in this world, best loved a marriage; and ineffably delighted to watch its preliminaries through all their fascinating gradations, from their most mysterious germe, down to that final climax, or anti-climax, a public solemnization: "Do you know, my dear Lady Matilda, I really must congratulate you on your conquest."

But the lady made no reply; though a faint blush indicated both her consciousness and comprehension of her companion's speech.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Colquhoun, heedless of the sensation she excited, and equally careless whether she excited any attention at all; but talking for her own amusement, without a thought or regard for that of her auditor—a very common infirmity in garrulous people: "Yes, I am confident that you have produced a very extraordinary impression upon Mr. Byron. Well, he really *is* a charming young man; and it is a conquest of which any body might be proud. If I had been unmarried,

or indeed, if aught had ever happened to poor Mr. Colquhoun——But, dear Lady Matilda, I *hope* that you will not allow your triumph to make you conceited,—and, that you will invite me to the wedding breakfast."

From this time forth, "*The Two Flirts*," walked together, rode together, sate together, read together, and sang together; in fact, enacted as pretty a flirtation as ever was exhibited in a country-house, for the amusement and edification of the rest of the society. As for Lord Ambleside, he never dreamt of offering any opposition to this arrangement. Mr. Byron was the heir to a barony, and of fifteen thousand pounds per annum; matrimonial qualifications which entitled him, in the noble Earl's estimation, to aspire even to the hand of his own matchless heiress. In fact, every body was perfectly satisfied, excepting the amorous Miss Temple, and the splenetic Lady Teviotdale, who could not forget her own ugly and unmarried daughter.

Thus, for some weeks events proceeded: and, during all this time did Lady Matilda, in accordance with her resolution, continue to feign the passion which she did not feel? No: she must have been a very bad person if she had, and should never, I promise you, have been a heroine of mine. But, what then was the result of her stratagem? How did all this extreme intimacy terminate? Why, in a very customary manner. She had not sufficient obduracy to enable her to execute the plan which her wounded vanity had conceived; and the consequence was, that the snarer became ensnared, that the intended captor was converted into the actual captive. The poor girl was deeply, thoroughly, *uncomfortably* in love.

"And now," thought she, "to what a hapless conclusion shall I have brought the perilous game to which my sorry spite excited me, if *he* should not entertain a *real* affection for me. But *how* be convinced of the truth of his attachment,

even if he should unequivocally avow it? How repose an implicit faith in one, whose sole vocation it has ever been to profess the sentiments which he does *not* feel. While I have been weak enough to devote my whole heart to him, what is there to assure me, that he has not been trifling with me? *I* sought *him*—unfemininely—weakly—culpably; and vanity alone would instigate him to respond to my pursuit. Rightly am I punished for my levity and folly!"

Nor were Mr. Byron's feelings much more satisfactory.

"Sedley," said he, one day, to his friend, "Sedley, I am *not happy*."

"You!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment, "*you!* Fitz-Roy Byron, *not* happy? A minute ago I should have deemed such an occurrence impossible."

"And so should I, one month ago."

"But what is your sorrow?"

"Matilda Morden."

"I thought *she* was your love."

"Ah," replied Byron, ruefully, "*that* is the reason she is my sorrow. Love and unhappiness—they are synonymes, I fear. At least, I know that *I* live in a state of the utmost uneasiness. Oh, how unwisely have I acted! For the mere sake of a heartless amusement, and for the gratification of my idle, wanton, guilty vanity, have I now been for many weeks associating with this fascinating creature, and publicly addressing to her what was once my fictitious homage. But rightly have I been punished for my callous deception! for, to the very being whom I regarded as my toy, and my puppet, has my just fate ordained me to surrender the custody of my heart. She has awakened in me feelings which I dreamt not to have existed; she has changed my whole nature, annihilated my volatility, destroyed all my reckless spirits, and rendered me, *I fear*, permanently attached to her. Yes—*I fear*, because, captivating, enchanting, lovely as she is, I have too much

reason to believe her to be a person with as little heart and passion as I once possessed. She *seems* to love me, it is true; but were she unequivocally to *avow* her affection—to proclaim it, and to swear it—by what process of self-delusion could I ever induce my reason to repose any confidence in her professions? How, in short, could I ever cajole myself into a belief in the truth of *her*, whose whole previous life has been one ceaseless career of deception?"

Such were the opinions, and the apprehensions of "The Two Flirts;" and, to own the fact, they were not wholly devoid of either judgment or foundation. But Love is blind, and Love is omnipotent, are two assertions that have been said and sung, repeated and received, until they have become established as facts. And facts, indeed, they must be, if *causes* are ever to be discovered from *effects;* for such is the conduct of the votaries of this precious deity, that it can only be explained by a religious belief in these attributes of his. None, therefore, will be surprised if the acts of Byron and Lady Matilda are found to be very inconsistent with their opinions.

They had now resided together beneath the same roof above three months; an age in the history of the passions of volatile people. They had outstaid all the guests they had originally found there, with one exception. Lady Teviotdale had long departed, finding that there was no chance for her ugly daughter, at Vernon Cliff. But having heard that there was "a very marrying young man," at a neighbouring seat, thence, by her diplomacy, she quickly obtained an invitation; and thither, she still more quickly repaired. And, as there may be no occasion for again mentioning her, we will at once state, that she was successful in her speculation; and that she most skilfully transferred to the shoulders of this nuptial Sinbad, a burthen far more tenacious and peevish than that of the Old Man of the Sea—and quite as ugly.

Miss Temple, and Lady Temple had departed; and, of course, Sir Sedley Manvers followed them. All had gone, with, as I have stated, one exception, which must be obvious—Mrs. Colquhoun; whom nothing could have induced to desert her present location, until she had witnessed the termination of the chace, and the game fairly run down. No, if the cholera had entered the house in its most pestilential form, she would rather have voluntarily perished, than have deserted her post, ere she had seen the objects of her interest once firmly secured in the arms of either Pluto, or Hymen. And, to own the truth, as *both* were grand and effective terminations, she would not have been *very* particular with regard to the alternative: a wedding, or a burial—they were pretty nearly the same. The only really important difference was that, in the one case, certain individuals wept in white satin, and in the other, in black bombasin. Both, however, were equally pageants—and better still, both were almost equally *exciting*.

Of course, this lady was of considerable use in the development of the drama. Every thing that mortal being could do, to advance, and to hasten the catastrophe, did Mrs. Colquhoun. Her zeal was unflagging; it had a two hundred horse power. By every possible inuendo, and skilful artifice, for she did not want tact, she was perpetually directing the attention of both to their mutual fitness. She often reported the kind words, and expressions of eulogium, which had been uttered by each during absence; and never tired of extolling the one to the other. Indeed, she carried her matrimonial mediations so far, as, when she had nothing agreeable to *repeat*, to *invent* the panegyric which neither had ever uttered.

What with these wiles, and the headstrong inclinations of the objects of her diplomacy, the course of true love at last conducted to a very customary termination.

During one of those mild and pleasant days which occasionally occur in December, as though for the express object of

rendering one additionally sensitive to the ensuing frosts, Byron and Lady Matilda were strolling in the garden of Vernon Cliff. Who that could have followed this pair, and unknowing who they were, have overheard their conversation, could ever have believed, that those two sensible people were, but a few short weeks ago, volatile, worldly, and irrational! They talked as gravely as a couple of Mandarins, but far more wisely; for the subjects of their talk were neither Cham-ho, nor Cham-he, the form of an obeisance, nor their sovereign's consanguinity to the Sun and the Moon. Nor, yet more barbarous still, did they find their topics in that narrow and conventional sphere, which generally alone interests their class; but to the vapid and eternally hacknied discussion of which only the most sterile, frivolous, and insensible minds, can ever voluntarily adhere. No; their true, but unfortunately mutually suspected love, dignified them; and their discourse assumed a high and intellectual tone.

In the vast and stupendous works of Nature, and in their mysterious and inscrutable relation to themselves, did these two examples of the occasionally elevating powers of their divinity, first find the food for their converse. But gradually it became more restricted; and at last it entirely centered in their own feelings and passions. I will not attempt to repeat the many flattering and affectionate sentiments which, while upon this too captivating and dangerous topic, Mr. Byron *implied*, rather than proclaimed for the object of his homage. At last, the combustible nature of their discourse conducted to a very usual termination,—*agitation;* which in its turn, led to an equally inevitable result—*silence.*

In this rather awkward and perilous predicament, they stood for some time; Lady Matilda, with her eyes bent obstinately on the earth, and a glowing and fixed flush on her transparent cheek; and Mr. Byron as pertinaciously regarding her with an undisguised and passionate admiration.

At last, Lady Matilda made a desperate effort to extricate herself from her too consciously apparent confusion and disquietude.

"How beautiful are those roses," she said; "considering the period of the year, it is really quite wonderful to see them in such a state of perfection."

As she thus spoke, she hastily entered the hothouse, and plucked one of the flowers which had excited her sudden admiration. She then returned, and with a pair of scissors fashioned for the purpose, busily trimmed and clipped her prize; and when this operation was completed, after having been prolonged to its utmost possible extent, she devoted an equal time and zeal to the arrangement of the flower in the attire of her bosom.

With great interest, and a profound silence, Mr. Byron had watched all these eloquent manœuvres.

"I should like to have that rose," at last, said he timidly, and wistfully eyeing the coveted treasure.

"You would like to have this rose," half unconsciously repeated Lady Matilda, her former confusion rapidly reviving. But she quickly added, with great apparent gaiety, "What would *you* give *me*, if I were to bestow it upon you?"

All had been elysium; every word, look, and action of Lady Matilda had abundantly satisfied him. His resolutions, and apprehensions had long been forgotten; and, for the last half hour, he had been gradually approaching a *crescendo* of passion. At this opportune question—and a more judicious one than which, at that moment, she could not have selected, even if she had been inspired by the profoundest principles of coquetry—his fervour reached its orgasm; and exploded with an effect which might have shamed the finale to the first act of the *Cenerentola*.

"What would I give you?" he exclaimed impetuously:

" all that the world—all that the universe contains,—*these* would I give to you, had I the blissful power of bestowing them! But as I am but a poor and limited individual, I can only offer you my sole possessions—my *heart*, and *hand!* Say, *dearest Matilda*," he continued, sinking on one knee, seizing her unresisting hand, and passionately pressing it to his lips; " say, do you accept my terms of exchange? That rose shall convey your answer. If you resign it, my happiness is eternally secured to me; but if you withhold it, you exile me from your presence *for ever*."

She cast one long, fond, and yet investigating glance upon him. In the expression of tenderness, and of truth, his eyes more than equalled her own; and in that moment, they stood mutually revealed, and believed.

The goal was won! Fitz-Roy loved her! *really* loved her —She felt the proud consciousness—triumphed in it, gloried in it—and instantly, the better mood and tone of feeling which affection and anxiety had conjointly engendered in her, vanished like a dream; and all the factitious dispositions, and caprices of the coquette, which time and indulgence had matured into a second nature, revived within her, in their fullest vigour.

The flush of delight gradually faded from her cheek; and a far less captivating expression, that of self-command, assumed possession of her countenance.

" There, take the rose," said she, " it is not worth my preservation."

Byron received the gift with rapture; and testified his gratitude on the lips of his fair mistress.

In this manner, did the Two Flirts affiance themselves.

But though Byron was delighted by her acquiescence, there was something in its *tone*, and *phrase*, that grated upon him, even at that moment. But when the first intense ebullition of his passion had subsided, he became *assured* that, in her assent, she had not displayed the extent of feeling which he

could have desired. He gazed inquiringly into her countenance; but there was upon it, an expression of tranquillity that did not reassure or gratify him. Could he but have seen into her *heart*, what an entire content would he have experienced! But the face was a perjured dissembler; and while her mind was really revelling in an exulting sense of happiness, she manifested an impassiveness that was aught but gratifying to an enthusiastic lover. Several were the attempts he made to resume the tone of their former discourse; but he received few responses, and no encouragement from her; and consequently, an entire silence quickly ensued. Yet, to do her justice, this reluctance to converse originated less in a capricious wilfulness, than in the abstraction which the internal contemplation and indulgence of her happiness occasioned. The germe however of mischief and of wrong was in her countenance; which, with a guilty waywardness, she had composed into an expression of indifference, if not of levity.

They reached the mansion; when Byron immediately sought Lord Ambleside, and having acquainted him that he had reason to suppose that Lady Matilda was not repugnant, demanded his sanction to their marriage. His lordship replied, that, if his daughter was concurrent, *he* could see no reason for interposing any obstacle—and thus the matter was arranged.

But Byron was *not* delighted; he was not even sure that he was contented; and again he strolled into the garden to meditate upon what he had done. Unconsciously he bent his way to the hothouse where Lady Matilda had obtained the rose. He entered it, and seated himself.

"How intensely happy," thought he, "was I here, only one short hour ago! And *why* am I not equally happy now?"

He could not, or rather *would* not answer the question. He feared to acknowledge to himself, that a mere change in the expression of his mistress' countenance had revived all his

former suspicions—had induced him again to apprehend that she was a mere heartless coquette who had really neither truth, nor feeling; but who had assumed the semblance of both for the sake of gratifying her unprincipled desire of parading him before the world as the slave and victim of her fascinations.

He had been but for a brief time abandoning himself to these melancholy meditations when he observed Lady Matilda advancing towards him. This sight somewhat soothed him; for from her air, and the inquiring glances she cast around, he inferred, what was the fact, that she had seen him issue from the house into the garden, and was now wandering in search of him. But his despondency was far from dissipated; and he was still consequently uncertain whether to advance and accost her, or to allow her to pass him; for though he could observe her, he was concealed from her view by the shrubs. While he thus hesitated, he saw Lord Ambleside quickly approaching from the opposite direction; and in another instant, the father and daughter met close to the hothouse.

"My dear Matilda," exclaimed the peer, "I have been looking for you everywhere, as I have no common intelligence to communicate to you. And yet, I dare say, that you *do* know that Byron has just been with me, and demanded your hand. For myself, I have no objection whatever to the match; I think that in every point of view he is a very suitable person. But, as I have always determined that your inclinations shall never in the slightest degree be restricted, I now request you to tell me without the least disguise, whether it is true that, as he asserts, you really like him?"

And how did Lady Matilda reply?

I will first tell you how she *felt*. While her father spoke, her face was crimsoned with blushes, her heart throbbed violently, and a gush of delight pervaded her whole frame. When he had concluded, her first impulse was frankly to avow

to him all the deep and strong affection she experienced; but, in the next moment, the perverse vanity of the obdurate and pertinacious flirt again unhappily predominated; and her wantonly delusive answer was to this effect;—That she certainly did not dislike Mr. Byron—she thought him rather frivolous, it is true—he was not so staid, or possessed of quite so much *fond*, as she could have desired—but that she agreed with her parent in considering him in a worldly point of view, a suitable *parti*—and consequently, if her papa had no particular objection, she—would marry him.

Unhappy Mr. Byron! a pleasant time had you, during this flippant speech, in your luckless place of concealment! Such, many worthy, but rather inquiring people would tell you, is only too often the result of clandestinely listening to other people's conversations. Not that Byron was premeditatedly an eavesdropper. Heaven forbid! No; in every respect, with the trifling exceptions of his coxcombry, and flirtations, he was an excellent, generous person, utterly incapable of an act of meanness. The fact is, he had heard *involuntarily;* spell-bound by the intensity of his interest.

Poor fellow! his feelings were far too lugubrious to permit an elaborate description of them to be at all agreeable to the readers of a light tale; or to be at all in harmony with the general character of the tale itself. *Melancholy* was the prevailing feature of his mind; and as it is the passion that makes, perhaps, the dullest picture, I shall only succinctly allude to it. All his anticipations were confirmed: he *had* discovered Lady Matilda to be the heartless, artificial person he had apprehended her to be; she *had* been assuming the semblance of truth and feeling, in the vain and selfish desire of inveigling him into an attachment to her. Yet this consciousness, grave as it was, formed but the less portion of his sufferings; for the far greater was occasioned, by the humiliating conviction that, in spite of his detection of her deficiencies, and comparative

unworthiness, he still loved her with an unabated fervour. But he resolved that she should not have to glory in their knowledge; he would mete unto her as she had meted to him, and *assume* for her the insensibility which he believed her to *really* experience. No; she should no longer suppose that he was the poor, pliant creature she deemed him; he would show her that he, at least, could *exhibit*, if he could not *entertain*, an indifference equal to her own.

After breakfast, on the following morning, Lady Matilda repaired to the library, for the first time for many weeks, *alone*. She looked mournfully around her; every object, almost every volume in the room, reminded her of a person who was too dear to her, to enable her to support this unwonted separation with even common regret. Besides, his mood, and manner during the previous evening, had filled her with anxiety. What could have occurred to occasion Fitz-Roy, the gay, and of late serenely cheerful Fitz-Roy, the despondence which he had then exhibited? A sentiment of increased uneasiness was the answer to this self-questioning. Little did she dream that he had overheard her flippant colloquy with her father; but well did she remember the manner she had assumed immediately after she had acquired a conviction of the truth of his affection for her. Upon a retrospection, in her now softened tone of mind, how ungrateful, and how unnatural, did this conduct seem. Poor Fitz-Roy! could his keen sense of this ill return for his impassioned avowal, have excited his dejection? Yes, such might be the sole cause; for, only too well did she personally know that, to the sensitive feelings of true love, the very slightest indication of a diminution, or even of a temporary suspension of affection in its object, occasioned an acute pang. In another minute of reflection, doubt became converted into certainty; and she stood remorsefully self-convicted of being the source of her lover's grief. Oh, how honestly did she then condemn, and

hate her own levity! And tenfold was this painful sentiment increased, when she recollected how his unhappiness must have been strengthened and confirmed by the neglect which she had exhibited to him during the whole of the previous evening; for, piqued and vexed by a gloom which to her, in her then still exulting state of feeling was unintelligible, she had systematically abstained from all attempts to enliven or conciliate him.

During this contrite self-communion, she had stationed herself in the recess of a window, whence was commanded an extensive view of the garden. For a time, her eyes wandered unconsciously over the scene; but, at last, they were arrested by a figure which both the distance and the foliage continued to render obscure. Instantly an impulse which is known only to love—and most frequently, to *feminine* love—assured her that it was Byron; and she watched it intently. The figure was moving; and at length it arrived in a nearer and more exposed position; when her suspicions were confirmed. It *was* Fitz-Roy; and, in spite of the space that still intervened, to her quick eye, was apparent something in his attitude and air, that indicated that his melancholy mood had not passed away. While she gazed upon him, with the most intense interest, he advanced his arm towards his face, and continued it for a brief while in that position, evidently in contemplation of some object which it sustained; but which the distance would not allow her to distinguish. This object he then approached to his lips; and again, a secret and indefinable feeling instantly assured her that it was *the rose*.

What a thrill of delight then darted through her, causing her heart to leap and her blood to glow! Hastily she quitted the apartment; and hurried into the garden in pursuit of her lover.

Within the next ten minutes, in the most retired, and sombre

path he could have selected, Mr. Byron heard footsteps behind him; and he turned discontentedly to confront the intruder. Lady Matilda was rapidly approaching him; her cheek glowing, and her eyes flashing, with animation and exercise.

"Fitz-Roy," she exclaimed, holding forth her hand to him, "*dear* Fitz-Roy, I have been seeking you, everywhere"—and she paused and panted to recover her breath.

A sudden gleam of pleasure flashed from his eyes, as he gazed intently upon her; but it quickly disappeared.

"I did not know that it was you," he replied coldly, at the same moment, languidly accepting her proffered hand.

This unimpassioned reception was not what she expected, or could have wished; but she was too highly wrought to be disconcerted by it.

"Do not be so frigid," she said, "or you will compel me to suspect that your demeanour is not in accordance with your sentiments."

And as she spoke, she gazed upon him so affectionately, that again Mr. Byron felt terribly tempted to relent. But he quickly mastered the impulse; and rejoined with much self-possession;

"Upon my word, you are very flattering; but I confess that I cannot exactly understand *why* you do me the honor of considering me a hypocrite. I can aver that, until Lady Matilda was kind enough to acquaint me, I was not at all aware that I was addicted to dissimulation: nor even now, can I in the least comprehend what object I can have in such a proceeding."

Her flow and excitement of spirit had been too great to yet desert her; and still, therefore, unrebuked, she replied cheerfully and tenderly,

"I will tell you a very vain and fond conjecture of mine, which will reveal to you *why* I accused you of dissembling; as

to the explanation of the *wherefore*, that lies neither within my province nor my power." She then added, with increased archness, "I *guess* that you were thinking of *me* when I first accosted you,—aye, and very *kindly* too."

"Really," replied Mr. Byron, somewhat startled and disordered by this sudden denunciation and conviction: "really, I did not know—I do not know—whether I ought, as a gentleman, to plead guilty or innocent to so terrible a charge. But, pray oblige me by first acquainting me what is your foundation for it?"

"Ah! *that* is a secret—but in the plenitude of my generosity I will reveal it to you. Allow me, then, in my turn to interrogate you. What was that object which some few minutes ago you held in your hand, and were kissing?"

At this seemingly very innocent question, *mirabile dictu*, the clear brown cheek of the stoical man of fashion, which, perhaps, during his whole existence, had never before changed its hue, became suddenly converted into a vivid crimson!

Byron was indeed thoroughly confused—disconcerted—angry. He was vexed and mortified by the consciousness of his own discomposure; and still more by this detection of his sentiments—this unceremonious plunder of the most cherished secret of his heart. While, however, he was meditating, and endeavouring to give words to some evasive reply, Lady Matilda suddenly exclaimed, with an expression of arch simplicity,

"May I beseech that you will be good enough to inform me what is that beautifully coloured object?"

And, as she spoke, she pointed to that portion of the male attire which lies about the region of the heart; and in the recesses of which conspicuously appeared a rose.

"Oh, this!" exclaimed the baffled Mr. Byron, more confused and splenetic than ever, as he mechanically withdrew his

treasure from the place which had betrayed it: "I am sure, I know not how it could have got there—it *is* a rose, a faded one; and," he added, with a sudden recovery of all his self-possession, and a glance of malicious significance at Lady Matilda, "*not worth my preservation.*"

As he thus retorted, contemptuously he cast the flower from him, among a little wilderness of evergreens which skirted their path.

Lady Matilda only too well remembered who had previously applied those very words to that very rose; and her wounded spirit spoke eloquently in the faint blush which suffused her features. But, in another instant, the crimson shade departed, and an unnatural palor supplied its place. She uttered not another word; Byron made not an effort to propitiate her; and they proceeded in silence until they arrived at the termination of their path: when she coldly and formally begged that she might not interrupt his walk, as she intended to return to the mansion. Her lover made no reply; but stiffly bowed; and she withdrew. He watched her, however, intently as she receded; but no "fond, lingering look" did she cast behind. Their first, but not their *last*, rupture had occurred between them.

As soon as she had completely disappeared, Byron slowly and carefully retraced his path; anxiously casting scrutinizing glances on each side of him, as he proceeded. At length, he arrived at the spot which he had well marked, and quickly discovered his lost treasure. Eagerly he clutched *the rose*, which but a few minutes before he had abandoned with so much ostentatious contempt; gazed fondly and sorrowfully upon it; then kissed it tenderly, and concealed it within the covering of his breast.

"Oh! how can I ever sufficiently regret," thought he, "that so lovely and fascinating a being should be so thoroughly artificial? When she first accosted me, with her endearing

manner, and her beautiful countenance beaming with seeming cordiality and sincerity, again for a moment she duped me; and I credulously imagined that she *really* experienced the interest and the affection which her tone and her features so admirably assumed. But never again shall she cajole me into a betrayal of my tenderness; for, independently on all feelings of wounded pride and disappointed hope, how do I know but that, with a creature so volatile and wayward as she is, I may not, by a systematic and unvarying manifestation of indifference, at last pique her into a real and permanent attachment."

In the meantime, deep within the recesses of her own chamber, was again immured the forlorn and self-communing Matilda.

"Thus, then," she thought, "are all my fears realized! thus, then, are all my dreams of happiness eternally annihilated! He to whom I have surrendered my best and fondest affections, is selfish, froward, and heartless! God in heaven help me! for such is my wretched destiny—or rather, so weak, so sorry, so degraded a thing am I—that I feel that I shall ever fondly love him who disregards, if he does not contemn me! Oh, how insidiously did he steal into my heart! and now that, like a traitor, he has gained it, he discards the mask, and recklessly and disdainfully shows how little he is deserving of that prize which I, poor credulous fool! was only too willing to yield. But he shall not triumph—if I cannot remedy, I can at least, conceal my weakness; and my actions for the future shall intimate that I am as regardless of him, as he is of me."

These were the resolutions of the two flirts, and to them, they adhered for some time; as people, unfortunately are generally more consistent in ill, than in good.

But in vain, Byron addressed himself most assiduously to Lady Harriet Gordon, one of their new visitors; and in vain, Lady Matilda flirted most vehemently with the Duke of

Lancashire, the eyes of the two impostors often involuntarily met, and they stood consciously mutually detected. These moments however, of renewed confidence, were rare, and only of too brief duration.

Mrs. Colquhoun, as may easily be conceived, was for a time, in a state of positive desperation, at this altered aspect of affairs; for, prompted by her ruling passion, her quick eye soon enabled her to ascertain that Byron and Lady Matilda were no longer upon their former terms of concord. At first, she dreaded that their mutual estrangement might ultimately lead to a rupture; and there was not an effort which she did not make to reconcile them. But when she found that, even in their most splenetic moments, no idea of breaking off the marriage ever entered into the head of either, she very tranquilly allowed events to proceed in their present course.

The party at Vernon Cliff separated; and the affianced couple, among others, went to London. It had been previously settled that they should be united in the early portion of the spring. During the two intervening months they continued to associate upon their recent terms; there was no revival of their former amity; it seemed to have vanished for ever.

But why then not separate? Why plunge madly into a union in which there appeared not the least prospect of happiness? I know not. Perhaps, their vanity interposed. All the world had heard of their betrothment; and consequently perhaps, *both* equally feared that all the world might say of *each* that his or her particular self had subsequently been repudiated by the other? Or, perhaps their dormant affection was still superior both to their present unnatural state of estrangement, and to their apprehensions of future discords? I repeat, I know not. In either case, their conduct was rash and foolish. But one must not attempt to analyze, or explain the

dissensions of lovers, or measure them by the rules of reason, or even by those of the very *commonest* common sense; for if we did, we should only too often be most discourteously tempted to pronounce that the performers in them are more frequently asinine, than rational. The self-delusions and obliquities of passion may be considered to be a most dangerously democratic influence; for, with an even more than American insanity for equalization, they remorslessly reduce the intellectual autocrat, to the level of mental bondage.

However, in the present instance, a word *may* be offered in defence of the course of my hero and heroine; for, in the inmost breast of either, existed a latent and criminating consciousness; which, in spite of all self-advocacy and sophistry, convicted each of having often wronged the other. The natural result of this severe self-upbraiding was, an involuntarily mitigated condemnation of the conduct of the other. Consequently, both may have entertained, in spite of all their petty piques and caprices, such an opinion of each other's character, as to justify a probability of their future happiness.

They were married. And Mrs. Colquhoun was present at the ceremonial, and at the nuptial *dejeuner*.

Weeks, months elapsed, but neither time nor matrimony increased their mutual understanding. If ever the French phrase, *fausse position*, was thoroughly applicable to *a* position, it was to theirs. Loving each other most dearly, yet was each, in the avenging consciousness of past deceptions and levities, eternally tormented by the apprehension of the indifference of the other. They had eyes, but they could not see; they had ears, but they could not understand. Dearly, then, did they atone for their former frailties! Though they could not always be so obstinately blind as not to obtain occasional glimpses of the truth, yet they may be said to have lived in an almost ceaseless fear of their mutual insincerity.

Time progressed; and with it, the increase of their dissensions. Who, at one period, could have conjectured that Byron should ever have been compelled to resort to Tattersall's, or to seek a refuge in his clubs, from the domestic bickerings with Lady Matilda Morden? Yet such was the course which he was driven, or believed himself driven, to adopt; and this desertion only conduced to increased dissatisfaction. In retaliation, Lady Matilda resumed, as a wife, with seemingly an augmented zest, those habits of flirtation which had rendered her so notorious as a maiden. But to this conduct, Mr. Byron very naturally thought proper to oppose his *veto;* and tenfold were the altercations which consequently ensued.

They had existed in this state of connubial *in*felicity for more than a twelvemonth, when their final quarrel occurred. Harsher and more reproachful language had been interchanged in the progress of their mutual exasperation, than had ever been previously uttered by either. At last, their dissension arrived at such a height that it was only terminated by Byron quitting the room, solemnly protesting that he would never again return to a house in which he had experienced so much misery. Until his departure, anger was the predominant passion which Lady Matilda had manifested. But as soon as the door had closed upon his retreating form, she burst into tears.

"And is it come to this!" she exclaimed: "That I should live to hear *him* say to *me* that we must separate! Yet, for this result I believe I ought to reproach *myself*, far more than him. Still, I sometimes fondly fancy that we are mutually beloved: at least, God only knows how truly *my* heart is devoted to him. That we misunderstand each other, my conscience often assures me; but the *habit* of quarreling, and of division, has been so long commenced and matured, that Heaven alone can tell how it is ever to be terminated! No longer do I look to

the future with hope. *Hope!* the sentiment is up-rooted from my nature. I believe he is right—I believe he would be happier if I were divided from him—at least, for a time. Poor, dear Fitz-Roy! your peevish wife shall not be a bar to your entrance to your own house. It is but executing now the plan which I have so long meditated, and to which, sooner or later, I feel I shall be compelled to resort. Yes, this very day, this very hour, will I repair to my father's, and reside with him, until absence shall have restored to us both, our former feelings. God, who sees into my heart, knows, that not from my own unhappiness, but from the consciousness of *his*, I derive the fortitude to undergo this temporary misery!"

In this resolution, she immediately ordered her carriage; and then repaired to her chamber, to make the necessary arrangements. In a brief while, they were completed; and she prepared to depart. But in this intention, she had no sooner opened the door of her apartment, than a strange and confused murmur struck sadly upon her ear. She gazed inquiringly at her attendant; and her attendant responded by a look of expressive surprise. But neither of them spoke; for there was something in the nature of the disturbance which riveted their attention to it alone. Lady Matilda descended, with some anxiety, a few of the stairs; while the sounds of many steps, and many muffled voices, evidently approached. She listened intently. There was a noise, and a bustle; but there was a solemn stillness in them, which at last succeeded in awaking in her a profound, though still a vague alarm. Rapidly she then again descended, until she met, borne by four men, on a rude litter, the body of her husband, disfigured by blood and mire!

Senselessly, on the hard stone, without a groan, or a sound, instantly sank the unhappy Matilda.

When she recovered, she found herself in her own room,

extended on her own bed, and attended by her own domestics and a physician. For a moment, she looked wildly around; but in the next, the recollection of the horrible incident she had just witnessed, returned to her, and she uttered the words, "My husband!" The physician at first attempted to impress upon her the necessity of tranquillity, and then to address to her phrases of ambiguous consolation. But, arising suddenly, and gazing sternly on the humane equivocator, with a masculine vehemence, which no human being could once have supposed this feminine being to have possessed, she almost insanely demanded to be acquainted with the worst.

In the conviction that any farther opposition or attempt at delusion would only be productive of evil, the physician acquainted her, that Byron had been run over by a cabriolet; had been much bruised, and his leg dangerously broken: but that he still lived, and might recover.

No power could then prevent her from immediately repairing to the chamber of her husband. Oh, how fearfully did her heart reproach her, when her eyes encountered the piteous spectacle which there presented itself! He whom she had left in all the vigor of life and health, he, whom she now found that she *adored*, lay crushed and mutilated before her, a helpless, senseless object. And if aught could be found to increase the agony of such a sight as this, it existed in the dreadful consciousness that she might regard *herself* as the cause of this terrible catastrophe; for, even in that moment of torture, she felt, that but for her peevish provocations, he might never have quitted his home, and consequently have been still a hale and happy man. But if this thought pained her *then*, what words may describe the remorse, the *curse*, that it afterwards became to her!

I will not loiter in the chamber of sickness, or wire-draw a painful description of the physical sufferings of the husband, or

the moral anguish of the fond and contrite wife. The moments that followed his final restoration to his senses, were painfully touching. The agony which he had endured, and the peril in which he stood, had also purified him from the leaven of his petty infirmities; the little frailties which were on the surface had been surmounted and replaced by the deeper and more solid qualities of his nature: and strong, fervent, and untinctured by alloy, was the affection which they then manifested. While her head lay droopingly on his face, and their abundant tears copiously mingled, they dislodged a heavy burthen from their hearts, and expiated all their mutual follies. Like those rivers which are called into existence by some fierce terrestrial convulsion, their dormant and deeply latent virtues required a grave crisis to arouse them into a permanent being. But the earthquake shock *had* occurred; a knell had sounded that had vibrated to their very souls; and they were morally saved.

For weeks, Byron languished on his bed of pain, gradually growing more feeble. At last, the physicians thought themselves bound to inform him that if he had still any testamentary provisions to make, he should immediately commence them. The unfortunate man submissively received their decree; and giving a key to his disconsolate wife, requested her to repair to his library, thence to obtain certain necessary documents, which he described to her.

On the outside of almost all the papers was some brief indication of their contents. At last, however, she observed one, that was folded as a letter, but unsealed, and without a superscription. She opened it; and discovered a small heap of rose-leaves, and the withered stem which had once sustained and confined them in the form of the most beautiful of flowers. On the interior of the envelope, were written these words:

"The gift of Matilda Morden, now my beloved wife. May God ever protect and prosper her! and ultimately incite her

to return the affection of her fond and true, yet most unhappy husband."

Back to the couch of Byron, with this packet, and this alone, tottered the forlorn and conscience-stricken wife; trembling beneath its light weight, as though she sustained an oppressive burthen. Before his eyes, she exhibited its contents; then, reposing her head on his breast, unrestrainedly abandoned herself to her grief, and again bedewed him with a torrent of the bitter tears of mingled affection and regret.

From that day, a change occurred in Byron's condition; and gradually he recovered his strength, until all his former health and vigor were restored to him.

It were vain to attempt to depict the joy of Lady Matilda Byron. The extent of it may be best inferred from the description of the change which occurred in her subsequent conduct; for she became, and has ever since remained, the truest, the fondest, and the most exemplary of wives. Her husband fully responds to her affections and to her virtues; and a happier or more united pair do not exist.

And thus, did the Two Flirts suffer until they had expiated the *crimes* of their youth; for, harsh as the assertion may appear to the thoughtless, and pompously didactic as it may be deemed by the flippant, I do aver that, Flirtation *is* a crime.

SONNET

TO THE RIVER WAVENEY.

Still flows meandering stream, thy silver tide,
Through Hoxne's peaceful vales and meadows fair;
Still with soft murmurs thou delight'st to glide
O'er the smooth pebbles, and with conscious pride
Lave her green banks, and kiss each floweret there
As erst in days of yore:—when, pressed by foes*
Rushing with savage joy on conquest's wing,
The noble Edmund, eastern Anglia's King,
Sought by the waves, a shelter and repose.
Bosomed in sedge, near *Goldspur Bridge* concealed,
Safe from the fury of the cruel Dane,
He rested as within some sacred fane,
'Till Luna's beams his lurking-place revealed
And doomed a Martyr's death his sainted life to close!

* In 870, Inguar, the Danish chieftain, gained possession of Thetford, the capital of East Anglia. King Edmund collected his forces, and marched to oppose the invaders. After an engagement maintained for a whole day with the most determined courage on both sides, the victory remained undecided. The pious King, affected by the death of so many martyrs to the Christian cause, retired in the night to Eglesdene, now Hoxne, whither he was followed by the enemy. In the hope of escaping his pursuers, the monarch concealed himself under the arch of a bridge near the place, now called *Gold Bridge*, so named from the brilliant appearance of the gilt spurs which he happened to wear, and which proved the means of discovering his retreat. A newly married couple returning home in the evening, and seeing by moonlight the reflection of the spurs in the water, betrayed him to the Danes.

THE VAMPIRE KNIGHT AND HIS CLOUD STEED.

Καλίτεροι οἱ ἀδερφοὶ τῆς ἐκκλησίας
παρὰ οἱ ἀδερφοὶ τῆς κοιλίας.

Brothers of love whom the Church unites,
By solemn prayer, and holy rites,
Are more closely bound, and sincerer far,
Than oft the sons of one mother are.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Mustafa Pasha, a native Turk, was governor of Khaniá. Like the rest of his correligionists in Crete, he entertained theological notions somewhat lax, and his practice, as will generally happen, corresponded but too well with the looseness of his creed. He had married into the distinguished Greek family of Agriolides, and by the matrimonial contract it was provided that the wife should exercise freely the rites of her own religion, and, as was often the case, bring up her daughters in the maternal belief. The sons, if any there should be, were to follow the faith of their sire. Many, in the oblivion of futurity, produced by passion, might at first act as unscrupulously as Mustafa; but few, perhaps, would continue practically to observe the same toleration when the fever of desire had subsided, and calm reflection had resumed its sway. But he was by nature gentle and kindly; and, though in theory a genuine Mussulman, so completely devoid of the prejudices which usually accompany a belief in the Koran, that he would sometimes, when rising early to prayer, light the taper placed in his wife's chamber before the panagia.* His conduct in this respect appeared the more extraordinary, in that the lady continued childless. He took unto himself, however, no other wife, but continued

* Virgin.

ever as he had begun, in affection, devotion, gentleness, unchanging and unchangeable.

Mustafa's Christian brother-in-law, Demetrio Agriolides, possessed a helpmate who appeared designed by nature to fill up the gap, occasioned by her sister's sterility. In fact, the talent of Madame Agriolides in this matter, was so remarkable, that it acquired her a kind of reputation; so that many a Moslem, with the legal complement of wives, looked upon Demetrio with envy, seeing that his lady filled cradles faster than their entire harems. Every thirteen moons, as sure as the snows melted on the white mountains, Demetrio counted a fresh accession to his family; and beautiful they all were, with their large dark eyes, and Hellenic harmony of features, looking like so many breathing statues from the chisel of Pheidias.

To several of these children Mustafa Pasha, with a stretch of tolerant liberality, not uncommon in Crete, had stood sponsor. He loved children, though childless; and, by a very intelligible sleight of the fancy, was led to imagine that the relation of gossipred opened up between him and his offspring of the font, something like that mysterious channel through which the spirits of affection ascend and descend, like angels over the patriarch's ladder. The soul of Mustafa soared high above the reach of envy; he beheld one lovely infant after another, grace the knees of his friend, and rejoiced to behold them; but when, at last, Theodoros, the youngest and most beautiful of all, whose radiant features lighted up his cradle like a star, was placed on his knees to demand his sponsorship and blessing, it became impossible for him longer to contain his feelings; tears came unbidden to the eyes, and bending down low to conceal them,—"Would to God," cried he inwardly, "that my soul might obtain a boon like this. To

become the father of such a son, how gladly would I exchange the Pasha's robes for the mantle of the beggar. Amidst the storms of poverty I would hug him to my bosom; and in sheltering him, in providing for his wants, in stilling his cries, in gathering the honey dew of his smiles, I should be happier than the Padisha. For like a spring in the wilderness is the smile of a child, sweeter is its voice than music, dearer its love than the love of woman. Ah, to embrace thus the son of my soul,—to feel in his touch something purer than light—holier than prayer—more beloved than life. O, Allah! take from me all I possess, so thou but give me, instead, the unspeakable joy of becoming a father."

So prayed Mustafa, nor was his prayer unheard. Two years from that time he found himself at once a parent and a widower. His wife, so tenderly beloved, died in giving birth to a daughter, who, though bright in his eyes as the Pleiades, appeared still no compensation for the loss her coming into the world had caused. Our hearts, in this world, are never without a wound. Nature, when our bliss runs high, provides us with a thorn on which to lean, like the nightingale, that we may remember what we are, and be checked in the fond search after unmingled felicity.

The Pasha, however, was now a father; and, to sweeten the moments of childhood for Emina, obtained from his friend Agriolides permission to shut up along with her in the harem, one of his daughters, a little older than herself. There they grew up together, enjoying such amusements, and pursuing such studies, as suited their age. Emina's beauty meanwhile expanding like the rose-bud, and shedding its light and perfume on everything around, appeared to dazzle and enchant even her female compaion, who, during the frequent visits which she paid her friends, dwelt rapturously on her charms,

and that incomparable gentleness and softness of character which invests beauty with its greatest power.

As her mother had died so early, Emina was necessarily brought up a Mohammedan, and destined, as a matter of course, to be the wife of some Pasha; for Mustafa entertained in all their plenitude those notions, peculiarly oriental, which regard the marriage and condition of women. He accordingly selected to be the future husband of Emina, his nephew, Youssuf Bey, a young man whose talents and character promised to raise him to the highest offices. Contrary to the customs of the East, he sometimes allowed them to meet and converse in his presence: they were in his eye betrothed. Nevertheless, he could not fail to observe, what, indeed, appeared to be abundantly evident, that, although Youssuf wanted not personal attractions, and enjoyed the reputation of being the best horseman in all Crete, which Mustafa esteemed an important consideration, Emina still met and parted from him with as much coolness as if he had been her aunt. She neither blushed when he approached, nor when, in his absence, allusion chanced to be made to him, did the slightest sigh agitate her fair bosom. In fact, he might have wooed the Sphynx with equal chance of making an impression, as far, at least, as could be conjectured from external signs.

But the Pasha, at that moment, knew nothing of what was passing in his daughter's mind. We have said she was educated a Mohammedan, which, however, only meant that it was taken for granted she believed in the Koran, though no care had been taken to implant such a belief. The presence of Irene Agriolides, in the harem, appeared to have been overlooked; but Emina felt it. They conversed often of religion; and the deep and impassioned enthusiasm of the Christian maiden, her enunciation of mysteries, above their comprehension, but elevating by the very attempt to grasp them, her

descriptions, glowing and florid, of the imposing ceremonies,—the incense, the music, the splendour and magnificence of the sacerdotal dress and ornaments, but above all, the secret thrill of devotion which shoots through the heart, when a whole congregation lift up their voices together in praise of their Creator, excited a fascinating power in the imagination of Emina; and if they did not at once convert her, at least awakened a desire to witness the ceremonies of the church.

There would, however, as she foresaw, be some difficulty in gratifying the desire, without demanding of her father a permission he might probably refuse to grant; the youthful friends continued long perplexed and undecided, therefore. To leave the harem accompanied by the usual attendants, slaves or eunuchs, would be to encounter certain detection; to go forth alone they knew to be difficult, and in many ways objectionable. Yet, after earnestly discussing all the reasons, pro and con, this was what they at length determined on. But in an affair of this kind, they found it much easier to resolve than to act. Mustafa's harem, more out of compliance with custom, than from any conviction of its necessity, was most strictly guarded; eunuchs, white and black, beset every door and avenue; female slaves, armed with a graduated authority, from the keeper of my lady's slippers to the keeper of her virtue, occupied the apartments encircling the chamber of Emina; and, therefore, though Irene had always enjoyed the liberty of going forth alone, or attended by a female slave, there seemed to be considerable difficulty in discovering how Emina might smuggle herself out. However, where there's a will, as the vulgar have it, there's a way. It was agreed that one of the female dragons of the harem should be let into the secret, and remain in the sleeping apartment of her mistress, while she, disguised in servile weeds, accompanied her friend, at break of day, to the monastic chapel of Haghios Eleutherios.

The morning fixed upon was Sunday. Irene, who had slept little, rose ere it was light, but found her friend already habited in her masquerade costume, sitting at an open window with eyes riveted upon the dark expanse of the bay below, over which a glimmering gray was imperceptibly creeping from the East. The sound of Irene's well-known footstep put to flight her reverie. "Come," said she, "you see I have long been ready. In my eagerness, at least, I am a better Christian than you. Yet I wish it were well over. God is merciful!"

"There is no ground for apprehension," answered Irene; and led the way towards the street. The approach of dawn is far more rapid in Crete than with us; so that ere they had reached the city gates, the fingers of the mythological Eoos had streaked the sky with purple, violet, and red. A brilliant light filled the atmosphere. From the subjacent sea a breeze, cool and refreshing, came blowing steadily in, communicating buoyancy and vigour to the frame, and lightness to the step; and though engaged in an act, in her own estimation unlawful, Emina experienced, from the influence of physical causes, a kind of mental intoxication, known only to those whose foot has brushed morning dew from the daisy in the sunny climes of the East.

The keeper of the gate had too frequently exercised his office in furtherance of Irene's devotion to hesitate now. They were, therefore, soon out upon the beautiful plain of Khaniá, where they immediately struck into the road leading to the village of Murniés. The scene in itself was by no means new to Emina. She had a thousand times ridden over it under the guardianship of her keepers. But the united powers of morning and romance now appeared to invest it with unwonted magnificence. White and glittering rose the distant villages, thin, tall minarets, heaven-pointing, and surmounted by gilded

crescents, appearing like columns of snow amid the palm-trees and cypresses in which they were embosomed. Coveys of red-legged partridges, disturbed by their footsteps, sprung whirring from the grass. The sea-mews wheeled in with loud screams from the bay. While here and there the flight, soaring and proud, of some solitary eagle, led their eye towards those giddy heights on which the snows of a thousand winters stood piled in virgin whiteness.

In less than an hour they passed through Murinés, and shortly after found themselves near the chapel, whither they were journeying. It was a building light and graceful, surmounted by a pillared cupola, and adorned in front with pilasters in the Doric style, simple cornices, and an angel's head, supported on wings. The door stood open, and the voice of singing, such as Emina had never heard, filled the chapel, and mingled its holy cadences with the morning music of the brake. They did not immediately enter, Emina's heart failing her, but stood hesitating among the cypresses that surround the edifice. When at length, however, they had found courage to pass the sacred threshold, Emina's eye caught the figure of a young man who stood with his face towards the minister, absorbed, apparently, in devotion, and unconscious of the presence around him of any thing save God. His costume, at once rich and simple, bespoke distinction; and his large fair neck, contrasted with the profusion of black curls by which it was partly shaded, suggested an idea of the highest manly beauty, joined with the strength and vigour that enter so largely into the idea women have of it. Irene, who perceived how much she was struck, whispered softly in her ear,—"It is my brother, Theodoros! He will accompany us back to the city, and you shall converse with him."

Emina scarcely heard, for at the moment Theodoros looked round, and his beauty, exceeding that which proverbially

belonged to his family, at once kindled up her imagination to a flame. She had never dreamed that human nature could put on a shape so lovely. His face, Hellenic from the outline to the minutest touch of the features, possessed all the ideal dignity of the Apollo, in forehead lofty, in oval roundness of chin as soft as a girl's, and lighted up by large dark eyes hitherto uninspired by passion. But, unused to the world, she forgot that they who gaze are gazed at in return. Theodoros, despite her servile garb, meant partly to conceal her countenance, in a moment discovered the supreme loveliness of a face in which all the distinguishing traits of the Agriolide clan appeared to be concentrated, and carried to the highest perfection. His eye knew not where to rest, on features, or neck, or bosom, or on those rich curvatures into which the youthful female form, when unchecked by fashion, naturally expands. He appeared to be in a dream. A light seemed to radiate from her countenance, and her breath, like a bank of violets, diffused around a delicious perfume, which filled the whole chapel.

The service over, Theodoros hastened to join his sister and demand who and what her companion might be. She at first hesitated to satisfy his curiosity, but being earnestly intreated, was fain to confess the truth; upon which the young man addressed himself to Emina, not in the impetuous language commonly employed by passion in the East, but with timid reverence, such as devotion, in which the heart has share, delights to exhibit. I will not presume to determine on what topics they conversed. The lady certainly forgot the regulations of the harem, listened and replied with earnestness, I might say with warmth, and when near the city gate, they parted, her flushed cheek grew pale, and her feelings experienced that dreary ebb, that chilly stagnation, which in enthusiastic natures inevitably succeed to overwrought excite-

ment. In silence, almost peevish and moody, she stole back to the palace, scarcely noticing the presence of Irene, and was sufficiently fortunate to reach her apartments undiscovered.

The visits to the chapel, thus commenced, became gradually more and more frequent. Emina, converted at once, considered it devotion, Irene supposed it to be love; but was too good a Christian to quarrel with the motive which led her thither, whatever it might be. Devout people, however, are by no means beyond the reach of public animadversion, which, on the contrary, appears to be never so active as when it alights on the back of piety and sheaths its fangs deep in her flesh. The lovers, about whom such mystery floated, were watched narrowly. Emina was traced to the Pasha's palace, Theodoros to that of the Agriolides; and a little drama was quickly invented of which it could not be exactly foreseen whether the denouement would prove tragic or comic.

Some hint of what was going forward at length reached Youssuf Bey, who, in a sullen and revengeful mood, proceeded to the palace, in order to lay the whole matter before the Pasha, and be revenged on Emina because he could not obtain her love. He judged rightly that Mustafa was not a person to be trifled with. It seemed, likewise, quite clear to him, that two opinions could not be entertained respecting the conduct of Emina, which, leading her to associate with infidels, and enter their places of worship, must, he considered, be unquestionably unworthy in every way of a good Mussulman, to say nothing of a Pasha's daughter. Finding the old man sitting alone on his divan, playing with the pipe he had just emptied, he began very gravely by assuring his uncle that something had happened which set all Khaniá laughing at his beard; a feat of wonderful cleverness, seeing it was evident to all the world that as yet he had none. Mustafa inquired very seriously into the nature of his misfortune, but, on learning it, was himself greatly

disturbed. He clapped his hands violently, and a slave appearing, commanded Emina to be brought instantly before him. His daughter, of course, obeyed. When she entered the apartment, Youssuf, with a fierce scowl mantling on his face, was standing at her father's side, with one hand grasping his dagger, the other half clenched resting on the back of the couch. His forehead was wrinkled into frowns, his eyebrows had lost their curvature and were uncoiling themselves like dark snakes over his eyes now turned in dudgeon from Emina, his mouth, ruefully drawn down at both sides, looked as if envy itself had shaped it, while the slender moustachios that adorned his upper lip appeared to curl spontaneously, and move like the tail of a cat about to spring upon a mouse. Emina, who in entering, had caught a glimpse of his amiable physiognomy, could scarcely suppress the smile that rose to her lips; but, as her eye descended to her father's countenance, bent upon her with an aspect unusually severe, her levity was checked, and crossing her arms upon her bosom, she humbly inquired his pleasure.

"Who, by the soul of the prophet! am I, Emina, that you dare, without my consent, to quit the harem, and converse openly in the fields with infidels, like one of the female *Yahoodies:** may their faces be black!"

"My lord is angry," replied his daughter, "and as this is new to his slave, she knows not what to say."

"That I am angry is true; but is my anger without cause? Behold my beard! Have not years and sorrows blanched it, my child? Was not my youth buried in your mother's grave, which would have received my wretched frame also, but that for your sake I consented to live? And I considered you a balm from Heaven, a charm to dispel my grief, to reconcile me with existence; and now!—but is it true that the daughter of Mustafa Pasha has become the companion of infidels?"

* Jews.

"My lord, answered Emina, was my mother an infidel?"

"Your mother? She was the chosen of God, my child. What tongue in Khaniá would dare to couple the opprobrious term with her?"

"If not with her, then why with her sister's son and daughter? for with none other have I spoken. Listen to me, my lord. For seventeen years' uninterrupted love and kindness can I ever make you an ungrateful return? Even were you other than my father, your love, burning like an undying beacon over my mother's grave, must long ere now have kindled mine, and knit me to you with links of steel. Do you doubt this, my lord? Wave but one finger in command, and this poniard, in proof, shall be buried in my breast. What have I done? Have I in any thing disobeyed your commands? Was it ever hinted to me that the compact entered into with my mother, now in paradise, would be broken? That the faith of her child should be different from hers? That the religion found good in the wife should be prohibited to the daughter? My lord, I am your slave; but whose is my spirit?"

"Go to, Afrit!" cried the old man, interrupting her, and affecting anger, while the tear trembled in his eye. "Go to; the oil of Roum is on your tongue; you would plead down an ulema. But this comes of instructing women: they will presently, I trow, preach in the mosque, and command in the battle-field.

"Nay, not command," answered she; "but if my lord stood in need of his daughter's arm, he should still find it ready, even on the field of blood."

"Hah! there brake forth the Osmanli. By your mother's soul, Emina, you sport with our beard as the wind with the thistle-down: but, after all, is it true, as we have heard, that you venture to love without our consent?"

"What my lord has heard is true."

"Said I not so?" exclaimed Youssuf, who could restrain his fury no longer. "Said I not so? But the infidel dog"—

"Is my nephew," cried the Pasha, "as you are, Youssuf; but restrain your indignation; we are master in Khaniá, and our daughter shall be slave to no man. There she stands free, to be wooed and won as her mother was. You have my permission to meet and converse with her, even out of my presence, provided, Irene be by: but so has Theodoros; and this shall be for a whole year. At the end of that period she shall become the wife of whomsoever she prefers—and the *only* wife: mark that, Youssuf."

Here the conference terminated. Youssuf retired with a calm and confident brow; but instead of availing himself of the extraordinary indulgence of his uncle, rather shunned than courted occasions of meeting Emina, repaired seldom to the palace, and occasionally absented himself for several weeks together from Khaniá. His father Hassan Zadé, too, the brother of Mustafa wore an altered mien. From the most supple of courtiers he became suddenly reserved and haughty, and besides entertaining constantly at his house numerous Turks of distinction disaffected towards the Pasha, was suspected of keeping up a secret correspondence with the Porte.

At length this pregnant mystery brought forth. One morning, while Mustafa was sitting in full divan, surrounded by the principal Greeks and Turks of the island, an officer entered with a Hhatti sheriff from Stambool, commanding his immediate attendance at the footstool of the Padishah. To add to his chagrin he was informed, with malicious communicativeness somewhat unusual, that the honours of the pashalik devolved on his brother Hassan. The news, it must be acknowledged, was galling, and altogether unexpected. His indignation was roused: an hour's deliberation allowed him might have severed

Crete for ever from the Ottoman empire; but, as in these cases, the bowstring commonly announces the Sultan's displeasure, and there is not a moment to be lost in deciding between obedience and rebellion, the old man was thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the summons, and at once signified his readiness to accompany the officer. It is a maxim of Turkish policy to guard against the danger of insurrection on such occasions by despatch. The same day, therefore, saw Mustafa on the road to Stambool, and Hassan installed in his palace and command.

Emina was not long spared the knowledge of what had befallen. Irene was next day sent home to her parents; eunuchs devoted to Hassan and his son replaced the old servants of Mustafa, and peremptory orders were issued that no one, under pain of death, should presume to quit the precincts of the harem without permission of the Pasha. At the same time Youssuf Bey made his appearance in the female apartments. Haughty and imperious, and desirous less to conciliate than to triumph over his cousin, he commanded her to be brought to him; and in the presence of several witnesses expressed his resolution that their union should take place within a few days: he was not now, he informed her, a humble suitor, the rival of Theodoros, who, it was hinted, had been properly disposed of. Emina, at this stage of the proceedings, turned pale as ashes, and seemed fearfully agitated; but uttered not a word. It was judged proper, however, to remove her; she was therefore led back to her chamber and placed under the care of a young female slave, her milk-sister,* a relative not less closely bound by affection, in the moral theory of eastern nations, than a sister by blood.

Left alone together, they at first gave vent to their sorrows in sighs and tears: but these mend nothing. Something more

* The oriental expression.

than weeping would be necessary to defeat the machinations of Youssuf and his father; and after long deliberation, a scheme was hit upon which appeared likely to be attended with success. As the Turks regard insanity with the most superstitious reverence, not unmingled with terror, supposing it to be always under the especial protection of Heaven, it was agreed that Emina should feign madness, and utter, in its furious paroxysms, many wild and fantastic things, foaming, meanwhile, at the mouth, rolling about her eyes, and doing frantic violence to herself and others. Accordingly, at the dead of night, Kamerilza, for that was the name of the slave, burst forth with loud cries from their chamber, pursued by Emina, who, with a lamp in one hand and a toasting-fork in the other, kept up a fierce chase along the corridors, exclaiming that she had discovered a *Katakhanas* (vampire) in her bed. The whole palace thrown into confusion by this device, believed every thing they saw to be real; and it was the general opinion that the curse of God had fallen on the place to avenge the ruin of Mustafa, whose absence was deeply deplored. Even Youssuf and his father, whose wickedness afforded them no protection against superstition, though at first some doubts crossed their minds, soon fell into the general belief. Observing which, for they suffered many proofs of their conviction to escape them, Emina redoubled her manifestations of madness; and so ably did she act her part, that Kamerilza more than once experienced the suspicion that her mistress had passed from jest to earnest.

In the meantime a report of their proceedings was diligently conveyed to Theodoros, who, with his spiritual brother, had prudently retired from the city and taken refuge with the monks of Haghios Eleutherios. The nature of the brotherhood, in Crete called Spiritual, is this:—Two young men, desiring to render eternal the ties of friendship that bind them to each other, repair to the church, and there, in the presence of

God, with solemn rites and a service set apart for that purpose, declare themselves brethren, and contract voluntarily, and vow to perform, all the obligations imposed by that relationship. To these young men, I say, Kamerilza contrived to furnish daily an exact account of what took place in the palace. It was foreseen that neither the strength nor arts of Emina could long hold out. She must certainly sink under the efforts requisite to support the part she had undertaken, or might, in an unguarded moment, betray herself. They resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to attempt her deliverance; but it was exceedingly difficult to discover what course they should pursue, having at once to contend with power, and the watchful vigilance of vindictive jealousy.

Love, however, is fertile in expedients. Familiar from their boyhood with the superstitions of their native land, they knew that, in the mountains above the convent where they now lay hid, a spectre was said periodically to appear, to which the Sfakian peasants had given the appellation of the "Vampire Knight and his Cloud Steed." Of this equestrian phantom, people of all ranks in that part of the island stood in awe. He was said to have been a wicked Venetian governor who, some centuries ago, had committed unheard of crimes, and died excommunicated; on which account his spirit had been condemned to roam the earth as a Katakhanas, or vampire, till the day of judgment. His horse, by some accident, had been converted, like himself, into a spectre; and mounted on his back, the Knight would, from time to time, flit like a mist across the mountains, inspiring dread into the peasantry, and giving rise to the belief that disasters and calamities were about to fall upon the country. Had the spot where he was buried been known, they might have opened his tomb, and burned the body, which would immediately have put him to flight; but time having thrown its mantle over this circum-

stance, nothing remained but to endure the visitation when it came.

Theodoros secretly purchased a white horse of great strength and beauty, mounted upon which, attired in the old Venetian costume, he nightly made his appearance aloft on the summits of the cliffs, now glancing rapidly along in the moonlight, and now plunging into the thick of the pine forests. The report that the Vampire Knight was come again spread like lightning. For many miles round every man trembled in his bed, doubled the number of his prayers, and crossed himself diligently on the approach of nightfall. Not a bright cloud rested on the mountain peaks, but superstition converted it into the Knight. Not a lightning flash shot across the sky, but it was said to be the gleam of his spear. No man died, but the Vampire Knight was thought to have supped upon his liver. The imagination of the whole neighbourhood was in fact turned topsy-turvy, and their eyes, as too commonly happens, did willing service to that inventive faculty; so that, as often as Theodoros was beheld traversing the mouth of some glen, standing in a broad gap among the crags, his figure relieved against the deep blue sky, or galloping rapidly across any of the small table-lands among the mountains, it was confidently affirmed that flames issued from the earth, while thunders rolled above, and hurricanes roared and rent themselves away through the forests.

Meantime things were growing worse and worse in the palace, where Emina's ravings became at length so terrific, that a suspicion more than once crossed the minds of Hassan and his son Youssuf that she herself was no better than a vampire. They, however, resolved to leave no stone unturned in search of a remedy for her malady. Every old woman in Khaniá, who pretended to be cunning, was called in and consulted; every vender of drugs or charms enjoyed an opportu-

nity of trying the force of his wares on the person of Emina, and verses of the Koran, written on the skin of an unyeaned lamb,—some say, on that of a child prematurely born,—were suspended in such profusion round her neck, that, when armed with all her spells, she looked exactly like an itinerant poulterer in the streets of Stambool on a windy day, with a whole flight of small-fowl dangling round his neck.

At length a wandering Derwish, with a triangular harp upon his back, a beard of portentous dimensions, a Toorkoman kerchief twisted about his head, and a most ample *khirkheh*, or religious habit, bound with a broad girdle about his loins, was observed walking slowly in front of the palace, crying aloud, "Who will buy my spells? I am the Derwish Isfendiah from the holy city of Medina. I can cure the lame, give speech to the dumb, and make the man with one eye see clearer than he who has two. Who will buy? Who will buy?

Kamerilza, who happened to be at the window of a turret in the harem, ran down speedily to inform the Pasha of the jewel of a Derwish whom the Prophet had, as it were, thrown into their mouths. "Perhaps," said she, "his skill may even reach the disease of the Lady Emina. Who knows? Shall I call him in?"

"You may call him," replied the Pasha; "and, meanwhile, we will ourselves pay her a visit. The presence of so holy a man can do us no harm."

The faithful slave would very gladly have dispensed with the honour his Highness was about to do her mistress, for as often as he made his appearance her raving became more frightful than ever. But what was to be done? Without farther parleying with herself, she ran after the Derwish, and, "Holy man!" said she, "have you any spells for madness?"

"Child," replied he, "it is the universal epidemic. To what purpose, therefore, should I travel, did I not number

among the secrets of my art the power to expel the demon which is the cause of what you term madness. Is there any one in His Highness' household afflicted by that spawn of Gehennan?"

"If you will follow me," rejoined Kamerilza, "you shall judge."

She accordingly led the way, and the Derwish walked after, crossing several courts and corridors, until they at length arrived at the door of the apartment where Emina lay reclined upon a couch, at the foot of which stood her uncle Hassan. Her countenance was greatly altered from what it had been. At one moment her eyes rolled fearfully, her lips quivered, the colour forsook her cheeks, and her dark streaming hair rose and fell upon her beating bosom, or was thrown wildly back upon her shoulders. Then a calm would ensue, and she would look intently upon the bare wall, play carelessly with the jewelled rings upon her fingers, or snatch up some instrument of music, and run confusedly over its strings. The old Pasha grasping his left elbow with one hand, and thrusting the other into his beard, stood looking on with an envious savage scowl. He seemed to regret that so fine a specimen of humanity should not be instrumental in giving future Pashas to Khaniá. Otherwise, his predominant feeling might be said to be one of triumph. If Youssuf could not have her, so neither, thought he, could Theodoros. And there was some comfort in that.

Kamerilza had already entered, and was beginning to describe to the Derwish the exact condition of her mistress' mind, ere the Pasha appeared aware of their presence.

"Ah, Derwish," cried he, as soon as his eye caught the old man's figure, "you are welcome. The Prophet, we hear, hath blessed you with the skill to subdue diseases; and should you, in this case, exercise that skill successfully, you will not find us ungrateful."

"God is God," replied the Derwish, "and all things are in his hands. Whatever poor skill I possess shall be at the service of the lady; and if Providence so wills it, I will deliver her. But how?" exclaimed he, wildly looking about. "Why, where is the lad that attended me?"

"I saw no lad," answered Kamerilza.

"Ah! yet my box of spells are in his hands. Go, Khatoon, call him hither. You will find—But stay," said he, "have you got a single feather of the white ibis in the palace?"

"Such," inquired the Pasha, "as are used in amulets?"

"The same," replied the Derwish.

"I think," muttered Hassan, musing, "there may be such a thing in my private treasury."

"Oh, if that be the case," cried the holy man, with a look of great confidence, "there will be no cause to despair. It is the only thing wanting to complete my spell; for I have the feather of the *rokh*, of the *rakhama*, of the *almazir*, of the *semenda*, and the *anka megareb*. Be thankful to the Prophet, Pasha, for the thing is done."

"Say you so, holy man?" exclaimed Hassan, "then I will fetch it myself."

With these words he quitted the chamber, and Kamerilza ran forth in search of the Derwish's attendant, leaving him alone with Emina.

"Now, lady," said he, "is the moment for escape. Irene will be presently here. She will change dresses with you, and take your place. You must fly with me. Theodoros awaits you near the monastery. Every thing is in readiness—horses, attendants, arms. I am his spiritual brother; and to remove all doubt, have brought the ring from his finger to place in your hands."

Before Emina could recover from her astonishment, Kamerilza returned with Irene, in the garb of a boy; and, in the

midst of suppressed greetings and half-muttered fears, the exchange of outer garments was effected. The youthful Greek then reclined on the couch, and her friend, disguised as a poor lad, fell back to a remote part of the chamber, as if from respect for the holy man, and, with tremulous hands, grasped the box of amulets and spells. The Derwish then seized his harp, and it was agreed, that, as he played, the patient should grow still, and feign to be asleep. He would then place the spell on her breast, pronounce his benediction, and promise to return on the morrow.

Ere their arrangements, however, had been well completed, —for it had been proposed to provide for Irene's escape likewise—the sound of the Pasha's footsteps was heard in the passage. Upon this, the new actor began to moan aloud, and twisting and tearing her hair, which she had purposely let fall over her face, now and then set up a loud shriek. The Derwish, as if in a dream, struck loudly the chords of his harp, chanting, at the same time, a plaintive mystical air, such as the Persian soofis, when smitten with love, sing over their wine goblets. He took care that the words he uttered should have no meaning at all, knowing well that mankind are most apt to reverence what they do not comprehend. Hassan, who, on entering, observed the Derwish, with uplifted eyes, playing earnestly on his harp, the boy huddled up with his box, strings of holy beads, parchment amulets, and other sacred things, half behind the door, Kamerilza with one finger on her lips and eyes fixed upon the supposed Emina, who groaned deeply, and threw her form into a slow undulating motion, was stricken with a kind of awe, and stood still, holding the precious feather of the white ibis in his hand.

"She will sleep presently," whispered the Derwish.

"Inshallah,—please God,"—muttered Hassan.

Accordingly, when beginning to grow tired of her exertions,

Irene became gradually tranquil, and edged herself down upon the couch, until the shawl which Kamerilza had thrown over her, partly covered her averted face. She then appeared fast asleep, and the Derwish, cautiously lowering his music, suffered it at length to die imperceptibly away. He then received the magical feather from the hand of the Pasha, and binding it up along with several others, supposed to have been plucked from birds that appear only once in a thousand years, sprinkled over them a certain red liquor which he carried about with him in a phial, and then lightly laid the spell upon the breast of the sleeper. Both the Pasha and the Derwish then retired from the apartment, leaving Kamerilza to watch over her mistress. The holy man, on quitting the palace, refused the reward proffered him, observing, that he wished to do good for the love of God; and, promising to return on the morrow, issued, along with Emina, into the streets, and was soon lost in the narrow intricate courts and alleys abounding in every part of Khaniá.

By a particular stroke of misfortune, Youssuf Bey, who had been out hunting all the morning, returned some time before dark; and, on being informed of what had happened, insisted upon seeing Emina. His father, after at first seeking to dissuade him, yielded at length to his importunities. They proceeded together, therefore, to the harem, and approaching on tip-toe, supposing she might be still asleep, heard Irene discoursing very rationally with Kamerilza. Youssuf's rage knew no bounds. He sprang like a lion into the chamber, and perceiving the beautiful Greek in the place and habit of his intended bride, would certainly have poniarded her on the spot, had it not been for the prompt interference of his father. Thrown suddenly off her guard, and supposing the lovers beyond pursuit, Irene, in a burst of passion, defied their vengeance; informed them, that Emina was by that time safe

under the protection of her brother; that they would fly to the mountains, and there, surrounded by the bold Sfakians, set at nought their malice and their power.

Youssuf heard no more. Rushing forth into the court, he commanded his horse, always ready saddled, to be instantly brought forth, and a number of horsemen to attend him. His suspicions, directed by the former visits of Emina to that church, immediately pointed towards Murniés and Haghios Eleutherios. As soon, therefore, as he and his followers were in the saddle, the whole band dashed forth, and galloping furiously through the streets, overturning sundry asses and paniers in their career, had speedily passed the city gates and reached the skirts of the plain, on which, at no great distance, the Derwish and Emina were moving along at a brisk pace. Though scarcely expecting to be so quickly pursued, the Derwish, ever on the watch, presently perceived the horsemen in their rear. He therefore glided with his charge into a grove of wild olive trees, and following narrow footpaths, well known to him, still proceeded in the direction of the monastery, near which Theodoros, with a number of friends and dependents, was to receive Emina from his hands.

The day was now far spent, and thick shadows, cast partly from the mountains, fell upon the track both of pursuers and pursued. Emina's heart sickened within her. They were still at no great distance from the road, which, through openings in the trees, they could command a view of, when the troop of horsemen, enveloped in clouds of dust, swept by. From the rapidity of their movements, they were soon far ahead, so that by taking a different track, they might easily, for the present, have effected their own escape; but, as to join Theodoros formed their sole object, it was necessary to proceed, even in the footsteps, as it were, of those whom they would most have shunned. They could distinctly hear the clatter of their steeds'

hoofs until they came suddenly to a halt at the gate of the monastery. The fugitives, still moving through the woods, and avoiding the village, made a circuit to the right, and at length reached a small eminence overlooking the sacred edifice, of which the moon, now shining brightly on the scene, enabled them to command a complete view.

Youssuf, in a loud and angry tone, had several times commanded the monks to appear and unbolt the gates, threatening to break them in case of refusal. The good fathers, too well versed in the history of Turkish violence, sat trembling in their cells, fearing equally to obey and disobey. Resistance they knew to be vain. For how could they withstand the power of the Pasha? Yet, if they admitted the furious miscreants, who could answer that their blood would not be shed, even before they knew wherein they had offended?

The hour now approached in which Theodoros expected the arrival of his spiritual brother, with Emina. Every moment the deep anxiety of his mind augmented, as he beheld the moon rising higher and higher in the firmament, lighting up the summits of the mountains, and shedding a bright radiance over the streams. He listened tremblingly to every breeze which ruffled the foliage of the tall cypresses, and as the owl hooted in the ivied cliffs, or the wild dog's bark came reverberating down the heights, started wildly in his saddle, as if smitten by an arrow. As the minutes proceeded without bringing the object of his love, his impatience rose almost to agony; and, contrary to the advice of his friends, he quitted the spot where it had been fixed they should meet, and rode down the tortuous rocky path leading to the monastery. From time to time, as he descended, it seemed as if loud voices smote upon his ear. To these, at no long interval, a crash succeeded; and presently, a deep red glare filled the court of the building, which a short time convinced him was in several places on fire.

Theodoros could now restrain himself no longer. He imagined that some accident had driven Emina to take refuge there, and concluded that she had been pursued, and that the monks, refusing to give her up, were now suffering the vengeance of the Turks. He was accompanied by fifteen young men, mounted like himself, and armed to the teeth. He instantly imparted his suspicions to them; and, receiving their renewed promise to stand by him in all extremities, he gave his Cloud Steed the spur, and a few minutes saw him in front of the burning monastery. The Turks, not fewer than twenty in number, who had many of them alighted from their horses, were enjoying the conflagration they had created; and Youssuf, having ransacked the whole building in search of Emina, was himself among these. But, when the shout of the Greeks, and the loud trampling of their horses' hoofs, were heard without, he speedily rushed forth, and vaulted like a thing of air into his saddle. The cry at the same moment, arose of "The Vampire Knight! the Vampire Knight!" and Theodoros, mounted on his milk-white barb, emerged from among the cypresses, and stood like a spectre in the full glare of the conflagration. With a rush, he might at that moment have stricken down the bravest of his enemies. They sat aghast on their horses, or stood motionless beside them, with foot lifted towards the stirrup, mouth half open with wonder, and eyes round and glaring like fire-balls. His appearance was doubtless sufficient, in that superstitious land, to justify their terror. Armed cap-a-pié in white, with helm and nodding crest of the same colour, bearing a long white spear in his hand, and mounted on a fiery horse, that seemed to have been hewn out of Parian marble, or shaped of morning mist, few that saw him would have been able wholly to repress a feeling of apprehension. But he had, nevertheless, forfeited by this movement much of the advantage he hoped to derive from putting on the

form of the Vampire Knight. Men quickly grow familiar with their fears. That which does not destroy is despised; or, at least, reduced to the plain level of humanity.

But Theodoros, content to rely on his valour alone, had no sooner reconnoitred his foes, and distinguished among them the form of Youssuf Bey, than giving the signal to his friends, he commenced the attack, spearing more than one, unhorsing several, and making clear way in whatever direction he turned his steed. Youssuf, however, though naturally brave, appeared reluctant to encounter him. While every other Greek and Turk rushed upon each other, while pistols were fired, sabres drawn and horse urged against horse, he wheeled about on the green, giving his orders, but shunning Theodoros, and keeping his sword unfleshed. At length, however, to avoid him became impossible. His fierce foe seemed to seek him alone; and, directly in front of the great gate, they met. Youssuf, seeing his antagonist armed with a long spear, like a Bedouin, which with his sabre he should be unable to parry, drew his pistols and fired both, but, had the mortification to perceive, without effect. Theodoros then rushed upon him; and while, by a sudden movement, he sought to turn aside, the spear entered his horse's flank, and brought both steed and rider to the ground.

The spectacle now offered by the monastic lawn, wont at other times to be so calm and peaceful, was full of strange terror and confusion. From the burning monastery, chiefly of wood, the flames ascended crackling, hissing, and spitting to the clouds, while an intense heat filled the air, and a dark red glare fell upon the cypresses and other trees, and on the figures of the combatants, some struggling on horseback, others rolling in blood upon the green sward. In the building itself not a sound was heard but that of the flames, no shrieks, no loud lamentations. The Greeks concluded that every monk had

perished by the sword, and Emina, together with her holy protectors. Before driving his lifted spear through the heart of Youssuf, Theodoros, therefore, in a loud voice demanded of him an explanation;

"Hast thou slain her, accursed infidel?" cried he. "Say, son of a dog, say she has not, with my spiritual brother, fallen a victim to thy rage, and I may spare thee even now."

"Nay," cried Youssuf, striving to free himself from the stirrups and gain his feet, "nay, it is thou who hast slain her, if she be slain. But, spare me not! I will not ask thee for life, thou son of a burnt father!"

And, with a violent effort, he freed himself from his dying horse, and leaping back a pace or two, stood with drawn sabre before Theodoros, who paused to strike him thus at disadvantage. While they remained in this position, a piercing shriek was heard in the grove on the east of the lawn. The combatants, with one consent, ceased from strife for a moment, while the figure of a Derwish, followed by a woman, came rushing across the green. Excepting Theodoros himself, none, whether among the Turks or among the Greeks, could conjecture what this extraordinary apparition might signify. In another moment, however, their doubts were cleared up. Urging forward his horse with a bound, Theodoros snatched her from the earth, and calling aloud that Emina was found, and bidding his companions follow, turned the face of his Cloud Steed up the steep of the mountain, at the heels of the fleet-footed Derwish; and, in a few minutes, every surviving Greek had disappeared among the trees.

This movement had been executed so rapidly, that Youssuf Bey was unable even to attempt a rescue. As several of his companions, however, had fallen, he easily found a horse without diminishing his force; and, mounting rapidly, pursued the enemy's track, which he was enabled to discover from the

noise their horses made in galloping. But, though his companions obeyed his commands, he perceived they were by no means anxious to overtake the Vampire Knight. It was in vain that he protested it was no other than Theodoros Agriolides. They made no reply; but did not, therefore, the less doubt what he affirmed; and, in fact, several of them were afterwards ready to make oath that they saw the moon through the spectral steed, which more than once, they said, during the contest, was heard to converse with its master in Italian. After toiling up the heights for some time to no purpose Youssuf relinquished the pursuit therefore; and cursing the beard of Theodoros and every other Greek, returned towards the city. On the way, the unmanly resolution grew up in his mind to wreak his vengeance on Irene, who, at all events, he thought was in his power. This afforded him some consolation. He, accordingly, quickened his pace, and soon reached the palace; but, on arriving, had the mortification to find that both Kamerilza and his intended victim had disappeared during the confusion of the afternoon; so that nothing now remained but to pour forth his rage upon the Greek nation in general, and the Agriolides in particular.

Theodoros and Emina reached the Sfakian mountains in safety, where they were immediately united, according to the solemn rites of the Greek Church. He then, through the medium of his spiritual brother, who could put on as many different shapes as Proteus, opened communications with his family, who lived on terms of friendship with many of the principal Turks of Khaniá. Representations were secretly dispatched to the Porte. The misstatements and fabrications of Hassan Pacha and his son were demolished, partly by evidence, partly by that argument which is irresistible in all courts,—I mean a syllogism in the shape of sequins,—and one fine morning, when no one looked for any thing so fortunate,

the beloved countenance of Mustafa Pasha was again beheld in the streets of Khaniá. Great were the rejoicings of the people, both Turks and Greeks. The city rose like one man to receive their favourite Governor. Thousands of youths, with burnished arms, and faces of gladness, accompanied him to the palace, where the Hhati Sheriff of the Sultan quietly reinstated Mustafa; while Hassan and his son, at the command of their sovereign, sank back reluctantly into the obscurity of private life. Not many days afterwards, Theodoros and Emina were at the Pasha's side, and the old man had, in due process of time, the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful young family striking root about him.

In gratitude to the monks of Haghios Eleutherios, who had escaped by concealing themselves in an artificial cavern, scooped beneath their garden, the Agriolide family rebuilt the monastery and chapel upon a larger scale than before; and thither the fair Emina ever after repaired to exercise her devotions. Irene united to the honest Derwish, was still her companion: and the Vampire Knight, the happiest of men, and the fondest of husbands, is still, in his twofold capacity of Devil and Lover, celebrated throughout all the Western parts of Crete.

THE NIGHTINGALE TO THE WHITE ROSE.

Rose, my delight are thy petals white,
Unstain'd with a tint of crimson light:
I love thy dew, of yet paler hue,
Like beauty's tear, shed at misery's view.
Though many a flower, in Flora's bower,
O'er vulgar minds wins transient power,
The pallid rose is the rose for me,
And my heart's sole queen for ever shall be.
Rose, my delight are thy petals white,
Unstain'd with a tint of crimson light:
I love thy dew, of yet paler hue,
Like beauty's tear, shed at misery's view.

In youth's gay spring, on blithsome wing,
To gaudier flowers I was wont to sing,
And, if the fair but repaid my care
With affection's lip, my soul was there.
But now I find, that my chasten'd mind
Th' attraction of feature alone may not bind,
While my own pale rose, that so tenderly blows,
Pure emblem of virtue and sentiment grows.
Rose, my delight are thy petals white,
Unstain'd with a tint of crimson light,
I love thy dew, of yet paler hue,
Like beauty's tear, shed at misery's view.

THE YEW TREE.

THERE is a Yew Tree stands on yonder mound,
  Ancient and awe-impressing is its solemn growth;
No herbage grows the mossless trunk around,
  No clinging tendril plights its wedded troth;
So stilly calm the sombre branches rest,
  So dark the gloom their shadow trails along,
That e'en the raven, last of birds unblest,
  Ne'er croaks amid its boughs his boding song;
With sinewy convolution twists the stem
  In many a tortuous winding, like a brood
Of venom'd adders, writhing round their dam
  In fierce convulsion, eager for their food,
That faintly flutters in her gory mouth.—Thus it stands,
  The work of ages—a trysting place for them
That walk, at midnight, o'er the salt sea sands
  In fitful numbers. Its century growing stalk
Puts forth a tempting fruit of honey'd juice,
  That hides a deadly core within its coral glues.
Whene'er yon tree doth cross my lonely walk,
  My heart grows sick and dismal as its hues,
So awfully it waves its boughs in each faint gust that blows.

ENIGMA.

I am hard and I'm soft, I am heavy and light,
I am green and I'm red, I am black and I'm white;
On the ground I can run; on a dome I can stand;
I'm form'd in a furnace, I deck a king's hand;
In a trap I've oft been, through the air I can rove,
I'm seen at a siege, and all battles I love.
At the Board of Green Cloth I am constantly found,
And there always am driven to go round and round;
To many a fair I cause joy and delight—
But, if matches were named, I should fill her with fright.
To the peer I belong, and in courts I abide,
And schoolboys to make me, for hours have tried;
All warmth will destroy me, yet I'm without end,
Though infants may hold me, yet to slaughter I tend;
I am under your feet, and you stand upon me—
Yet in regions of space I am radiant and free.

WILLIAM WILCOCKSON, ROLLS BUILDINGS, FETTER LANE.